# INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

PAINTER

eos
/35-

7-

Rose Theatre.

O
Bed

Alfred Austin present
poet laureate of England

Marlowe father
of drama.

Ben Jonson
Shakespeare
Fletcher

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THE AULD BRIG O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

# INTRODUCTION

TO

# ENGLISH LITERATURE

WITH

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY,

AND

ANNOTATED SELECTIONS

*Illustrating the Successive Periods and Principal Authors*

BY

F. V. N. PAINTER, A.M., D.D.

PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE IN ROANOKE COLLEGE, AUTHOR OF A HISTORY OF EDUCATION, INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE, HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, POETS OF THE SOUTH, GUIDE TO LITERARY CRITICISM, ETC., ETC.

*REVISED AND ENLARGED*

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## PREFACE.

After twelve years, during which the present work has won and maintained an honorable place in the schools of our country, the author and publishers have thought a thorough revision desirable. It will be found on examination that important changes and, it is hoped, notable improvements have been made. No effort has been spared to keep the work fully abreast with the rapid educational development of our day.

The general plan of the original work, which has been too cordially approved to justify a change, has been substantially retained. While in the revision the matter introductory to each period has been somewhat extended, it will be seen that the chief emphasis is still laid on the great representative writers. In addition to the considerable fulness of biographical and critical detail with which they have been treated, characteristic selections, with explanatory notes, are again introduced. In this way the student is supplied with a convenient means, not only of learning about literature, but of studying it himself.

In this connection, attention may be called to a few alterations that have been made. The use of paragraph titles will be welcomed, it is believed, both by teacher and student. In a few cases the former selections have been replaced by better ones, and all the illustrative pieces, with the explanatory notes, as in the author's "Introduction to American Literature," have been transferred to a separate second part. Several important authors of the nineteenth century — De Quincey, Macaulay, Browning, and Carlyle — have been added for special study. It is hoped that these changes and additions will be regarded as increasing the value of the book.

The vast extent of the field of English literature, as stated in the former preface, makes it a difficult subject to teach.

There are two mistakes which may be made. The first is an ambitious effort to cover too much ground — an effort that inevitably issues in hazy and barren results. The student is confused by the multitude of often unimportant details. The other mistake, far too common in this day of educational science, is the study of only a few authors wholly detached from their place in the development of English literature. By this one-sided method, the student is deprived of a comprehensive view of the gradual and marvelous development of English literature, without which no single author can be adequately understood and appreciated.

It is confidently believed that the use of the present work will avoid both these mistakes. The representative authors, who include nineteen of the greatest names in English literature, are here studied in their several periods and their various social surroundings. They are seen, on the one hand, among the conditions that made them possible, and, on the other hand, they are viewed in the light of their influence on the subsequent course of literary development. In this manner, the student's knowledge becomes, at the same time, comprehensive, definite, and duly co-ordinated.

It will be observed that each period closes with suggestions for further reading and study. When there is time for it, and also a good library at command, the use of these suggestions, as every competent teacher will recognize, may be made very profitable. These suggestions are intended to enlarge the student's knowledge of the subject, and to give him a taste for independent investigation. At the same time, illustrative readings and original essays will give interest and variety to classroom work.

In conclusion, the author may be permitted to express his sense of the importance of the study of English literature. It is a proud intellectual heritage. An acquaintance with its leading facts and its principal authors is generally regarded as an indispensable part of a liberal education. But as an educating instrumentality its value is not so generally recognized. Yet scarcely any other study is so well adapted, in the hands of a skilful teacher, to awaken the mind of the young student;

and as he appropriates its varied and profound thought, and sympathizes with its multiform and refined sentiment, he is gradually lifted to the heights of culture attained by the English race through centuries of struggle.

F. V. N. Painter.

# CONTENTS.


PAGE.

INTRODUCTION . . . . . 1

I.

OLD ENGLISH, OR ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD, 500–1066 . . . . 5

II.

MIDDLE ENGLISH, OR FORMATIVE PERIOD, 1066–1400 . . . . 17
CHAUCER . . . . . 25

III.

FIRST CREATIVE PERIOD, 1558–1625 . . . . . 33
EDMUND SPENSER . . . . . 47
FRANCIS BACON . . . . . 56
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE . . . . . 63

IV.

CIVIL WAR, OR PURITAN PERIOD, 1625–1660 . . . . . 75
JOHN MILTON . . . . . 85

V.

FIRST CRITICAL PERIOD, 1660–1745 . . . . . 95
JOHN DRYDEN . . . . . 111
JOSEPH ADDISON . . . . . 121
ALEXANDER POPE . . . . . 129

VI.

AGE OF JOHNSON, 1745–1800 . . . . . 139
SAMUEL JOHNSON . . . . . 151
OLIVER GOLDSMITH . . . . . 161
ROBERT BURNS . . . . . 171

VII.

AGE OF SCOTT, 1800–1832 . . . . . 183
SIR WALTER SCOTT . . . . . 202

PAGE.

LORD BYRON . . . . . 212
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH . . . . . 222
THOMAS DE QUINCEY . . . . . 234

VIII.

THE VICTORIAN AGE, 1832–1906 . . . . . 243
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY . . . . . 275
ROBERT BROWNING . . . . . 283
THOMAS CARLYLE . . . . . 292
ALFRED TENNYSON . . . . . 303

PART SECOND.

ANNOTATED SELECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE FOREGOING PERIODS AND AUTHORS . . . . . 315

# ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## INTRODUCTION.

1. **Literature.**— In its largest sense, literature includes all the written records of man. It presents the thoughts, emotions, and achievements of the human family. Its vast extent renders it absolutely impossible for any person to become acquainted with more than a small part of it. The greatest libraries of the world now contain more than a million volumes, to which thousands are added every year.

2. **National Literature.**— This general or universal literature is made up of national literatures. A national literature is composed of the literary productions of a particular nation. After reaching a state of civilization, every nation accumulates a body of writings that express the thoughts, feelings, and achievements of its people. Thus we have the lietrature of Greece, of Rome, of Germany, of England, and of other nations, both ancient and modern.

3. **English Literature.**— English literature embraces the writings of the people of Great Britain. It covers a period of about twelve hundred years; and five hundred years ago it had in Chaucer one of the world's great writers. It shares in the greatness of the English people. It combines French vivacity with German depth; and in its scope, variety, and excellence it is second to no other. No department of literature has been left uncultivated. Poets have sung in sweet and lofty strains; novelists have portrayed every phase of society; orators have convinced the judgment and moved the heart; scientists have revealed the laws of the physical world; historians have eloquently told of the past; and philosophers have deeply pondered the mysteries of existence.

4. **Molding Influences.**— Literature is influenced or de-

termined by whatever affects the thought and feeling of a people. Among the most potent influences that determine the character of a literature are *race, epoch,* and *surroundings.* This fact should be clearly understood, for it renders a philosophy of literature possible. We cannot fully understand any work of literature, nor justly estimate its excellence, without an acquaintance with the national traits of the writer, the general character of the age in which he lived, and the physical and social conditions by which he was surrounded. The relation between literature and history is very intimate.

a. **Race.**— The human family is divided into several races, which are distinguished from one another by different physical and mental characteristics. The Caucasian is clearly distinguishable from the African, not only by his fairer skin and straighter hair, but also by his superior intellectual powers. Within the same race we discover similar, though less clearly marked, differences. Apart from noticeable physical differences, the Teuton, with his serious, reflective, persistent temper, is quite unlike the Celt, with his vivacity, wit, and ready enthusiasm. No two nations are exactly alike in form or in mind. These differences, wherever found, are naturally reflected in literature, which is the expression of the life of the soul.

b. **Epoch.**— Every age has its peculiar interests, culture, and tendencies. With the ancient Jewish nation, religion was a predominant interest. In the Elizabethan Age, culture was far more general than at the period of the Norman Conquest. The present century is characterized by its democratic tendencies. Whatever may be the epoch, its peculiarities will inevitably be reflected in its literary productions. An acquaintance with the general character of an age gives a deeper insight into its literature.

c. **Environment.**— The third formative influence in literature is environment or the prevailing physical and social conditions. The literature produced in the presence of a sterile soil and rigorous climate is different in tone and color from that produced in the midst of fruitful fields and under sunny skies; and, in like manner, its quantity and quality are af-

fected, to a greater or less degree, by a state of war or peace, intelligence or ignorance, wealth or poverty, freedom or persecution.

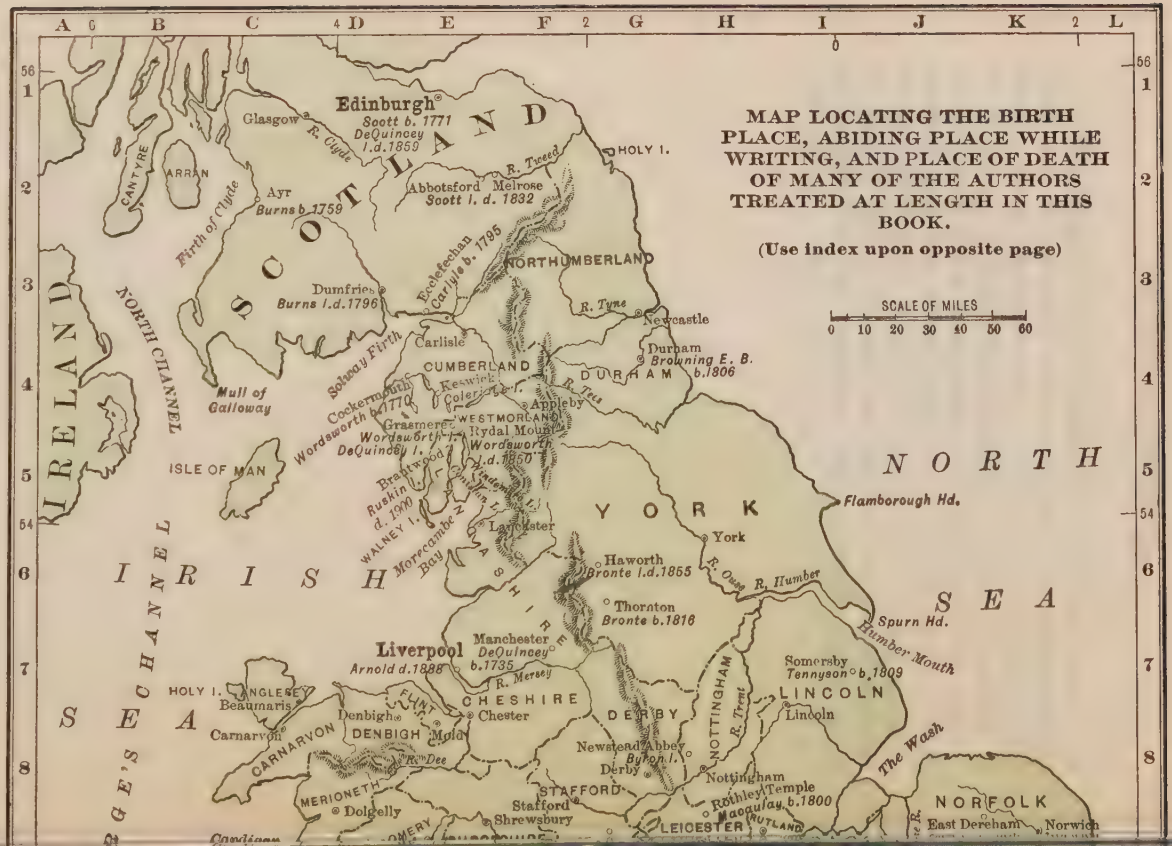
5. **Personal Element.**— But it is a mistake to suppose that race, epoch, and surroundings will explain everything in literature. There is a personal element of great importance. From time to time, men of great genius appear, and rising by native strength high above the level of their age, become centres of a new and mighty influence in literature. This truth is exemplified by Homer in Greece, Luther in Germany, and Chaucer in England, each of whom exerted an incalculable influence upon the subsequent literary development of his country.

6. **Literature in a Restricted Sense.**— The word *literature,* which up to this point has been used in its large, general sense, has also a restricted meaning, which it is important to understand, and with which we are principally concerned in this work. In any literary production we may distinguish between the *thoughts* that are presented, and the *manner* in which they are presented. We may say, for example, "The sun is rising;" or, ascending to a higher plane of thought and feeling, we may present the same fact in the language of Thomson:—

> "But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
> Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
> The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
> Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
> Betoken glad."

It is thus apparent that the interest and value of literature are largely dependent upon the manner or form in which the facts are presented. In its restricted sense, literature includes only those works which are polished or artistic in form. Poetry, fiction, essays, and oratory are its principal forms, though history and scientific treatises often reach an excellence that makes them literature in the narrower sense. The classic works of a literature are those which present ideas of general and permanent interest in a highly finished or artistic manner.

7. **Importance.**— The importance of literature, both in its larger and its narrower sense, can hardly be over-estimated. Books are the treasure-houses, in which the intellectual riches of all past ages have been permanently stored. Literature is our principal means of acquiring a knowledge of the achievements of our race, and of rising to the highest plane of intellectual and spiritual culture. By means of literature we reach beyond the narrow limits of our own life and experience, and appropriate the best intellectual and spiritual results of all ages and all civilized peoples.


MAP LOCATING THE BIRTH PLACE, ABIDING PLACE WHILE WRITING, AND PLACE OF DEATH OF MANY OF THE AUTHORS TREATED AT LENGTH IN THIS BOOK.
(Use index upon opposite page)
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 60
Edinburgh
Scott b. 1771
DeQuincey
l.d.1859
Glasgow
R. Clyde
Ayr
Burns b.1759
Abbotsford
Scott l. d. 1832
Melrose
R. Tweed
HOLY I.
ARRAN
CANTYRE
Firth of Clyde
SCOTLAND
NORTHUMBERLAND
Ecclefechan
Carlyle b. 1795
Dumfries
Burns l.d.1796
R. Tyne
Newcastle
Durham
Browning E. B.
b.1806
Carlisle
CUMBERLAND
Keswick
Coleridge l.
Cockermouth
Wordsworth b.1770
Grasmere
Wordsworth l.
DeQuincey l.
Rydal Mount
Wordsworth
l.d.1850
Appleby
R. Tees
DURHAM
WESTMORLAND
Solway Firth
Mull of Galloway
NORTH CHANNEL
IRELAND
ISLE OF MAN
Braithwood
Ruskin
d. 1900
WALNEY I.
Morecambe Bay
Lancaster
YORK
NORTH SEA
Flamborough Hd.
York
Haworth
Bronte l.d.1855
R. Ouse
R. Humber
Thornton
Bronte b.1816
Spurn Hd.
Humber Mouth
Somersby
Tennyson b.1809
LINCOLN
Lincoln
IRISH SEA
Liverpool
Arnold d.1888
Manchester
DeQuincey
b.1735
R. Mersey
CHESHIRE
Chester
HOLY I.
ANGLESEY
Beaumaris
Carnarvon
CARNARVON
DENBIGH
Denbigh
FLINT
Mold
R. Dee
DERBY
Newstead Abbey
Byron l.
Derby
NOTTINGHAM
R. Trent
Nottingham
Rothley Temple
Macaulay b.1800
LEICESTER
RUTLAND
The Wash
NORFOLK
East Dereham
Norwich
MERIONETH
Dolgelly
STAFFORD
Stafford
Shrewsbury

ENGLISH CHANNEL
FRANCE
BRISTOL CHANNEL
CHANNEL ISLANDS
ALDERNEY
GUERNSEY
JERSEY
LONDON
Mouth of the Thames
SUFFOLK
ESSEX
KENT
SURREY
SUSSEX
HAMPSHIRE
WILTSHIRE
BERKSHIRE
OXFORD
BUCKINGHAM
GLOUCESTER
MONMOUTH
HEREFORD
WORCESTER
WARWICK
NORTHAMPTON
HERTFORD
MIDDLESEX
SOMERSET
DEVON
DORSET
CORNWALL
PEMBROKE
CARMARTHEN
CARDIGAN
RADNOR
BRECKNOCK
GLAMORGAN
Cardigan
New Radnor
Hereford
Brecon
Carmarthen
Monmouth
Cardiff
Worcester
Warwick
Northampton
Stratford on Avon
Gloucester
Oxford
Great Berkhamptonstead
Cambridge
Ipswich
Chelmsford
St. Albans
Hertford
Milton
Reading
Bishopsgate
Guildford
Haslemere
Winchester
Horsham
Lewes
Beachy Hd.
Milford Haven
St. Davids Hd.
Haverfordwest
R. Severn
R. Thames
R. Avon
R. Ouse
Bedford
Huntingdon
Bideford
Elstow
Olney
Milton
Hatton
Harrow
Putney
Fulham
Gibbon
Rochester
Dickens d.1870
Addison b.1672
Salisbury
Taunton
Ottery-St.-Mary
Coleridge b.1772
Exeter
Dorchester
Lyme Bay
Bill of Portland
PORTLAND I.
Sandport
Dickens b.1812
Parringford
Freshwater
Tennyson I.
ISLE OF WIGHT
Shakespeare b.1564 d.1616
Cowper b.1731
Milton
Arnold b.1822
Shelley
Tennyson
Dickens
Gladstone
Field Place
Shelley
LUNDY I.
SHEPPEY I.
Lands End
Eddystone Light Ho.
Lizard Hd.
C. de la Hague
STRAIT OF DOVER
A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
J
K
L
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
52
50

# INDEX TO MAP.

| Author. | Birthplace (b). | | Abiding-Place while Writing (l). | | Place of Death (d). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Addison | Milston. | G—12 | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Arnold, Matthew | Laleham. | I—12 | Harrow. | H—11 | Liverpool. | E— 7 |
| Bacon | London. | I—11 | St. Albans. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Brontë | Thornton. | F— 6 | Haworth. | F— 6 | Haworth. | F— 6 |
| Browning, E. B. | Durham. | G— 4 | London. I—11<br>Florence, Italy. | | Florence, Italy. | |
| Browning, Robert | London. | I—11 | London. I—11<br>Florence, Italy. | | Venice, Italy. | |
| Bunyan | Elstow. | I—10 | Bedford. | I—10 | London. | I—11 |
| Burns | Ayr. | C— 2 | Ayrshire. C—2<br>Edinburgh. E—1<br>Dumfries. D—3 | | Dumfries. | D— 3 |
| Byron | London. | I—11 | Newstead Abbey G—8<br>Switzerland and Italy. | | Missolonghi, Greece. | |
| Carlyle | Ecclefechan. | E— 3 | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Chaucer | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Coleridge | Ottery St. Mary | D—13 | Keswick. | E— 4 | London. | I—11 |
| Cowper | Great Berkhamp-tonstead. | I—11 | Olney. | H—10 | East Dereham. | J— 9 |
| De Quincey | Manchester. | F— 7 | Grasmere. E—4<br>Edinburgh. E—1 | | Edinburgh. | E— 1 |
| Dickens | Landport. | H—13 | London. | I—11 | Gadshill. | J—12 |
| Dryden | Aldwinkle. | I— 9 | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Eliot | Nuneaton. | G— 9 | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Gibbon | Putney. | I—11 | London. I—11<br>Lausanne, Switzerland. | | London. | I—11 |
| Goldsmith | Pallas, Ireland. | | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Johnson, Samuel | Lichfield. | G— 9 | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Macaulay | Rothley Temple. | H— 8 | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Milton | London. | I—11 | Horton. H—11<br>London. I—11 | | London. | I—11 |
| Pope | London. | I—11 | London. I—11<br>Twickenham. I—11 | | Twickenham. | I—11 |
| Ruskin | London. | I—11 | London. I—11<br>Brantwood. E— 5 | | Brantwood. | E—5 |
| Scott | Edinburgh. | E— 1 | Abbotsford. | E— 2 | Abbotsford. | E— 2 |
| Shakespeare | Stratford-on-Avon. | G—10 | London. | I—11 | Stratford-on-Avon. | G—10 |
| Shelley | Field Place. | I—13 | Bishopsgate. I—12<br>Switzerland and Italy. | | Bay of Spezia, Italy. | |
| Spenser | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Swift | Dublin, Ireland. | | London. I—11<br>Dublin, Ireland. | | Dublin, Ireland. | |
| Tennyson | Somersby. | I— 7 | Farringford. G—13<br>Aldworth. H—12 | | Aldworth. | H—12 |
| Thackeray | Calcutta, India. | | London. | I—11 | London. | I—11 |
| Wordsworth | Cockermouth. | E— 4 | Grasmere. E—4<br>Rydal Mount. E—4 | | Rydal Mount. | E— 4 |

## OLD ENGLISH OR ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.

### REPRESENTATIVE WRITERS.

POETRY.

Caedmon († 680).
Author of "Beowulf."

PROSE.

Bede (673–735).
Alfred the Great (849-901).

## I.

## OLD ENGLISH OR ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.

(500 — 1066.)

8. **British Celts.**— The original inhabitants of the British Isles, within historic times, were Celts — a part of the first great Aryan wave that swept over Europe. In a portion of Great Britain,— in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales,— the Celtic element is still very strong. The Celts are a vigorous people, adhering to their national customs with great tenacity. They possess a lively imagination, delicate feeling, and a ready enthusiasm. They seem, however, to be lacking in the power of strong political organization; and this defect made them a prey, first to Roman, and later to Teutonic, invaders.

9. **Roman Conquests.**— The Romans under Cæsar invaded Britain, 55 B. C., and partly subdued it. In the following century Agricola extended the Roman conquest over the territory now included in England, and reduced Britain to a Roman province. Towns were built; military roads were constructed; Roman law was administered; Christianity was introduced; and a considerable commerce was developed. Corn was exported, and the tin mines of Cornwall were worked. But the native population, unlike what had taken place in Gaul and Spain, remained unassimilated to the empire, and still clung, in large measure, to its language and customs. When, after some four hundred years, the Roman forces were withdrawn, the Latin language, with the exception of a very few words, disappeared entirely. The principal relics of this Roman occupation surviving in our language to-day are the word *street* (from the Latin *strata via,* a paved way), and the words *caster, cester,* and *chester* (from the Latin *castra,* camp) in the names of places; as, Lancaster, Worcester, and Winchester.

10. **Teutonic Invasion.**— After the withdrawal of the Roman legions in the fifth century, Britain was invaded by the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes — Teutonic tribes that inhabited Schleswig, Jutland, and adjacent territory on the Continent. The beginning of this invasion is usually dated from 449, the year in which Hengist and Horsa, according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, landed on the shores of Kent. The invading Teutons, hated for their cruelty and their heathenism, were stubbornly resisted by the native Celts, and it was nearly a hundred years before the Britons were finally driven back into Cornwall and Wales. They slowly retired, as did the American Indians in this country, without assimilation; and beyond a few names of places, they left scarcely any trace in our language. The Saxons occupied the south, and the Angles the north and centre of Britain; and to the latter, who were the more numerous, belongs the honor of giving to the country its modern name of England — a word signifying the land of the Angles.

11. **Racial Character.**— In the character of these Teutonic tribes are to be found the fundamental traits of the English people and of English literature. In their continental home they led a semi-barbarous and pagan life. The sterile soil and dreary climate fostered a serious disposition, and developed great physical strength. Courage was esteemed a leading virtue, and cowardice was punished with drowning. No other men were ever braver. They welcomed the fierce excitement of danger; and in rude vessels they sailed from coast to coast on expeditions of piracy, war, and pillage. Laughing at storms and shipwrecks, these daring sea-kings sang: "The blast of the tempest aids our oars; the bellowing of heaven, the howling of the thunder hurts us not; the hurricane is our servant, and drives us whither we wish to go."

With an unconquerable love of independence, they preferred death to slavery. Refined tastes and delicate instincts were crushed out by their inhospitable surroundings; and their pleasures, consisting chiefly of drinking, gambling, and athletic sports, were often coarse and repulsive. Yet under their coarsest enjoyment we discover a sturdy, masculine strength.

They felt the presence of the mysterious forces of nature, and deified them in a colossal mythology. Traces of their religion are seen in the names of the days of the week. Wednesday is Woden's day, Thursday is Thor's day, Friday is Frea's day. Eostre, the goddess of dawn and of spring, lends her name to the festival of the Resurrection. With these Teutons the sense of obligation and duty was strong; and having once pledged fidelity to a leader or cause, they remained loyal to death. They honored women and revered virtue. In a word, they possessed a native seriousness, virtue, and strength, which, ennobled by Christianity and refined by culture, raised their descendants to an eminent position among the nations of the earth.

12. **Anglo-Saxon Language.**— The Anglo-Saxon belongs to the Teutonic branch of the Aryan family, and is closely related, on the one hand, to German, and on the other to Scandinavian. It is an inflected language with four cases. In England it was divided into four dialects,— the Northumbrian, the Mercian, the Kentish, and the West Saxon. Most of our Anglo-Saxon remains are in the West Saxon dialect, though it is from the Mercian, which was spoken in central England, that modern English is most directly derived. The Lord's Prayer in Anglo-Saxon, with an interlinear translation, will serve for illustration.

Ure Fæder, thu the eart on heofonum, si thin nama gehalgod.
*Our Father, thou who art in [the] heavens, be thy name hallowed.*
Tocume thin rice. Geweorthe thin willa on eorthan swa-swa on heofonum.
*May come thy kingdom. Be thy will on earth as in [the] heavens.*
Sele us to-dæg urn dæg-hwamlican hlaf. And forgif us ure gyltas
*Give us to-day our daily bread (loaf). And forgive us our guilts*
swa-swa we fogifath urum gyl-tendum. And ne læd thu us on costnunge.
*as we forgive our guilty ones. And not lead thou us into temptation.*
Ac alys us from yfel. Si hit swa.
*but release us from evil. Be it so.*

13. **The Gleeman.**— The first literature of a people is poetry. In national as in individual life, the imagination is active during the period of youth. Among the Anglo-Saxons, as among some other nations, narrative poems, before they

were reduced to writing, were sung by the wandering gleeman,—

> "A man of celebrity, mindful of rhythms,
> Who ancient tradition treasured in memory,
> New word-groups found properly bound." [1]

The most pleasing picture that comes to us from the early days of our English forefathers, is that of the scop or gleeman at their feasts. While the stern warriors sit at their long tables and quaff their mead in the large hall hung with shields and armor, and lighted by great blazing logs on the hearth, the rude poet, to the sound of his harp, recounts the deeds of heroes in rhythmical song.

14. **Alliterative Character.**— The principle of Anglo-Saxon poetry is not rhyme nor metre, but alliteration. Each line is divided into two parts by a cæsura, and two principal words of the first hemistich, and one of the second, regularly begin with the same consonant. If these principal words begin with vowels, they are different. Parallelism — the repetition of the same thought in different words, as in Hebrew poetry — is also common. The following extract from "Beowulf" exhibits the Anglo-Saxon alliterative form:—

> "His *a*rmor of *i*ron — *o*ff him he did then,
> His *h*elmet from his *h*ead — to his *h*enchman committed,
> His *ch*ased-handled *ch*ain-sword,— *ch*oicest of weapons,
> And *b*ade him *b*ide, — with his *b*attle-equipment."

15. **Style and Tone.**— The language of Anglo-Saxon poetry is abrupt, elliptical, and highly metaphorical, but often of great energy. The range of ideas is necessarily limited. From what we already know of the life and character of the Angles and Saxons, it is not difficult to understand the spirit of their poetry. Not love, but war and religion form its leading themes. Its prevailing tone, especially of that portion which contains an echo of the continental home of the Angles and Saxons, is one of sadness. The inhospitable climate of northern Germany, and the stern struggle for existence on land

[1] Beowulf, XIV.

and sea, made life a deeply serious thing. Human agency was felt to be weak in comparison with the great invisible forces of nature. The sense of fate and death weighed heavily on the Anglo-Saxon mind. Thus, in "The Wanderer," a poem of an unknown author, we read: —

"Earth is enwrapped in the lowering tempest,
Fierce on the stone-cliff the storm rushes forth,
Cold winter-terror, the night-shade is dark'ning,
Hail-storms are laden with death from the north.
All full of hardships is earthly existence —
Here the decrees of the Fates have their sway —
Fleeting is treasure and fleeting is friendship —
Here man is transient, here friends pass away.
Earth's widely stretching, extensive domain,
Desolate all — empty, idle, and vain."

16. **Cædmon.** — Cædmon, the earliest of English poets, lived in the latter part of the seventh century. He has with justice been called "the Milton of our forefathers"; and his poems are strongly suggestive of "Paradise Lost." He seems to have been a laborer on the lands attached to the monastery of St. Hilda at Whitby, and was advanced in years before his poetical powers were developed. When at festive gatherings it was agreed that all present should sing in turn, Cædmon was accustomed, as the harp approached him, quietly to retire with a humiliating sense of his want of skill. Having left the banqueting hall on one occasion, he went to the stable, where it was his turn to care for the horses. In a vision an angel appeared to him and said: "Cædmon, sing a song to me." He answered: "I cannot sing; for that is the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired to this place." "Nevertheless," said the heavenly visitor, "thou shalt sing." "What shall I sing?" inquired the poet, as he felt the movement of an awakening power. "Sing the beginning of created things," said the angel.

17. **Paraphrase of Scripture.** — His mission was thus assigned him. In the morning the good abbess Hilda, with a company of learned men, witnessed an exhibition of his newly

awakened powers; and concluding that heavenly grace had been bestowed upon him, she bade him lay aside his secular habit and received him into the monastery as a monk. Here he led a humble, exemplary life in the exercise of his poetic gifts. "He sang the creation of the world, the origin of man, and all the history of Genesis; and made many verses on the departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt, and their entering into the Land of Promise, with many other histories from Holy Writ . . . by which he endeavored to turn away all men from the love of vice, and to excite in them the love of, and application to, good actions."[1]

18. **Beowulf.**— The most important Anglo-Saxon poem that has descended to us is "Beowulf," a primitive epic of some three thousand lines. It was probably composed in its present form in the eighth century, but the events it celebrates are of a much earlier date. It brings before us the spirit and manners of our forefathers, before they left their continental home.

The hero of the poem is Beowulf: —

"Of heroes then living
He was the stoutest and strongest, sturdy and noble."

Sailing to the land of the Danes, he slew a monster of the fens called Grendel, whose nightly ravages brought dismay into Hrothgar's royal palace. After slaying the fiend of the marshes and his mother beneath the waters, Beowulf, loaded with presents and honors, returned to Sweden, where he became king, and ruled fifty years. But at last, in slaying a fire-dragon "under the earth, nigh to the sea-wave," he was mortally wounded. His body was burned on a lofty funeral pyre amidst the lamentations of his vassals.

19. **Interesting Details.**— Such in brief is the story of this epic of heroic daring and achievement, in which the old Teutonic character is reflected in its fulness. Its details are full of interest. The fierceness of northern seas and skies is brought before us. We assist at mead-hall banquets, in which gracious queens and beautiful maidens hand the ale cup. The

[1] Bede, "Ecclesiastical History."

loyalty of liegemen is beautifully portrayed. A stern sense of honor prevails among the rude warriors: —

"Death is more pleasant
To every earlman than infamous life is."

Their courage is dauntless, and words count for less than actions. Beowulf thus states to the queen the object of his visit: —

"I purposed in spirit when I mounted the ocean
When I boarded my boat with a band of my liegemen,
I would work to the fullest the will of your people,
Or in foe's-clutches fastened fall in the battle.
Deeds I shall do of daring and prowess,
Or the last of my life-days live in this mead-hall."

20. **Other Poems.**— Other Anglo-Saxon poems that deserve mention are "The Seafarer," "Deor's Complaint," "The Fight at Maldon," "The Battle of Brunanburh," and "Judith." The former deal with the hardships and sorrows of life; the latter breathe the martial spirit of the Teutonic race. Besides these and other secular poems, there is a cycle of religious poetry dating from the eighth or ninth centuries. It was stimulated by the work of Cædmon. "Others after him," says Bede, "tried to make religious poems, but none could vie with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, nor of men, but from God." This religious poetry is usually based on Scripture or on legends of saints. Cynewulf, a Northumbrian poet of the eighth century, was the author of several religious poems of acknowledged excellence, among which are the "Passion of St. Juliana," the "Christ," and "Elene, or the Finding of the Cross."

21. **The Father of English Prose.**— Bede may be justly regarded as the father of English prose. From an interesting autobiographical sketch at the close of his "Ecclesiastical History," we learn the leading events in his unpretentious life. He was born in 673, near the monastery of Jarrow in northern England. As pupil, deacon, and priest, he passed his entire life in that monastic institution. The leisure that re-

mained to him after the faithful performance of his various official duties, he assiduously devoted to learning; for he always took delight, as he tells us, "in learning, teaching, and writing." He was an indefatigable worker, and wrote no less than forty-five separate treatises, including works on Scripture, history, hymnology, astronomy, grammar, and rhetoric, in which is embodied all the learning of his age.

His scholarship and aptness as a teacher gave celebrity to the monastic school at Jarrow, which was attended at one time by six hundred monks in addition to many secular students. His fame extended as far as Rome, whither he was invited by Pope Sergius, who wished the benefit of his counsel. He led an eminently simple, devout, and earnest life. He declined the dignity of abbot, lest the duties of the office might interfere with his studies. As a writer he was clear, succinct, and artless. His "Ecclesiastical History," which was composed in Latin, is our chief source of information in regard to the early Anglo-Saxon church.

22. **Alfred the Great (849-901).**— Not many sovereigns deserve a place in literature because of their own writings. But Alfred was as great with the pen as with the sword. He ascended the throne at the age of twenty-three, and spent a considerable part of his subsequent life in conflict with the Danes, who in great numbers were making a descent upon the cultivated districts of England and France for the sake of pillage. When he came to the throne, the learning which a century before had furnished Europe with some of its most eminent scholars had fallen into decay. "To so low a depth has learning fallen among the English nation," he says, "that there have been very few on this side of the Humber who were able to understand the English of their service, or to turn an epistle out of Latin into English; and I know that there were not many beyond the Humber who could do it."

23. **Literary Labors.**— With admirable tact and wisdom he set about remedying the evil. He studied Latin himself that he might provide his people with useful books; he invited learned scholars from the Continent to his court; and he established in the royal palace a school for the instruction of

noble youth. His efforts were grandly successful; and in less than a generation England was again blessed with intelligence and prosperity. Among the books he translated into Anglo-Saxon were Bede's "Ecclesiastical History"; Orosius's "Universal History," the leading textbook on that subject in the monastic schools for several centuries; and Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," a popular book among thoughtful people during the Middle Ages. These translations were not always literal. Alfred rather performed the work of editor, paraphrasing, omitting, adding, as best served his purpose. In the work of Boethius he frequently departed from the text to introduce reflections of his own. To him belongs the honor of having furnished England with its first body of literature in the native tongue.

## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

The following subjects may be assigned students for parallel study, essays, or reading in class. Other subjects and sources may be indicated according to the judgment of the teacher and the library facilities at his command. A select bibliography will be found in the appendix.

The Roman conquest of Britain, Tacitus, "Agricola" (Bohn), Macaulay, "History of England," ch. 1, and Green, "History of the English People," ch. 1; The introduction of Christianity under Augustine, Bede, "Ecclesiastical History," chaps. 25, 26 (Bohn), and Macaulay and Green; The death of Cædmon, Bede, "Ecclesiastical History," ch. 24; Celtic literature, Morley, "English Writers," vol. 1, ch. 3, and Matthew Arnold, "Celtic Literature"; "The Voyage of Maeldune," based on an Irish legend about 700 A.D., Tennyson, "Poems"; The circumstances of Bede's death, Cuthbert's Letter in the preface of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" (Bohn); Teutonic character and customs as illustrated in "Beowulf," Earle, "The Deeds of Beowulf," a prose translation, and Hall, "Beowulf," a metrical, alliterative version; The qualities of Anglo-Saxon poetry as exemplified in "The Seafarer," "The

Wanderer," and "The Battle of Maldon," Cook and Tinker, "Select Translations from Old English Poetry," and Brooke, "Early English Literature."

*"The Battle of Brunanburgh" is given in the selections of Part II.*

## MIDDLE ENGLISH OR FORMATIVE PERIOD.

### PRINCIPAL WRITERS.

History.—"Anglo Saxon Chronicle" (concluded 1154). (See Text.)

Metrical Chronicles.—Layamon (twelfth century), "Brut," or Chronicles of Britain.

Robert of Gloucester († 1300), "Rhyming Chronicles of Britain."

Robert Manning († 1270), "Chronicles of England."

Religion.—John Wycliffe (1324–1384). Tracts, Sermons, Translation of the Bible. (See Text.)

Ormin (thirteenth century), "Ormulum." (See Text.)

Langland (fourteenth century), "Vision of Piers the Plowman." (See Text.)

Miscellaneous Poetry.—John Gower (1327–1408, "Speculum Meditantis" (French), "Vox Clamantis" (Latin), "Confessio Amantis" (English), etc. (See Text.)

### GREAT REPRESENTATIVE WRITER.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

## II.

## MIDDLE ENGLISH OR FORMATIVE PERIOD.

(1066 — 1400.)

The designation Middle English or Formative Period is applied to the centuries lying between the Norman Conquest and the death of Chaucer. It is a period of great importance for English history and English literature. England passed under a succession of alien rulers, the state of society underwent a great change, and our language approached its modern form.

24. **The Normans.**— The name of Normans is given to the Scandinavians who, at the beginning of the tenth century, conquered a home in the northern part of France. They speedily adopted the language and customs of the subjugated country, and rapidly advanced in refinement and culture. By intermarriage with the native population, a vivacious Celtic element was introduced into the grave Teutonic disposition. Though of kindred blood with the Anglo-Saxons, the Normans, by their stay in France, developed a new, and in many respects admirable, type of character.

Along with their native Teutonic strength they acquired a versatile and imitative temper, which made them accessible to new ideas, and prepared them to be leaders in general progress. Losing their slow, phlegmatic temperament, they became impulsive and impatient of restraint. Their intellects acquired a nimble quality, quick in discernment and instantaneous in decision. Delicacy of feeling produced aversion to coarse pleasures. They delighted in a gay social life, with hunting, hawking, showy equipage, and brilliant festivities. Diplomacy in a measure supplanted daring frankness. Brilliant superficiality took the place of grave thoughtfulness. Such were the

people that were to rule in England, to introduce their language and customs, and, amalgamated at last, to impart a needed element to the English character.

25. **The Norman Conquest.**— In 1066 William, Duke of Normandy, landed on the English coast to enforce his claim to the English throne. In the battle of Hastings he gained a complete victory over the force under Harold, and won the title of Conqueror. He distributed England in the form of fiefs among his followers, and reduced the Anglo-Saxon population to a condition of serfdom. Feudal castles were erected in every part of England; and the barons or lords, supported by the labors of a great body of dependants, lived in idleness and luxury. These baronial residences became centres of knightly culture. Here noble youths acquired courtly graces, and wandering minstrels entertained the assembled household with their songs. Brilliant tournaments from time to time brought together the beauty and chivalry of the whole realm. French became the social language of the ruling classes; and the Anglo-Saxons, reduced to servitude, were despised. It required many generations to break down this harsh antagonism.

26. **Linguistic Changes.**— But toward the close of the period, especially in the fourteenth century, the people of England became more homogeneous. The Normans coalesced with the Anglo-Saxons, and added new elements to the English character. At the same time the Anglo-Saxon language, which had hitherto maintained its highly inflected character, made a gradual transition into modern English. It gave up its complicated inflections, and received into its vocabulary a host of foreign elements, chiefly from the French. The new tongue, which gradually supplanted French and Latin, gained official recognition in 1362, when it became the language of the courts of law; and the following year it was employed in the speech made at the opening of Parliament.

27. **Social Conditions.**— The social condition of England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was intimately related to the first great outbreak of English literature. A restraint was set upon absolutism by the provisions of the Great Charter. The growth of cities and towns had been rapid, and

there existed in all parts of England a wealthy and influential citizen class. The serfs of the time of the Conquest had risen to the rank of free peasants. Parliament was divided into two bodies, and the people acquired a growing influence in the affairs of government. The amalgamation of the two races that had lived side by side for centuries was gradually completed, and the great English nation, in its modern form, had its beginning — a nation that in its type of character is second to none in the history of the world.

28. **Literary Expansion.**— As compared with the preceding period, literature exhibits great expansion. It gained in variety and extent — a result that was due to a number of coöperative causes. The crusades had a stimulating effect in Europe, and brought new ideas into vogue. The caliphs of Bagdad and Cordova became rivals in the patronage of learning and for a time the Arabians became the intellectual leaders of Europe. Learning was held in greater esteem and prosecuted with greater vigor throughout Christian Europe. The monastic and cathedral schools were generally improved. The growth of towns and cities led to the establishment of burgher schools for secular education. Learning was no longer confined to representatives of the church. The first great universities were founded in this period — those of Bologna, Salerno, and Paris in the twelfth century. The oldest colleges of Oxford and Cambridge date from this period. The universities were often attended by enormous numbers of students from every part of Europe; there were as many as twenty thousand at the University of Paris at one time.

29. **Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.**— During the formative period, the course of English literature follows three principal streams,— history, romance, and religion. The "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," which contains the history of Britain from the invasion of Cæsar, was completed in 1154. Written in the form of brief annals, it is the work of many successive hands. King Alfred edited and expanded it. It is the earliest history of any Teutonic people in their own language. "From Alfred's time," says Freeman, "the narrative continues, sometimes full, sometimes meagre, sometimes a dry record of names and dates,

sometimes rising to the highest flights of the prose picture or the heroic lay; but in one shape or other never failing us, till the pen dropped from the hand of the monk of Peterborough, who recorded the coming of Henry of Anjou."

30. **Lyrical Poems.**— In addition to long metrical chronicles, such as Layamon's "Brut," Robert of Gloucester's "Rhyming Chronicles of Britain," and Robert Manning's "Chronicles of England," there were lyrical poems of adventure and sentiment, in which the influence of the *troubadour* may perhaps be traced. Robin Hood ballads were popular. The earliest English love-song that has been preserved was written about the year 1200. The following extract is modernized in spelling: —

"Blow, northern wind, send
Thou me my sweeting; blow
Northern wind, blow, blow, blow.
She is coral of goodness,
She is ruby of rich fulness,
She is crystal of clearness,
And banner of beauty."

The following poem on spring, which was written near the beginning of the thirteenth century, is full of blithe poetic feeling: —

"Summer is i-cumen in,
Lhude[1] sing, cuccu;
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wde[2] nu.
Sing, cuccu, cuccu,
Awe bleteth after lamb,
Louth[3] after calve cu,
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth:
Murie sing, cuccu,
Well sings the cuccu,
Ne swik[4] thou never nu.
Sing, cuccu, nu,
Sing, cuccu."

[1] Loud [2] Wood. Runneth. [4] Nor such.

**31. Religion and Literature.**— Religion has a prominent place in literature. As one of the great interests of our race, it has given rise, directly and indirectly, to a vast body of writings. This is particularly true of the English people, whose history and character have led them to give much thought to ecclesiastical and religious truth. The religious condition of England during the Middle English Period is reflected in several noteworthy works. The people of England were beginning to emancipate themselves from ecclesiastical tutelage; and while holding earnestly to religion, they were not slow in recognizing errors of doctrine and immorality of life on the part of representatives of the church.

32. **Wycliffe.**— Wycliffe, who has been called the morning star of the Reformation, was connected with the University of Oxford, where his learning, ability, and integrity gave him great influence. He was strongly anti-papal in his feeling, and denied the right of the pope to interfere in temporal matters. He maintained the preëminent authority of the Scriptures in matters of faith and duty. He promulgated his doctrines in tracts, and through an itinerant ministry, whom he organized and instructed. His principal claim, however, to a place in English literature, rests upon his translation of the Bible, which was completed about 1380. It is regarded as the earliest Middle English classic, and Marsh calls it "the golden book of Old English philology." The following extract will illustrate its style:

"And he spak to hem this parable, and seide, What man of you that hath an hundrith scheep, and if he hath lost oon of hem, whethir he leeueth not nynti and nyne in desert, and goith to it that perischide, til he fynde it? And whanne he hath foundun it, he ioieth, and leyith it on his schuldris; and he cometh hoom, and clepith togidir hise freendis and neighboris, and seith to hem, Be ye glad with me, for I have founde my scheep, that hadde perischid. And I seie to you, so ioye shal be in heuene on o synful man doynge penaunce, more than on nynti and nyne iuste, that have no nede to penaunce."

33. **Ormulum.**— An important work philologically is "Ormulum," a metrical paraphrase of those portions of the New Testament appointed to be read in the daily service of the church, accompanied by a homily. It is named from its author, who was —

"Orrmin bi name nemmnedd."

The orthography of the poem is peculiar, as Ormin made it a rule to double the consonant after each short vowel. Its date may be fixed approximately at 1200. In the form in which it has come down to us, it comprises about twenty thousand lines. The following passage from the dedication will serve for illustration: —

"Nu, brotherr Wallterr, brotherr min
Affterr the flaeshess kinde;
And brotherr min i Crisstenndom
Thurrh fulluhht[1] and thurrh trowwthe;
And brotherr min i Godess hus,
Yet o the thride[2] wise,
Thurrh thatt witt[3] hafenn takenn ba[4]
An reghellboc to follghenn,[5]
Unnderr kanunnkess had[6] and lif,
Swa summ[7] Sannt Awwstin sette;
Icc hafe don swa summ thu badd,
And forthedd te thin wille,
Icc hafe wennd inntill Ennglissh
Goddspelless hallghe lare[8]
Affter thatt little witt tatt me
Min Drihhtin[9] hafeththt lenedd."

34. **Langland.**— Still more important, for its historical and literary value, is Langland's "The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman," a poem of some twenty-five hundred lines, retaining the old Saxon alliteration. It sets forth in seven "passus" or cantos a series of visions, in which the condition of the state and the church is clearly reflected.

[1] Through baptism.
[2] Third.
[3] We.
[4] Both.
[5] One rule book to follow.
[6] Canonhood.
[7] As.
[8] Holy lore.
[9] Lord.

"It was," says Marsh, "a calm, allegorical exposition of the corruptions of the state, of the church, and of social life, designed not to rouse the people to violent resistance or bloody vengeance, but to reveal to them the true causes of the evils under which they were suffering, and to secure the reformation of those grievous abuses by a united exertion of the moral influence which generally accompanies the possession of superior physical strength."

It was written about 1362, and attained a wide popularity, no fewer than forty-five manuscripts being still extant. The opening lines are as follows: —

"In a somer seson whan soft was the sonne,
I shope me in shroudes[1] as I a shepe[2] were,
In habite as an heremite unholy of workes,
Went wyde in this world wondres to here.
As on a May mornynge on Malverne hulles,[3]
Me byfel a ferly of fairy,[4] me thoughte;
I was wery forwandred[5] and went me to reste
Under a brode banke bi a bornes[6] side,
And as I lay and lened and loked in the wateres,
I slombred in a slepyng it sweyved[7] so merye."

35. **Gower.**— John Gower, a contemporary and friend of Chaucer, was of noble family. In dedicating a book to him, Chaucer styled him the "moral Gower," a term which has since adhered to his name and which indicates the prevailing purpose of his poetry. He wrote three principal poems, — the "Speculum Meditantis" in French, which has been lost, the "Vox Clamantis" in Latin, and the "Confessio Amantis" in English. The "Confessio Amantis," or "Lover's Confession," is a dialogue between a lover and a priest of Venus. It is written in smooth iambic tetrameter verse, and contains, somewhat after the manner of the "Decameron," a succession of tales drawn from Ovid, French "Chansons le Geste," the Bible, Boccaccio, and other sources. "Gower had some effect,"

[1] Arrayed myself in garments.
[2] Shepherd.
[3] Hills.
[4] Wonder of enchantment.
[5] Weary with wandering.
[6] Brook.
[7] Sounded.

Original engraving by G. Vertue.

says Hallam, "in rendering the language less rude, and exciting a taste for verse; if he never rises, he never sinks low; he is always sensible, polished, perspicuous." In the original prologue, Gower tells us that the poem was written at the request of Richard II., who met him while rowing on the Thames: —

"And so befell as I came nigh
Out of my bote, whan he me sigh,
He bad me come into his barge.
And whan I was with him at large,
Amonges other thinges said,
He hath this charge upon me laid
And bad me do my besinesse,
That to his highe worthynesse
Some newe thing I shoulde boke,
That he himself it mighte loke
After the forme of my writing."

36. **Sources of Modern English.**— The language of Wycliffe's version of the Bible and of Gower's "Confessio Amantis" is in the Mercian dialect, or in the language spoken in central England. Chaucer wrote in the same dialect. It was largely through the influence of these three great writers, together with the influence of Oxford and Cambridge, that the language of central England gained the ascendency over the dialect of northern and southern England, and became the mother of Modern English.

## GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

37. **His Pre-eminence.**— Above all his contemporaries of the fourteenth century stands the figure of Geoffrey Chaucer. Among all the writers that we have considered, he is the first to show the spirit and freedom of the modern world. Two recent poets have accorded him generous recognition and praise. In his "Dream of Fair Women," Tennyson calls him "the morning star of song," —

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill

The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

In a sonnet on Chaucer, Longfellow says: —

"He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read,
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead."

Like Homer in Greece, Chaucer stands preëminent in the early literature of England; and among the great English poets of subsequent ages, not more than three or four — Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Tennyson — deserve to be placed in the same rank.

38. **Early Life.**— As with some other great writers, comparatively little is known of Chaucer's life. The most painstaking investigations have been comparatively fruitless in details. He was born in London about 1340. His father was a vintner, and it is not improbable that Geoffrey sometimes lent him assistance. In the "Pardoner's Tale" there is an interesting passage which shows Chaucer's acquaintance with the different French and Spanish wines, and which contains a warning against the dangers of drunkenness: —

"A lecherous thing is wyne, and dronkenesse
Is full of stryving and of wretchednesse."

Nothing definite is known in regard to his education. The opinion formerly held that he studied at Cambridge or Oxford is without satisfactory foundation. Yet his works show that he was a man of learning. Besides his knowledge of French and Italian, he was acquainted with the classics, and with every other branch of scholastic learning current in his day.

39. **Various Offices.**— In 1359 he accompanied Edward III. in an invasion of France; and having been captured by the French, he was ransomed by the English king for sixteen

pounds. He was long attached to the court; he filled various public offices, and served on no fewer than seven diplomatic embassies to the Continent. Among other positions, he filled the office of comptroller of customs in the port of London; but, like many others of strong literary bent, he appears to have felt the irksomeness of his routine duties. In an autobiographic touch in the "Hous of Fame," we read: —

"For whan thy labour doon al is,
And hast-y-maad thy rekeninges,
In stede of reste and newe thinges,
Thou gost hoom to thy house anoon;
And, also domb as any stoon,
Thou sittest at another boke,
Til fully daswed is thy loke,
And livest thus as an hermyte,
Although thyn abstinence is lyte."

40. **In Misfortune.**— But his political career was not one of uninterrupted prosperity. In 1386 he was elected a member of Parliament for the shire of Kent; but the same year, through a change in the government, he lost his office of comptroller of customs. This incident is supposed to have inspired the ballad on "Truth": —

"Flee fro the prees,[1] and dwelle with sothfastnesse,[2]
Suffyce unto[3] thy good, though hit be smal;
For hord hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,[4]
Prees hath envye, and wile blent overal."[5]

In 1399, when he was again in financial straits, he sent to King Henry IV. a complaint about his poverty. It is entitled, "A Compleynt to his Purs": —

"To you my purse, and to non other wight
Complayne I, for you be my lady dere!
I am so sorry, now that ye be light;
For certes, but ye make me hevy chere,

[1] Crowd.
[2] Truth.
[3] Be content with.
[4] Instability.
[5] Happiness fails everywhere.

Me were as leef be leyd upon my bere;
For whiche unto your mercy thus I crye:
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye."

This serio-comic piece was not fruitless, and four days afterward the king doubled the poet's pension.

41. **A Pen Portrait.**— In the "Prologue to Sir Thopas," the host of the Tabard and the leader of the Canterbury pilgrims draws the poet's portrait. After a most pathetic tale related by the prioress, Harry Bailly was the first to interrupt the silence: —

"And than at erst he loked upon me,
And seyde thus, 'what man arthow,' quod he;
'Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an hare,
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.
Approache neer, and loke up merily.
Now war you, sirs, and let this man have place;
He in the waast is shape as wel as I;
This were a popet[1] in an arm t' embrace
For any womman, smal and fair of face.
He semeth elvish by his countenance,
For unto no wight dooth he daliaunce.'"

Chaucer died in circumstances of comfort and peace Oct. 25, 1400. His body lies in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb is an object of tender interest in the famous Poets' Corner.

42. **Character and Attainments.**— While the outward circumstances of Chaucer's life are so imperfectly known, we have abundant means to judge of his character and attainments. He is revealed to us in his writings. While associated with the court life of his time, he did not surrender himself to its vices and empty frivolities. He was not indifferent to the enjoyments of social life, but, at the same time, he set his heart on higher things. He recognized true worth wherever he found it, regardless of the accident of birth or wealth. He seems in no small measure to have embodied the integrity and gentleness which he bravely ascribes to the character of the gentleman in the "Tale of the Wyf of Bathe": —

[1] If this is spoken ironically, as seems to be the case, it indicates corpulency.

"But for ye speken of swich gentillesse
As is descended out of old richesse,
That therefore sholden ye be gentil men,
Swich arrogance is nat worth an hen.
Loke who that is most virtuous alway,
Privee and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And tak him for the grettest gentil man.
Crist wol, we clayme of him our gentillesse,
Nat of our eldres for hir old richesse."

43. **Love of Nature.**— Chaucer's love of nature was remarkable, and rivalled his passion for books. He tells us that there is nothing can take him from his reading,—

"Save certeynly, whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I here the fowles singe,
And that the floures ginnen for to springe,
Farwel my book, and my devocioun."

His poetic nature responded to the beauties of the morning landscape, the matin carols of the birds, and the glories of the rising sun. The May-time, as may be seen from the prologue to the "Legend of Good Women," was his favorite season; and long before Burns and Wordsworth, he loved and sang of the daisy. The sight of this flower, as it opens to the sun, lightened his sorrow: —

"And down on knees anon — right I me sette,
And, as I coude, this fresshe flour I grette;
Kneling alwey, til hit unclosed was,
Upon the smale, softe, swote gras."

44. **Literary Equipment.**— The circumstances of Chaucer's life, as will have been noted, were favorable for the work he was to do in English literature. Langland wrote for the common people; Gower addressed himself to the educated; Chaucer, with a broader spirit, prepared his works for every class. His diligence as a student, his familiarity with the best society of his time, and his wide experience as a man

of affairs at home and abroad gave him great mental breadth. When he reached the full maturity of his powers, he was admirably equipped in language, knowledge, and culture to produce works of surpassing excellence. In the fourteenth century, various dialects, as we have seen, existed in England; but from this linguistic confusion, to use the words of Marsh, "The influence and example of Chaucer did more to rescue his native tongue than any other single cause." He made the Midland dialect, which he used in common with Gower and Wycliffe, the national language.

45. **Canterbury Tales.**— In his earlier literary career Chaucer felt in turn the influence of French and Italian models. But beginning about the year 1384 he walked independently in conscious strength. It was during this closing period of his busy and fruitful life that he produced his greatest work, the "Canterbury Tales," the idea of which seems to have been suggested by Boccaccio's "Decameron."

Like the great Italian author, Chaucer adopted the idea of a succession of stories, but invented a happier occasion for their narration. One evening in April a company of twenty-nine pilgrims, of various conditions in life, meet at the Tabard, a London inn, on their way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. At supper the jolly, amiable host offers to accompany them as guide; and in order to relieve the tedium of the journey, he proposes that each one shall tell two tales on the way to the tomb and the same number on their return. The one narrating the best tale is to receive a supper at the expense of the others.

46. **The Prologue.**— The poet joins the party; and in the "Prologue" he gives us, with great artistic and dramatic power, a description of the pilgrims. The various classes of English society — a knight, a lawyer, a doctor, an Oxford student, a miller, a prioress, a monk, a farmer and others — are all placed before us with marvellous distinctness. It is a living picture of contemporary life, showing us the features, dress, manners, customs, and social and religious interests of the English people in the latter half of the fourteenth century. Nothing escapes the microscopic scrutiny of the poet. Yet with this keen-

ness of observation and wonderful power to detect the peculiarities and foibles of men, there is no admixture of cynicism. There is humor and satire, but they are thornless. All of Chaucer's later writings are pervaded by an atmosphere of genial humor, kindness, tolerance, humanity.

47. **Typical Characters.**— Chaucer begins his sketches of the Canterbury pilgrims with the knight, a model of chivalrous heroism. Notwithstanding the great achievements of the knight in various parts of Europe and Africa, he still —

"Was of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He nevere yit no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf unto no maner wight.
He was a verray perfight gentil knight."

The portrait of the prioress, Madame Eglantine,—

"That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy,"—

exhibits the poet's close observation: —

"At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle;
Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fiyngres in hire sauce deepe.

* * * * * *

But for to speken of hire conscience,
Sche was so charitable and so pitous
Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde."

The decadence of the church — the love of ease, pleasure, wealth, and power, that had taken possession of many of its representatives — is reflected in the sketches of the monk, the friar, and the pardoner,—

"Whose walet lay byforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot."

But in contrast with these unworthy representatives of the church stands the "poure Persoun of a toun," showing us that genuine piety was not extinct.

48. **The Various Tales.**— The tales that follow the "Pro-

logue"— the whole number was never completed — are admirably adapted to the character of the narrators. They include the whole circle of mediæval literature,— the romance of chivalry, the legends of saints, the apologue and allegorical story, the theological treatise, and the coarse tale of immorality and cunning. The tales are told with ease, rapidity, and grace. They abound in humor and pathos; and among all the works composed on the same general plan, the "Canterbury Tales" is greatest.

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

(See introductory note under this heading at the close of the preceding period.)

The battle of Hastings, "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" under the year 1066 (included in Bede's "Ecclesiastical History"), and Green, "History of the English People." vol. 1, ch. 4; Relation of Norman and Saxon, Hallam, "Middle Ages," ch. 7, Scott, "Ivanhoe," particularly ch. 1; Formation of the new language, Lounsbury, "History of the English Language" or Emerson, "History of the English Language"; A review of the Fifth Passus of "Piers the Plowman"; A story from Gower's "Confessio Amantis"; Chaucer's love of nature as exhibited in his poems; The England of Chaucer's day, Ward, "Chaucer," ch. 1 (English Men of Letters Series), Jenks, "In the Days of Chaucer"; Social conditions in England as represented in the Prologue; Instances of the poet's keen observation; A collection of the finest poetic passages in the Prologue; An outline of the "Knight's Tale"; A character study of Palamon and Arcite; A description of the tournament in the "Knight's Tale"; The character of Griselda in the "Clerk's Tale"; A synopsis of the "Nun's Priest's Tale"; the characteristics of Chaucer as a poet, Ward, "Chaucer," ch. 3, Lowell, "My Study Windows," Lounsbury, "Chaucer," Green, "History of the English People," vol. 1, p. 503.

*Chaucer's "Prologue" to the "Canterbury Tales" will be found in the selections of Part II.*

## FIRST CREATIVE PERIOD.

### PRINCIPAL WRITERS.

PRE-ELIZABETHAN. — William Caxton (1422–1491). First English printer, edited and printed ninety-nine works.

Sir Thomas More (1478–1535). Lord Chancellor, author of "Utopia" (1516) and "History of King Edward V." (1513). (See Text.)

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1516–1547). Poet who introduced blank verse and the sonnet into English poetry. (See Text.)

Sir Thomas Wyat (1503–1542). Poet, satirist, sonneteer, strictly following Italian models. (See Text.)

ELIZABETHAN PROSE. — Roger Ascham (1515–1568). Tutor to Queen Elizabeth, author of "Toxophilus" (1545) and the "Schole-master" (1570).

John Lyly (1553–1606). Author of "Euphues" (1580), and dramatist.

Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586). Author of "Arcadia" (1590) and "The Defense of Poesie" (1595). (See Text.)

Richard Hooker (1553–1600). Clergyman, and author of "Ecclesiastical Polity" (1592).

Sir Walter Raleigh (1552–1618). Soldier, sailor, courtier, statesman, historian, poet. Author of "Discovery of Guiana" (1596) and "History of the World" (1614). (See Text.)

POETRY. — Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset (1536–1608). Author of "Mirror for Magistrates" (1563) and of first English tragedy, "Gorboduc," acted before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall in 1561.

Samuel Daniel (1562–1619). Author of "Civil Wars" (1595–1604), a poetical history of the Wars of the Roses.

Michael Drayton (1563–1631). Author of "Polyolbion" (1613–1622), a poem in thirty books descriptive of the topography of England.

DRAMA. — Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593). Author of "Tamburlaine the Great," "The Rich Jew of Malta," and "Doctor John

Faustus"; a dramatist of great power, who has been called "a second Shakespeare."

Robert Greene (1560–1592). Author of "Alphonsus, King of Aragon," and other plays. In a pamphlet entitled "A Groat's Worth of Wit," he rails at Shakespeare as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers."

Ben Jonson (1573–1637). Friend of Shakespeare, and author of many dramas, among which are "Every Man in his Humor," "Cynthia's Revels," "Sejanus," and "The Alchemist." (See Text.)

Philip Massinger (1584–1640). Author of thirty-eight dramas, among which are "The City Madam," "The Fatal Dowry," and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." The last still keeps its place upon the stage.

John Webster (date of birth and death unknown) was strong in handling terrible subjects. Among his plays are "The Duchess of Malfi" and "The White Devil," which Hazlitt says come near to Shakespeare.

Thomas Dekker (1570–1637). Author of twenty-eight plays. His "Satiromastix" satirizes Ben Jonson. In another of his plays occur the oft-quoted lines, —

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Francis Beaumont (1586–1615) and John Fletcher (1579–1625) were joint authors of fifty-two plays, among the best of which are "The Maid's Tragedy," "Cupid's Revenge," and "Philaster."

## GREAT REPRESENTATIVE AUTHORS.

Edmund Spenser. Francis Bacon

William Shakespeare.

## III.

## FIRST CREATIVE PERIOD.

### (1558–1625.)

49. **Preceding Barrenness.** — The century and a half lying between the death of Chaucer and the accession of Elizabeth was an era of preparation. The potential forces that had called the father of English poetry into being seemed to subside, and not a single writer in either prose or poetry attained to the first or even to the second rank. The cause of this literary barrenness is to be found partly in the repression of free inquiry by the church and parliament, partly in the social disorders connected with the Wars of the Roses, and partly in the varied and important interests that engaged general attention.

50. **Intellectual Awakening.** — The century preceding the accession of Elizabeth was an era of awakened mind and intellectual acquisition. The revival of learning was an event of vast importance, not only in the intellectual life of England, but also of all Europe. It had its central point in the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, which caused many Greek scholars to seek refuge in Italy. As ancient learning had already begun to receive attention there, these scholarly fugitives were warmly welcomed. Noble and wealthy patronage was not wanting; and soon the classic literature of Greece and Rome was studied with almost incredible enthusiasm. The popes received the new learning under their protection; libraries were founded, manuscripts collected, and academies established.

Eager scholars from England, France, and Germany sat at the feet of Italian masters, in order afterward to bear beyond the Alps the precious seed of the new culture. Its beneficent

effects soon became apparent. Greek was introduced into the great universities of England. Erasmus, the most brilliant scholar of his time, taught at Oxford. It became the fashion to study the ancient classics, and Elizabeth, Jane Grey, and other noble ladies are said to have been conversant with Plato, Xenophon, and Cicero in the original. The taste, the eloquence, the refined literary culture, of Athens and pagan Rome were restored to the world; and "gradually, by an insensible change, men were raised to the level of the great and healthy minds which had freely handled ideas of all kinds fifteen centuries before."

51. **Inventions and Discoveries.**— The remarkable inventions and discoveries of the fifteenth century contributed, in a noteworthy degree, to awaken intellect, and lift men to a higher plane of knowledge. The printing-press was invented about the middle of the century, and in less than a decade it was brought to such perfection that the whole Bible appeared in type in 1456. It became a powerful aid in the revival of learning. It at once supplanted the tedious and costly process of copying books by hand, and brought the repositories of learning within reach of the common people. Gunpowder, which had been invented the previous century, came into common use, and wrought a salutary change in the organization of society. It destroyed the military prestige of the knightly order, brought the lower classes into greater prominence, and contributed to the abolition of serfdom. The mariner's compass greatly furthered navigation. Instead of creeping along the shores of the Mediterranean or the Atlantic, seamen boldly ventured upon unknown waters. In 1492 Columbus discovered America; and six years later Vasca da Gama, rounding the Cape of Good Hope, sailed across the Indian Ocean to Calcutta. Voyages of discovery followed in rapid succession, new continents were added to the map, and the general store of knowledge was greatly increased.

52. **The Reformation.**— When the reformatory movement, which began with Martin Luther in Germany in 1517, extended to England, it found a receptive soil. Traditions of Wycliffe still survived; the new learning was friendly to re-

form; and men of high civil and ecclesiastical rank had inveighed against existing abuses. Though Henry VIII. at first remained faithful to the Roman Catholic church, and even wrote a book against the German reformer, he afterward, for personal and selfish reasons, withdrew his support, and encouraged the reformatory work of his ministers and of parliament. In 1534 the Act of Supremacy was passed, by which the king was made the supreme head of the Church of England, and empowered to "repress and amend all such errors and heresies as, by any manner of spiritual jurisdiction, might and ought to be lawfully reformed."

53. **Relation to Literature.**— Without attempting to trace the general effects of the Reformation in England — a factor that enters with a molding influence into all the subsequent history of the country — some of its immediate results upon English literature are briefly indicated. In 1526 Tyndale published his translation of the New Testament, which was followed soon afterward by other portions of the Bible. Nearly every year, for half a century, saw a new edition issue from the press. Tyndale's translation was made with great ability, and served as the basis of subsequent versions until, in 1611, King James's version, embodying all the excellences of previous efforts, gained general acceptance.

Latimer, whose vigorous sermons advanced the cause of the Reformation in different parts of England, is a type of the unbroken line of able preachers whose influence since upon the social, moral, and intellectual life of the English people cannot be estimated. Religious services were conducted in English; and in 1549 the "Book of Common Prayer," which has been absorbed into the life of succeeding generations, was published, and its use, to the exclusion of all other forms, prescribed by law.

54. **Old English Ballads.**— There are a few productions and a few writers prior to the accession of Elizabeth that well deserve mention. It was during the period between Chaucer and the "Virgin Queen" that the most famous of the old English ballads were written. In their simplicity, directness, and often crudeness of style, they possess a charm that a more

cultivated age cannot successfully imitate. Not a few of them celebrate the fearless conflicts of the Scottish border and the lawless deeds of bold freebooters. Unwritten songs of the people — of the "good yeomanry" they invoke blessings upon — they were recited by wandering minstrels, and handed down by tradition from generation to generation. In most cases their authors are unknown; and constantly undergoing changes and receiving additions, they may be said, not to have been composed, but to have grown. In them the rude life of the times — the lawlessness, daring, fortitude, passion — is graphically depicted.

55. **Chevy Chase.**— Among the best known of these ballads is "Chevy Chase," which describes with great simplicity and force a battle between Lord Percy of England and Earl Douglas of Scotland. "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas," wrote Sir Philip Sidney in his "Defense of Poesie," "that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." Of a later version Addison wrote an interesting critique in the *Spectator*. In its oldest form the ballad begins as follows: —

"The Persè owt off Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughtè Dogles,
And all that ever with him be."

56. **Robin Hood.**— Robin Hood, the bold outlaw of Sherwood forest, is the centre of an interesting group of ballads. For a long time he was the people's ideal hero. Sir Walter Scott called him "the gentlest thief that ever was." But his popularity, surpassing that of any English king of the time, was due, not to his deeds of violence, but to his courage, love of fair play, and open-handed generosity. His sympathies were with the yeomanry; he took the part of the oppressed; he robbed the rich to give to the poor; and though a good Catholic, who would hear three masses every day, he hated the extortions of bishops and monks. There is no rancor in

Robin Hood's fighting. He looks upon it as a manly test of strength, and with Saxon honesty disdains to take any unfair advantage. He jokes with his antagonist, and after the fight is over takes him by the hand and receives him into the friendship of frank and fearless men.

57. **Sir Thomas More.**— There is a writer of prose in the pre-Elizabethan period who produced works still possessing considerable interest. Sir Thomas More, who was called in his day the greatest wit in England, was born in 1478. He studied Greek at Oxford under Linacre and Grocyn, enthusiastic devotees of the new learning. His "Life of Edward the Fifth" surpassed in clearness and purity of style any English prose that had preceded it. But the work on which his fame as an author chiefly rests is his "Utopia"— the land of Nowhere — which contributed a new word to our language. What is chimerical or fanciful we now characterize as Utopian. The "Utopia," like Plato's "Republic," which probably furnished the idea, is a description of an ideal commonwealth. It is a satire on the existing state of society, its leading political and social regulations being the reverse of what was then found in Europe.

58. **Surrey and Wyat.**— Among the pre-Elizabethan poets there are two that deserve particular mention for the important influences they exerted on English literature. To Surrey belongs the merit of being the first to introduce blank verse and the sonnet into English poetry, both of which he borrowed from Italy. While sharing with Surrey the honor of introducing the Italian sonnet into English verse, Wyat has the distinction of conforming strictly with his models. All his sonnets, unlike those of his friend, are constructed according to the rules now governing that difficult species of verse.

"In the latter end of the same king (Henry the eight) reigne," says an old writer, "sprong up a new company of courtly makers of whom Sir Thomas Wyat the elder and Henry Earle of Surrey were the two chieftains, who having travailed into Italy, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian Posie, as novices newly crept out of the

schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly pollished our rude and homely manner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and stile."

59. **The Elizabethan Age.**— Coming now to the age of Elizabeth, to which has been given the designation of the First Creative Period, we find that literature suddenly rises in amount and excellence. The forces slowly accumulating for a century quickly burst into blossom. The number of writers, embracing every department of literature, is almost beyond estimate. Translations from the Latin, Greek, and Italian are numerous. It was at this time that Chapman's celebrated version of Homer —"romantic, laborious, Elizabethan"— appeared. Poetry, in almost all its forms, is cultivated with monumental assiduity and success. Theology, as in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" and Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," naturally claimed, in this age of religious agitation, no small share of attention. Education, history, and philosophy, as we shall see, were all treated in noteworthy productions. Stories of travel and adventure, tales of romance, and dramas of every description were all very popular. The writings in these various departments are, for the most part, in a style that far surpasses anything that had preceded them, reflecting a higher order of culture than England had previously enjoyed. It was an age as extraordinary in its literary as in its political activity. Apart from the three great writers — Spenser, Bacon, and Shakespeare — reserved for special study, there are a few others who, on account of writings of permanent interest, deserve at least brief consideration.

60. **Sir Philip Sidney.**— Scarcely any other writer of the Elizabethan era awakens greater interest than Sir Philip Sidney. Of noble birth, he was a distinguished scholar, a brave soldier, a promising statesman, a favored courtier, and a brilliant author in both prose and poetry. His conception of chivalry was "high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy"; and no other man of his time came nearer embodying in his life and character this lofty ideal.

In 1581 Sidney composed his "Defense of Poesie," in reply

to the attacks of Puritans, who had stigmatized poets as "caterpillars of the commonwealth." This work, which is still read with interest, shows a clear appreciation of the function of poetry, and presents its arguments with manly clearness and force. There is an absence of affected conceits, and the Euphuists are explicitly condemned. "For now," he says, "they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served to the table; like those Indians, not content to wear earrings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine." He pronounces the poet "monarch of all sciences. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it."

61. **Sir Walter Raleigh.—** Soldier, sailor, courtier, statesman, historian, poet — these are the different characters in which Sir Walter Raleigh appears. In that age of great men — when Spenser, Shakespeare, and Bacon were rendering England famous in literature, and Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake were making her powerful on the sea — the figure of Raleigh is not dwarfed. In the momentous events of the time, which involved all subsequent history; in the conflicts between Roman supremacy and Protestant independence; in the contest with Spain which was to decide the sovereignty of the seas and the peopling of the new world, he had, as counsellor of the queen and admiral of the fleet, no insignificant share. His versatility of genius was almost unexampled; and to whatever form of activity he turned his attention, he exhibited efficiency and achieved distinction. His capacious mind was equally at home in devising a comprehensive state policy, in managing practical details, and in cultivating the graces of literature.

62. **His "History of the World."—** With the death of Elizabeth in 1603 his fortunes began to decline. He incurred the displeasure of James I. First deprived of his offices, he was finally imprisoned on a charge of conspiracy. In spite of his innocence, eloquent defence, and admirable bearing, he was adjudged guilty and sentenced to death. The king did not venture to execute the sentence; and after being brought on the

scaffold, Raleigh was reprieved and led back to the Tower. He employed the thirteen tedious years of his imprisonment in study, and in 1614 he published his "History of the World." It is an unfinished work, coming down only to the year 170 B. C. As a record of facts, it has long since been superseded; but it still possesses interest as the best specimen of historical prose that had yet appeared in England. Raleigh's large experience and practical sense preserved him from pedantry, while his reflections are often striking and sometimes eloquent. "O eloquent, just, and mighty death!" he exclaims, "whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *hic jacet!*"

63. **Poetic Profusion.**— The poetic activity of the First Creative Period is astonishing. The list of poets contains no fewer than two hundred names, and many of them were prolific writers. The poetry of this time exhibits all the exuberant vigor of youth, and often also, as might be expected, a youthful immaturity. The choice of subjects is frequently unhappy, and naturalness of style is often supplanted by pedantic affectations. Except in the case of a few master-spirits, the wine of poetry had not yet had time to run clear.

64. **Elizabethan Lyrics.**— Apart from the drama, the lyrical productions are by far the most successful, and some of them are admirable in form and spirit, comparing favorably with the efforts of a later day. The Elizabethan lyric originated, not among the people, but largely among the cultured circles of the court. The poets of this period were not inaptly styled "courtly makers." The subjects are generally erotic, and the treatment prevailingly objective. What appeals to the senses, rather than to the reflective powers, is made prominent. The lyrical measures are exceedingly varied, though the basis is almost always iambic. The influences producing this rich variety were threefold: (1) the old national metre with its assonance and alliteration; (2) the metrical forms of France

and Italy, which were extensively imitated; and (3) the classical metres, which were studied with enthusiasm.

65. **Origin of the Drama.**— The modern drama has an ecclesiastical origin. Its beginnings are found in the Miracle plays, which, during the latter part of the Middle Ages, were common not only in England, but throughout all Europe. These plays, sometimes called Mysteries, represented scenes in sacred history and in the lives of saints. They were written by ecclesiastics, and performed under the auspices of the church, in abbeys and cathedrals. At a time when preaching was unusual, they were employed to instruct the people in the historical portions of the Scripture. Subsequently, they were performed by trading companies in the towns, who used movable platforms called pageants. In spite of their religious origin and aim, these plays often degenerated into gross irreverence and buffoonery; and at their best, judged by present standards, they were crude in form and style.

66. **The Moralities.**— The Miracle plays were succeeded by the Moralities, which introduced as *dramatis personæ* the leading virtues and vices. They satisfied a popular love of allegory, and retained a hold on the public mind till the time of Elizabeth. One of the last dramatic representations attended by the queen was a Morality, entitled the "Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," and performed in the year 1600. Sometimes, along with the virtues and vices, characters from real life were introduced; and by thus touching upon current events and existing manners, the Morality gained an additional element of popularity. A further approach to the modern drama was made by the Interludes, a sort of farcical representation invented by John Heywood early in the sixteenth century, and designed to relieve the tediousness of the Miracle play or Morality.

67. **First Comedy and Tragedy.**— The first English comedy was "Ralph Royster Doyster," written by Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Eton and translator of Terence. The exact date of its composition is not known, but it appeared prior to 1551. Unlike the Miracle and Moral plays, it is divided into acts and scenes — an advance in dramatic form sug-

gested by classical models. The first regular tragedy, entitled "Gorboduc," followed a few years later. It was written by Thomas Sackville, and performed before the queen in 1562. It exhibits the first application of blank verse to dramatic composition in England. Like the comedy just spoken of, its form was affected by Greek and Roman models, with which Sackville had become acquainted at Oxford and Cambridge. It is chiefly notable as introducing the splendid theatrical outburst of the Elizabethan era. Before the close of the sixteenth century there appeared a large number of dramatists, whose works possess not simply historical interest, but also intrinsic excellence. Among the predecessors of Shakespeare were Kyd, Lyly, Peele, Greene, and Marlowe.

68. **Early Theaters.**— Special buildings for dramatic entertainments were not erected till late in the sixteenth century. Before that time the plays were acted in tents, wooden sheds, courtyards of inns, and cock-pits — the name pit, applied to the lowest place in theaters, still suggesting this association. The first building in London for dramatic purposes was erected in 1576. It was speedily followed by others; and before the close of the century eleven theatres were built, chiefly on the southern or Surrey bank of the Thames, in order to be beyond the jurisdiction of the Puritan city government. The most famous of these theatres, because of its association with Shakespeare, was The Globe, so called from its sign, which represented Atlas supporting the world, with the striking motto, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*"

These early theatres were all built after the same model, suggested, no doubt, by the enclosed courts of inns. A central platform served for the stage, which was surrounded by seats except on one side reserved for a dressing room. The upper galleries, which extended around the entire building, were occupied by boxes. This arrangement generally led to the adoption of octagonal-shaped buildings. Most of the theatres were uncovered, except immediately over the stage. There was no movable scenery, and the female parts were acted by men and boys. A placard, bearing the name of Rome, Paris, or London, as the case might be, indicated the scene of the action. The

plays began in the forenoon, and were attended by people of every social condition. In spite of the opposition of the Puritan corporation of London, the drama made rapid progress; and in one generation it passed from infancy to full maturity, exhibiting a compass, strength, and majesty unparalleled in the literary history of any other country.

69. **"Rare Ben Johnson."**— Among the minor dramatists — Greene, Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, and others — there is one that seems to deserve more particular mention. In the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey a slab bears the simple inscription, "O Rare Ben Johnson." Though two and a half centuries have passed since it was carved there, the literary world, with remarkable unanimity, has approved it as just. He was a strong, learned, large-minded, and big-hearted piece of manhood — John Bull personified, as Whipple suggests.

Ben Jonson was born in London in 1573. After a brief course at Cambridge, he became a soldier in the Netherlands, where he distinguished himself by his bravery. But military life had little charm for him, and after a single campaign he returned to London and connected himself with a theatre. As an actor he failed completely. But as a dramatic author he was more fortunate, and in 1596 his comedy, "Every Man in his Humor," in which Shakespeare acted a part, established his reputation. It was about this time that the acquaintance between the two dramatists began. We have a pleasing contemporary picture of them as they met, along with Beaumont, Fletcher, and other poets, at the Falcon Tavern, the home of the Mermaid Club founded by Raleigh. "Many were the wit combats," says Fuller, "betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war; Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

70. **Lyrical Gifts.**— After the success of "Every Man in his Humor," Jonson wrote, at pretty regular intervals, a series of dramas, several of which —"Volpone," "The Silent Woman,"

and "The Alchemist"— occupy a high rank in dramatic literature. But he was a lyrical as well as dramatic poet. It has even been contended that lyrical poetry was his special sphere. However that may be, he undoubtedly possessed lyrical gifts of a high order, as may be seen in the well-known song, beginning:—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine."

Engraved by G. Vertue, 1727.

## EDMUND SPENSER.

71. **His Position.**— For more than one hundred and fifty years no poet worthy to bear the mantle of Chaucer had appeared in England. But, as we have seen, mighty movements had been going on in Europe,— the revival of letters, great inventions and discoveries, and the widespread religious movement known as the Reformation. It was an age of great thoughts and aspirations and of marvellous achievement. The time had at length come, under the prosperous and illustrious reign of Elizabeth, for English greatness to mirror itself in literature. A group of great writers arose. To Edmund Spenser belongs the honor of having been the first genius to reflect the greatness of his age and country in an imperishable poem, and to add new lustre to a splendid period in English history.

72. **Few Biographical Details.**— As with Chaucer, we have to lament the meagreness of detail connected with the life of Spenser. The year 1552, which is determined by an incidental and not wholly conclusive reference in one of his sonnets, is commonly accepted as the year of his birth. The place of his birth, not otherwise known, is likewise determined by a passage in his "Prothalamion," a poem written near the close of his life: —

> "At length they all to merry London came,
> To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
> That to me gave this life's first native source,
> Though from another place I take my name,
> An house of ancient fame."

73. **At Cambridge.**— Nothing is known of his parents; but, as he was a charity student, it is to be inferred that they were in humble circumstances. He received his preparatory training at the Merchant Taylor School, and at the age of

seventeen entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he earned his board by acting as sizar or waiter. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1572, and that of Master of Arts four years later. The particulars of his life at Cambridge are, for the most part, matters of mere conjecture. We may safely infer from his broad scholarship that he was a diligent student. His writings show an intimate acquaintance, not only with classical antiquity, but also with the great writers — Chaucer, Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Marot — of the dawning modern era.

74. **"The Shepherd's Calendar."**— A friendship with Gabriel Harvey, a fellow of Pembroke Hall, and an enthusiastic writer and educator, was not without influence upon his poetical career. Harvey encouraged Spenser in his early literary efforts; but it is fortunate that his advice failed to turn the poet's genius to the drama. After leaving the university, Spenser spent a year or two in the north of England (it is impossible to be more definite), where he wrote his first important work, "The Shepherd's Calendar." It was inspired by a deep but unfortunate affection for a country lass, who appears in the poem under the anagrammatic name of Rosalinde. Her identity, a puzzle to critics, remained for a long time undetermined; but an American writer, with great ingenuity, has shown almost beyond question that the young lady was Rose Daniel, sister to the poet of that name.[1]

75. **Residence in Ireland.**— Upon the advice of Harvey, Spenser went to London. He met Sir Philip Sidney, by whom he was introduced at court, and put in the way of preferment. He fell in readily with court life, wore a pointed beard and fashionable mustache, and acquired a light tone in speaking of women — a levity that soon gave place to a truly chivalrous regard. In 1580 he was appointed secretary to Lord Grey, deputy to Ireland, and accompanied that official through the bloody scenes connected with the suppression of Desmond's rebellion. The duties assigned him were ably performed; and, in recognition of his services, he received in 1586, as a grant, Kilcolman Castle and three thousand acres of land in the

1. See *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1858.

county of Cork. Here he afterward made his home, occasionally visiting London to seek preferment or to publish some new work. Though his home was not without the attraction of beautiful surroundings, he looked upon his life there as a sort of banishment. In one of his poems he speaks of —

> "My luckless lot,
> That banisht had myself, like wight forlore,
> Into that waste, where I was quite forgot."

76. **Visit of Raleigh.**— In 1589 he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom he read the first three books of the "Faery Queene." Seated in the midst of an attractive landscape, the poet and the hero make a pleasing picture as they discuss the merits of a work that is to begin a new era in English literature. Raleigh was so delighted with the poem that he urged the author to take it to London — advice that was eagerly followed. The poet was granted an audience by Elizabeth, and favored with the patronage of several noble ladies; but further than a pension of fifty pounds, which does not appear to have been regularly paid, he received no substantial recognition.

77. **Disappointment at Court.**— This result was a disappointment to Spenser, who had hoped that his literary fame would lead to higher political preferment. In "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," a poem in which the incidents of this visit are embodied, he speaks of the court in a tone of disappointment and bitterness. In a prefatory letter addressed to Raleigh, who figures in the poem under the title of "Shepherd of the Ocean," Spenser says that the work agrees "with the truth in circumstance and matter"; and from this declaration it may be inferred that his portrayal of court life was drawn, not from imagination, but from experience: —

> "For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life
> For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
> Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife,
> To thrust down other in foul disgrace,
> Himself to raise: and he doth soonest rise

That best can handle his deceitful wit
In subtle shifts."

78. **Beginning of the "Faery Queene."**— The first three books of the "Faery Queene" were published in 1590, and were received with an outburst of applause. Spenser took rank as the first of living poets. "The admiration of this great poem," says Hallam, "was unanimous and enthusiastic. No academy had been trained to carp at his genius with minute cavilling; no recent popularity, no traditional fame (for Chaucer was rather venerated than much in the hands of the reader) interfered with the immediate recognition of his supremacy. The 'Faery Queene' became at once the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, and the solace of every scholar." Spenser remained in London about a year in the enjoyment of his newly won reputation and in the pursuit of preferment. But in the latter he was disappointed, and returned to Ireland, as we have seen, with a feeling of resentment toward the manners and morals of the court.

79. **Marriage.**— In 1594 he married a lady by the name of Elizabeth — her family name remaining uncertain. In his "Amoretti, or Sonnets," he describes the beginning and progress of his affection. These sonnets are interesting, not only for their purity and delicacy of feeling, but also for the light they throw on the poet's life. Whatever may have been the real character of the Irish maiden he celebrates, in the poems she is idealized into great beauty. It was only after a protracted suit that the poet met with encouragement and was able to say,—

"After long storms' and tempests' sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and dangerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossed sore;
I do at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arrive:
Fair soil it seems from far, and fraught with store
Of all that dear and dainty is alive."

80. **Disaster and Death.**— In 1598 Spenser was appointed sheriff of Cork; and Tyrone's rebellion breaking out soon afterward, Kilcolman Castle was sacked and burned. The poet and his wife escaped with difficulty, and it is probable that their youngest child, who was left behind, perished in the flames. In 1599 Spenser, overcome by misfortunes, died in a common London inn, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the tomb of his master, Chaucer. His life was full of disappointment. He never obtained the preferment to which he aspired, and he felt his failure with all the keenness of sensitive genius. And yet, under different and happier circumstances, his great natural gifts would probably not have borne so rich fruitage.

81. **Nobility of Character.**— All that we know of Spenser is of good report. He had the esteem and friendship of the best people of his time; he was faithful in his attachments and irreproachable in his outward life. In his comparative seclusion he was able to forget the hard realities of his lot and to dwell much of the time in an ideal world; and the poetic creations, which he elaborated in the quietude of Kilcolman Castle, had the good fortune to gain immediate and hearty recognition. He has been aptly styled "the poet's poet"; and it is certain that his writings, especially the "Faery Queene," have been a perennial source of inspiration and power to his successors. Pope read him in his old age with the same zest as in his youth. Dryden looked up to him as a master; and Milton called him "our sage and serious poet, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."

82. **His Masterpiece.**— As already stated, the first three books of the "Faery Queene" were published in 1590. Three more books appeared in 1596 — an interval that indicates the conscientious labor Spenser bestowed upon his productions. The plan of the work contemplated no fewer than twelve books; but in its present incomplete state it is one of the longest poems in the language. There is a tradition that three unpublished books were burned in the destruction of Kilcolman Castle, but it is probably without foundation. The "Faery Queene" is Spenser's masterpiece. Keenly sym-

pathizing with all the great interests and movements of his time, he embodied in this work his noblest thoughts and feelings. Here his genius had full play and attained the highest results of which it was capable. In this poem the Elizabethan Age is reflected in all its splendor.

83. **The Spenserian Stanza.**— The stanza of the poem was the poet's own invention and properly bears his name. It is singularly melodious and effective, and has since been made the medium of some of the finest poetry in our language, — Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," Byron's "Childe Harold," and many other poems. Though somewhat difficult in its structure, Spenser handled it with masterly ease and skill, and poured forth his treasures of description, narration, reflection, feeling, and fancy, without embarrassment. A single stanza, descriptive of morning, must suffice by way of illustration: —

"By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre;
And chearefull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phœbus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill."

84. **The Poem an Allegory.**— The poem is itself an allegory, a form that the poet took some pains to justify. In a prefatory letter addressed to Raleigh, the author fully explains his plan and makes clear what would otherwise have remained obscure. "The generall end, therefore, of all the booke," he says, "is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. . . . I chose the historie of King Arthure, as most fit for the excellencie of his person, beeing made famous by many men's former works, and also furthest from the danger of envie, and suspicion of present time." Prince Arthur is the central figure of the poem, in whose person, Spenser says, "I sette forth magnificence in

particular, which vertue (according to Aristotle and the rest) is the perfection of all the rest and containeth in it them all." By *magnificence* Spenser meant *magnanimity*, which, according to Aristotle, contains all the moral virtues. Twelve other knights are made the representatives or patrons of so many separate virtues.

85. **Struggle for Holiness.**— The allegory of the "Faery Queene" is nowhere more worthy of study than in the first book. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, the Red Cross Knight shows the conflicts of the human soul in its effort to attain to holiness. This is the sublimest of all conflicts. The knight, clad in Christian armor, sets forth to make war upon the dragon, the Old Serpent. After a time the light of heaven is shut out by clouds, and the warrior loses his way in the "wandering wood," the haunt of Error.

> "For light she hated as the deadly bale,
> Ay wont in desert darkness to remaine,
> Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plain."

Only after a long and bitter struggle, typifying the conflicts of the earnest soul in search of truth, does the Knight succeed in vanquishing this dangerous foe. This danger passed, another follows. The hero, with his fair companion, at length encounters —

> "An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
> His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
> And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
> Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
> And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
> Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad,
> And all the way he prayed, as he went,
> And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent."

86. **Results of Deception.**— This was Archimago or Hypocrisy, who deceives the Knight with his magic art. Truth is made to seem falsehood, and falsehood truth. This deception is the cause of all his subsequent trouble, — his struggle with Sans Foy or Infidelity, his companionship with Duessa,

or Falsehood, his sojourn and trials at the palace of Pride, and his capture and imprisonment by the giant Orgoglio or Antichrist. He is finally delivered by Arthur, and conducted by Una to the house of Holiness, where he is taught repentance. Spiritual discipline frees him from all his stains, and sends him forth once more protected with his celestial armor. He meets the grim dragon, and after a prolonged conflict gloriously triumphs. The book naturally ends with his betrothal to Una or Truth, emblematic of eternal union. Through trials and suffering to final victory and truth — this is the history of every earnest soul; and never before was it portrayed with such magnificent imagery and in such melodious language.

87. **Lack of Reality.**— As will be readily comprehended, a striking feature of the poem is its unlikeness to actual life. In no small degree it appears artificial and unreal. The personages are somewhat shadowy. A large part of the incident and sentiment belongs to an ideal age of chivalry. All this is apt to affect the realistic or prosaic reader unpleasantly. But the poem should be approached in the spirit with which it was written. Instead of stopping to criticise the ideas, fashions, and superstitions of the Middle Ages, we should surrender ourselves into the magician's hands, and follow him submissively and sympathetically through the ideal realms into which he leads us. The poem then becomes, in the words of Lowell, "the land of pure heart's ease, where no ache or sorrow of spirit can come."

88. **Characteristics as a Poet.**— Spenser was surpassingly rich in imagination — that faculty without which no great poem is possible. He possessed an extraordinary power for appreciating and portraying beauty. His mind was extremely capacious; and, gathering all the literary treasures of the past, whether mediæval, classic, or Christian, he gave them new and fadeless forms. His invention was almost inexhaustible. His facility in description sometimes betrayed him into tedious excess. In his fondness for details, he occasionally wrote passages that are simply nauseating. His style lacks the classic qualities of brevity, force, and self-restraint. But we shall nowhere else find a more flowing and melodious verse, an atmosphere of finer

sentiment, and a larger movement or richer coloring. He may be fairly styled the Rubens of English poetry. Every canto of the "Faery Queene" presents passages in which thought, diction, and melody are combined in exquisite harmony.

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

(See introductory note under this heading, p. 15.)

The character of the Revival of Learning, Green, "History of the English People," vol. II., Bk. V., Ch. 2, Taine, "English Literature," vol. I., p. 143–156, Adams, "Civilization during the Middle Ages, Ch. 15. The ballad of "Chevy Chase," Percy, "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," Bates, "Ballad Book," Addison, *Spectator*, Nos. 70, 74. A study of the Robin Hood Ballads, Percy, Bates, and Ward, "The English Poets," vol. I. A description of the religion of the Utopians, More, "Utopia," last section. A review of Udall's "Roister Doister," Gayley, "Representative English Comedies," pp. 107–194.

The character of Elizabeth as a woman and sovereign, Green, "History of the English People," vol. II., pp. 316–323. The plot of Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," Thayer, "The Best Elizabethan Plays." An outline of Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," Thayer, "The Best Elizabethan Plays."

### SPENSER.

Hillard's or Todd's "Spenser's Works"; Kitchin, "The Faerie Queene, Book 1"; Church, "Life of Spenser" (English Men of Letters Series); Lowell, "Among My Books," vol. II., Dowden, *Littell's Living Age*, 141:771. A study of "Mother Hubbard's Tale." The story of Canto II. of the "Faerie Queene." A description of the betrothal of Una and the Red Cross Knight in Canto XXII. A collection of poetic passages from Cantos I. and II.

*Canto I. of the "Faerie Queen" is given in the selections of Part II.*

## FRANCIS BACON.

89. **Rank.**— In this era of great writers the name of Francis Bacon, after those of Shakespeare and Spenser, stands easily first. He was great as a lawyer, as a statesman, as a philosopher, as an author — great in everything, alas! but character. Though his position in philosophy is still a matter of dispute, there can be little doubt that he deserves to rank with Plato and Aristotle, who for two thousand years ruled the philosophic world.

90. **Parentage.**— Francis Bacon was born in London, Jan. 22, 1561. His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, was a man full of wit and wisdom, comprehensive in intellect, retentive to a remarkable degree in memory, and so dignified in appearance and bearing that Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to say, "My Lord Keeper's soul is well lodged." His mother was no less remarkable as a woman. She was the daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, tutor to King Edward VI, from whom she received a careful education. She was distinguished not only for her womanly and conjugal virtues, but also for her learning, having translated a work from Italian and another from Latin.

91. **Characteristics of the Age.**— Thus Bacon was fortunate in his parents, whose intellectual superiority he inherited, and also in the time of his birth, "when," he says, "learning had made her third circuit; when the art of printing gave books with a liberal hand to men of all fortunes; when the nation had emerged from the dark superstitions of popery; when peace throughout all Europe permitted the enjoyment of foreign travel and free ingress to foreign scholars; and, above all, when a sovereign of the highest intellectual attainments, at the same time that she encouraged learning and learned men, gave an impulse to the arts and a chivalric and refined tone to the manners of the people."

92. **Youthful Precocity.**— He was delicate in constitution,

Houbraken.

fr Bacon

but extraordinary in intellectual power. Son of a Lord Keeper, a nephew of a Secretary of State, he was brought up in surroundings that were highly favorable to intellectual culture and elegant manners. His youthful precocity attracted attention. Queen Elizabeth, delighted with his childish wisdom and gravity, playfully called him her "Young Lord Keeper." When she asked him one day how old he was, with a delicate courtesy beyond his years, he replied, "Two years younger than your majesty's happy reign." His disposition was reflective and serious; and it is related of him that he stole away from his playmates to indulge his spirit of investigation.

93. **University Life.**— At the early age of thirteen he matriculated in Trinity College, Cambridge, and, with rare penetration, soon discovered the leading defects in the higher education of the time. The principle of authority prevailed in instruction to the suppression of free inquiry. The university was engaged, not in broadening the field of knowledge by discovery of new truth, but in disseminating simply the wisdom of the ancients. Aristotle was dictator, from whose utterances there was no appeal. "In the universities," he says, "all things are found opposite to the advancement of the sciences; for the readings and exercises are here so managed that it cannot easily come into any one's mind to think of things out of the common road."

94. **Travels.**— After a residence of three years at the university, he went to Paris under the care of the English ambassador at the French court. He was sent on a secret mission to Elizabeth and discharged its duties with such ability as to win the queen's approbation. He afterward travelled in the French provinces and met many distinguished men — statesmen, philosophers, authors — who were impressed by his extraordinary gifts and attainments. The death of his father recalled him to England in 1579; and finding himself without adequate means to lead a life of philosophic investigation, it became necessary for him, as he expresses it, "to think how to live, instead of living only to think."

95. **Student of Law.**— The two roads open to him were law and politics, and with his antecedents he naturally inclined

to the latter. He applied to his uncle, Lord Burleigh, for a position; but the prime minister, fearing, it is said, the abilities of his nephew, used his influence to prevent the young applicant from obtaining a place of importance and emolument. Thus disappointed in his hopes, Bacon was reluctantly obliged to betake himself to the law. He gave himself with industry to his calling, and in a few years attained distinction for legal knowledge and skill. As might naturally be supposed from the philosophic cast of his mind, his studies were not confined to precedents and authorities, but extended to the universal principles of justice and the whole circle of knowledge. In 1590 he was made counsel-extraordinary to the queen — a position, it seems, of more honor than profit.

96. **In Politics.**— With this appointment began his political career. He sought worldly honors and wealth, but chiefly, as there is reason to believe, in order that he might at last enjoy a competency, which would allow him to retire from official cares and pursue his philosophical studies without distraction. In 1592 he was elected a member of Parliament from Middlesex. He advocated comprehensive improvements in the law. On one occasion he incurred the queen's displeasure by opposing the early payment of certain subsidies to which the House had consented. When her displeasure was formally communicated to him, he calmly replied that "he spoke in discharge of his conscience and duty to God, to the queen, and to his country."

97. **An Orator.**— His connection with Parliament was characterized by activity, and his integrity at this time kept him from sacrificing the interests of England at the foot of the throne. As an orator he became affluent, weighty, and eloquent. "No man," says Ben Jonson, "ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered: no member of his speech but consisted of its own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss; he commanded when he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power; the fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end."

98. **Disappointments.**— In 1594 the office of solicitor-general became vacant, and Bacon set to work to obtain it. Every influence within his reach was brought to bear upon the queen. Lord Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, interested himself especially in his behalf. But every effort proved unavailing. Bacon, like Spenser, felt the bitterness of seeking preferment at court, and complained that he was like a child following a bird which, when almost within reach, continually flew farther. "I am weary of it," he said, "as also of wearying my friends."

To assuage his keen disappointment, Essex bestowed upon him an estate, valued at eighteen hundred pounds, in the beautiful village of Twickenham. The earl continued to befriend him through a long period. When Bacon wished to marry Lady Hatton, a woman of large fortune, Essex supported his suit with a strong letter to her parents. But in spite of Bacon's merit and his noble patron's warmth, the heart of the lady remained untouched; and fortunately for Bacon, as a biographer suggestively remarks, she afterward became the wife of his great rival, Sir Edward Coke.

99. **Ingratitude.**— When, a few years later, Essex, through his imprudence, incurred the queen's disfavor, and by treason forfeited his life, Bacon appeared against him. For this act he has been severely censured. Macaulay, especially, in his famous essay, displays the zeal of an advocate in making him appear in a bad light, affirming that "he exerted his professional talents to shed the earl's blood, and his literary talents to blacken the earl's memory." Though it cannot be maintained that Bacon acted the part of a high-minded, generous friend, or that his course was in any way justifiable, an impartial survey of the facts does not justify Macaulay's severity.

100. **Essays.**— In 1597 Bacon published a collection of ten essays, which were afterward increased to fifty-eight. If he had written nothing else, these alone would have entitled him to an honorable place in English literature. Though brief in form, they are weighty in thought. The style is clear; and the language, as in the essay on "Adversity," often rises into great beauty. They were composed, as he tells us, as a recreation

from severer studies, but contain, nevertheless, the richest results of his thinking and experience. They were popular from the time of their publication; they were at once translated into French, Italian, and Latin, and no fewer than six editions appeared during the author's life.

101. **Rapid Advancement.**—After the accession of James I in 1603, whose favor he made great efforts to placate, Bacon rose rapidly in position and honor. That year he was elevated to the order of knighthood, and the following year appointed salaried counsel to the king — a mark of favor almost without precedent. In 1613 he was advanced to the office of attorney-general. In 1617 he was created Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England — a dignity of which he was proud; and the following year he was made Lord High Chancellor, the summit of his ambition and political elevation.

102. **Venality and Fall.**— Fond of elegant surroundings, he lived in great state, with liveried servants, beautiful mansions, and magnificent gardens. He was inconsiderate and lavish in his expenditures; and while laboring with conscientious fidelity to improve the laws of the kingdom and to facilitate the administration of justice, his personal character, it must be acknowledged, did not remain above suspicion and reproach. He was unduly subservient to the king; and to maintain his outward splendor, he accepted presents, if not bribes, from persons interested in his judicial decisions. Being tried by Parliament, he made confession to twenty-eight charges of corruption, whereupon he was condemned to pay a fine of forty thousand pounds, to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure, and to be debarred from any office in the state. Thus, in 1621, Bacon fell from his high position, ruined in fortune and broken in spirit. Though released from the Tower after an imprisonment of two days, and relieved also of the payment of the fine, he never recovered from his disgrace. He died in 1626.

103. **Baconian Philosophy.**— Bacon looked upon knowledge, not as an end in itself, to be enjoyed as a luxury, but as a means of usefulness in the service of men. The mission of philosophy is to ameliorate man's condition, — to increase his

power, to multiply his enjoyments, and to alleviate his sufferings. He discarded the speculative philosophy which seeks to build up a system from the inner resources of the mind. However admirable in logical acuteness and consistency, such systems are apt to be without truth or utility. "The wit and mind of man," says Bacon, "if it work upon matter, which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, worketh according to the stuff and is limited thereby; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit."

He constantly urged an investigation of nature, whereby philosophy might be planted on a solid foundation and receive continual accretions of truth. *Investigation, experiment, verification* — these are characteristic features of the Baconian philosophy and the powerful instruments with which modern science has achieved its marvellous results.

104. **"Instauratio Magna."—** The colossal cast of Bacon's mind is seen in his great philosophical scheme entitled the "Instauratio Magna, or the Great Institution of True Philosophy," which embodies his principal writings. It was to consist of six parts, the completion of which was necessarily beyond the power of one man or even of one age: I. Divisions of the Sciences; II. Novum Organum, or Precepts for the interpretation of nature; III. Phenomena of the Universe, or a natural and experimental history on which to found philosophy; IV. A scale or ladder for the understanding; V. Precursors, or Anticipations of the second philosophy; VI. Sound philosophy, or active science.

In the first part of this vast scheme Bacon embodied, in a revised form, the "Advancement of Learning," his earliest philosophical work, published in 1605. It made a complete survey of the field of learning, for the purpose of indicating what departments of knowledge had received due attention, and what subjects yet needed cultivation. It is a rich mine of wisdom and learning. But the most celebrated part of the "Instauratio Magna" is the "Novum Organum," in which Bacon's philosophical method is unfolded. It is written in the form of

aphorisms, which exhibit at once a vast sweep and an unrivalled acuteness of intellect.

105. **Intellectual Greatness.**— However much men may differ in their estimate of Bacon's method and position in philosophy, all agree in recognizing his intellectual greatness. It would be easy to fill pages with the glowing tributes that have been paid him, not only by English, but also by French and German, writers. Hallam, who is not given to inconsiderate panegyric, says: "If we compare what may be found in the sixth, seventh, and eighth books 'De Augmentis'; in the 'Essays,' the 'History of Henry VII,' and the various short treatises contained in his works on moral and political wisdom, and on human nature, from experience of which all such wisdom is drawn, with the Rhetoric, Ethics, and Politics of Aristotle, or with the historians most celebrated for their deep insight into civil society and human character; with Thucydides, Tacitus, Phillip de Comines, Machiavel, Davila, Hume, we shall, I think, find that one man may almost be compared with all of these together."

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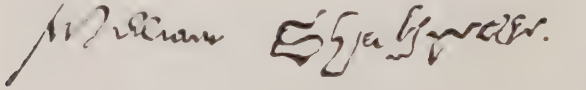
## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Montagu, "Works of Bacon," Craik, "Bacon, His Writings and His Philosophy," Church, "Life of Bacon," (English Men of Letters), Whately, "Bacon's Essays with Annotations," Macaulay, "Essay on Bacon," Whipple, "Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," Bowen, *North American Review*, 56: 59.

Bacon as a writer, Church, "Life of Bacon," Ch. 9, Macaulay, "Essay on Bacon," latter part, Whipple, "Literature of the Age of Elizabeth." The influences that warp human judgment in the pursuit of truth, "Novum Organum," Aphorisms 39–44; Bacon's views on Unity in Religion, Essay III. A summary of his views on high station in life, Essay on "Great Place." His classification of the envious and the envied, Essay IX. A synopsis of the essay on Friendship. A collection of brief striking passages from the Essays.

*A number of the Essays are given in the selections of Part II.*

Etched by Leopold Flaming after the Chandos painting.



## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

106. **Scanty Details.**— If Shakespeare had left an autobiography, we should esteem it one of our greatest literary treasures. If some Boswell had dogged his footsteps, noted carefully the incidents of his everyday life, and recorded the sentiments and thoughts that dropped spontaneously from his lips, how eagerly we should read the book to gain a clearer insight into the great master's soul. As it is, we are shut up to very meagre records, to names and dates found in business accounts or legal documents; and the greatest genius of all literature is concealed behind his works almost in the haze of a myth. We are dependent, not upon history, but upon fancy to fill up the measure of what must have been an interesting varied, and bountiful life.

107. **Saxon-Norman Descent.**— William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1564. On his father's side, he was of Saxon lineage; on his mother's side, he was of Norman descent; and in his character the qualities of these two races — Saxon sturdiness and Norman versatility — were exquisitely harmonized. His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover, wool-dealer, and yeoman, who attained prominence in Stratford as an alderman and bailiff. He was a man of substantial qualities, and for many years lived in easy circumstances; but afterward, when his son was passing into early manhood, he suffered a sad decline in fortune. William's mother, Mary Arden, was brought up on a landed estate; and besides inheriting from her the finer qualities of his mind, the future poet probably learned under her influence to appreciate the exceeding beauty of gentle and tender womanhood.

108. **Education.**— His education was received in the free school of Stratford, and included, besides the elementary branches of English, the rudiments of classical learning — the

"small Latin and less Greek" which Ben Jonson attributed to him. His acquisitive powers were extraordinary; and, as is evident from his works, this elementary training, which appears so inadequate, was afterward increased by rich stores of learning and wisdom. He exhibits not only a wide general knowledge, but also a technical acquaintance with several callings, including law, medicine, and divinity.

109. **Marriage.**— In 1582, at the youthful age of eighteen, he married Ann Hathaway, who was eight years his senior. Whether the marriage was a matter of choice or, as some believe, a necessity forced upon him, does not clearly appear. His wife, the daughter of a substantial yeoman, was not unworthy of him; and the marriage was probably a love match, which proudly disdained the disparity in years. It is assumed by many critics that the union was necessarily an unhappy one; but an examination of the evidence leads to a different conclusion. In his sonnets there are several loving passages that seem to refer to his wife; and as soon as he had acquired wealth in his theatrical career in the metropolis, he returned to Stratford to spend his last years in the bosom of his family.

110. **In London.**— Several years after his marriage, at the age of twenty-two, he went to London. There is a tradition that his departure from Stratford was the result of a deer-stealing escapade, for which he was sharply prosecuted by an irate landlord. Though the poaching is probably not a myth, his departure may be satisfactorily explained on other grounds. Conscious no doubt of his native genius, it was but natural for him to seek his fortune amidst the opportunities afforded in a large city.

His poetic gifts and his acquaintance with the drama, as learned through visiting troupes in his native village, naturally drew him to the theatre. He held at first a subordinate position, and worked upward by degrees. He recast plays and performed as an actor, for which his handsome and shapely form peculiarly fitted him. "The top of his performance," says an old historian, "was the Ghost in his own Hamlet." His progress was rapid, and at the end of six years he had achieved no small reputation. His success aroused the envy of some of

his fellow-playwrights; and Greene, in a scurrilous pamphlet, accused him of plagiarism, calling him "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers."

111. **His Ability Recognized.**— His ability attracted the attention of the court and the nobility. To the young Earl of Southampton he dedicated in 1593 his "Venus and Adonis," which the poet, in a short and manly dedicatory letter, styles "the first heir of my invention;" and in return he is said to have received from that nobleman the princely gift of a thousand pounds. In Spenser's "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," we find this reference to Shakespeare:—

> "And here, though last not least, is Aetion;
> A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found;
> Whose muse, full of high thought's invention
> Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

His plays delighted Elizabeth, who was a steady patron of the drama; and there is a tradition that the queen was so pleased with Falstaff in "King Henry the Fourth," that she requested the poet to continue the character in another play and to portray him in love. The result was "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

112. **Business Sagacity.**— Unlike many of his fellow-dramatists, Shakespeare avoided a life of extravagance and dissipation. He showed that high literary genius is not inconsistent with business sagacity. Not content with being an actor and author, he became a large shareholder in the Blackfriars and the Globe, the two leading theatres of his day. Wealth accumulated; and with an affectionate remembrance of his native town, he purchased in 1597 a handsome residence in Stratford. He continued to make judicious investments; and a careful estimate places his income in 1608 at about four hundred pounds a year — equivalent to $12,000 at the present time.

113. **Glimpses of Social Life.**— We have several pleasing glimpses of his social life in London. He had a reputation for civility and honesty; he frequented the Mermaid, where he met Ben Jonson and the other leading wits of his day. Beaumont probably had him in mind when he wrote:—

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! Heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

The following testimony of the rough, upright Ben Jonson is of special value: "I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions."

114. **Social Aspirations.**— With wealth and genius, it was not unnatural for the poet to desire a higher social rank. Accordingly, we find that in 1599, no doubt through his influence, a coat-of-arms was granted to his father. He grew tired of the actor's profession, chafing under its low social standing and its enslaving exactions upon his time and person. In one of his sonnets he writes:—

"Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view;
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most times it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely."

115. **Retirement to Stratford.**— It is probable that Shakespeare ceased to be an actor in 1604, though he continued to write for the stage, and produced all his greatest masterpieces after that date. About 1611 he retired to his native town to live in quiet domestic enjoyment. How great the contrast with the excitements, labors, and vanities of his career in London! The last five years of his life were spent in domestic comforts, local interests, the entertainment of friends, the composition of one or two great dramas, with an occasional visit to the scene of his former struggles and triumphs. He died April 23, 1616, on the anniversary of his birth, and was buried in the parish church of Stratford. If we may credit tradition,

he rose from a sick bed to entertain Jonson and Drayton, and in the convivial excesses of the occasion brought on a fatal relapse. His tomb bears the following inscription:—

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
> To dig the dust enclosed here:
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones."

116. **Inner Life.**— Were the meagre facts in the outward life of this great man all that we know of him, how incomplete and unsatisfactory our knowledge! But there is another life besides the outward and visible one — a life of the soul. It is by the aims, thoughts, and feelings of this interior life that the character and greatness of a man are to be judged. Outward circumstances are, in a large measure, fortuitous; at most they but aid or hinder the operations of the spirit within — plume or clip its wings. It is when we turn to this interior life of Shakespeare, and measure its creations and experiences, that we learn his unapproachable greatness. Many other authors have surpassed him in the variety and splendor of outward circumstances; many warriors and statesmen and princes have been occupied with larger national interests; but where is the man that can compare with him in the richness and extent of this life of the soul?

117. **Range of Intellect.**— There is no class of society, from kings to beggars, from queens to hags, with which he has not entered into the closest sympathy, thinking their thoughts and speaking their words. By his overpowering intuition, he comprehended, in all their extent, the various hopes, fears, desires, and passions of the human heart; and, as occasion arose, he gave them the most perfect utterance they have ever found. Every age and country — early England, mediæval Italy, ancient Greece and Rome — were all seized in their essential features.

There were no thoughts too high for his strong intellect to grasp; and the great world of nature, with its mysteries, its abounding beauty, its subtle harmonies, its deep moral teachings, he irradiated with the light of his genius. If, as a poet has said, "we live in thoughts, not years, in feelings, not in fig-

ures on the dial," how infinitely rich the quarter of a century Shakespeare spent in London! In comparison with his all-embracing experience, the career of an Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, with its far extending ambition and manifold interests, loses its towering greatness; for the English poet lived more than they all.

118. **Rare Sanity.**— One great ground of Shakespeare's preëminence is his sanity. He was singularly free from the eccentricity and one-sidedness that so often accompany genius. His marvellous power in seeing clearly and judging justly will be more clearly understood by comparing him with recent schools or tendencies in literature. For nearly a century the literary world has been divided into romanticists and realists. The former emphasize the ideal side of life, and in extreme types run into extravagance; the latter emphasize what is actual in life, often showing preference for the low and immoral. Both tendencies represent truth in part; but in Shakespeare we find them held in equal balance. The ideal and the real are harmoniously blended in him as in actual life. He saw and judged life in its completeness.

119. **Development of his Genius.**— It is a mistake to suppose that Shakespeare owed everything to nature, and that in his productions he was guided alone by instinct. This view was maintained by his earliest biographer, Rowe, who says: "Art had so little, and nature so large a share in what Shakespeare did, that for aught I know the performances of his youth were the best."

But Ben Jonson shows a keener discernment: —

> "Yet must I not give Nature all: thy Art,
> My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
> For a good Poet's made, as well as born,
> And such wert thou."

An examination of his works in their chronological order shows that his genius underwent a process of development, and was perfected by study, knowledge, and experience. His earliest dramas, such as "Henry VI," "Love's Labor's Lost," "Comedy of Errors," and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona,"

all of which were composed prior to 1591, are lacking in the freedom and perfection of his later works. They show the influence of the contemporary stage, and declamation often takes the place of genuine passion.

120. **Maturity of his Powers.**— But after this apprentice work, the poet passed into the full possession of his powers, and produced, during what may be regarded the middle period of his literary career, an uninterrupted succession of masterpieces, among which may be mentioned "The Merchant of Venice," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "Hamlet," and most of his English historical plays. All these appeared before 1600. With increasing age and experience, the poet passed on to profounder themes. It was during this final stage of his development that he gave "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Othello" to the world, the two former in 1605 and the latter in 1609.

121. **Hidden Personality.**— But in one particular his earlier and his later dramas are alike. The personality of the poet is concealed in them all. He enters into sympathy with all his creations, but he can be identified with none. He is greater than any one of them, or than all of them combined; for it is in him that they all originated and find their unity. Thus to create and project into the world a large number of independent beings is an evidence of the highest genius. Byron could not do it; for through all his works, whatever may be the names of his characters, we recognize the lawless, passionate, misanthropic poet himself. The same is true of Goethe and Victor Hugo, who embody in their works their didactic principles or their idealized experience. Among the world's great writers, Shakespeare and Homer almost alone are hidden behind their works like a mysterious presence.

122. **Mastery of Dramatic Art.**— Shakespeare possessed a profound knowledge of his art. This is obvious both from Hamlet's famous instruction to the players and from the structure of his dramas. He has been criticised for discarding classic rules; but the censure is most unjust. Genius has an inalienable right to prescribe its own creative forms. He laid aside the hampering models of antiquity in order to give the

world a new and richer dramatic form. The simple action of the ancient drama could not be adjusted to his great and complex themes. His works possess the one great essential characteristic — that of organic unity. After Shakespeare had completed his apprenticeship, his dramas embody an almost faultless structure; they are not pieces of elaborate and elegant patchwork, but of consistent and regular growth. We can but wonder at the range and power of that intellect which grasped a multitude of characters, brought them into contact, carried them through a great variety of incidents, portrayed with justice and splendor the profoundest feelings and thoughts, traced their reciprocal influence, and symmetrically conducted the whole to a striking and pre-determined conclusion.

123. **Borrowed Materials.**— It scarcely detracts from his greatness that, instead of inventing his themes and characters, he borrowed them from history and literature. His borrowing was not slavish and weak. Whatever materials he appropriated from others, he reshaped and glorified; and he is no more to be censured than is the sculptor who takes from the stone-cutter the rough marble that he afterward transforms into a Venus de Medici or a Greek Slave. His works constitute a world in themselves; and with its inhabitants — with Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Portia, Shylock, and many others — we are as well acquainted as with the personages of history.

124. **Types of Character.**— The poet exhibits an almost perfect acquaintance with human nature. His creations are not personified moral qualities or individualized passions, but real persons. They are beings of flesh and blood; but by their relations and reciprocal influence they are lifted above the dull and commonplace. Shakespeare removes the veil that hides from common vision the awful significance of human influence, and reveals it in its subtle workings and mighty results. He enables us to see, beneath a placid or rippling surface, the deep currents that move society.

His types of noble men and women — Orlando, Horatio, Antonio, Portia, Hermione, Desdemona, and many others — are almost matchless. He furnishes us a gallery of exalted manhood and womanhood. Their goodness is beautiful in its

ease, simplicity, and naturalness. "The good they do, in doing it, pays itself; if they do you a kindness, they are not at all solicitous to have you know and remember it; if sufferings and hardships overtake them, if wounds and bruises be their portion, they never grumble or repine at it." And the women, to quote Hudson further, "are strong, tender, and sweet, yet never without a sufficient infusion of brisk natural acid and piquancy to keep their sweetness from palling on the taste; they are full of fresh, healthy sentiment, but never at all touched with sentimentality."

125. **Incomparable Style.**— As his mode of expression was always suited to his changing characters, he exemplified every quality of style in turn. His faculties and taste were so exquisitely adjusted, that his manner was always in keeping with his matter. He drew with equal facility on the Saxon and the Latin elements of our language, and attained with both the same incomparable results. He had a prodigious faculty for language, surpassing in copiousness every other English writer. The only term that adequately describes his manner of writing is *Shakespearian* — a term that comprehends a great deal. It includes vividness of imagination, depth of thought, delicacy of feeling, carefulness of observation, discernment of hidden relations, and whatever else may be necessary to clothe thought in expressions of supreme fitness and beauty.

126. **A Storehouse of Riches.**— Far above every other writer of ancient or modern times Shakespeare voices, in its manifold life, the human soul. This fact makes his works a storehouse of riches, to which we constantly turn. Are we oppressed at times with a morbid feeling of the emptiness of life? How perfectly Shakespeare voices our sentiment: —

> "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury.
> Signifying nothing."

Or again: —

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

If we recognize the fact that somehow there is a mysterious power controlling our lives, we are told —

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

What beautiful expression he gives to the trite observation that contentment is better than riches!

"'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

What clear expression he gives to the indistinct feeling of beauty that sometimes comes to us in the presence of some object in nature! He surprises its secret, and embodies it in an imperishable word: —

"How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon this bank!"

But why multiply illustrations, when they are found on almost every page of his works?

127. **His Influence.**— And what shall be said of Shakespeare's influence? He so entirely eclipsed his contemporary dramatists that their works are scarcely read. There are passages in his works that we could wish omitted — panderings to the corrupt taste of the time. But they are exceptional, and at heart the poet's sympathy, as in the case of every truly great man, is on the side of virtue. His writings, as a whole, carry with them the uplifting power of high thought, noble feeling, and worthy deeds.

Many of his thoughts and characters pass into the intellectual life of each succeeding generation. "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Romeo and Juliet" are read by nearly every young student; and to have read any one of Shakespeare's masterpieces intelligently marks an epoch in the intellectual life

of youth. But his dramas give pleasure not alone to the young. With minds enriched by experience and study, we turn, in the midst of active life, to his works for recreation and instruction. He but appears greater with our enlarged capacity to appreciate him. If he gathered about him a circle of cultivated friends and admirers in his life, he has shown himself still stronger in death. The circle has widened until it comprehends many lands.

128. **Imperishable Interest.**— There is no abatement of interest in his works. Societies are organized for their systematic study, and periodicals are devoted to their illustration. There is no likelihood that he will ever be superseded; as he wrote in the proud presentiment of genius, —

> "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

Future ages will turn to his works as a mirror of nature, and find in them the most perfect expression of their deepest and most precious experience. It is safe to say that his productions are as imperishable as the English language or the English race.

## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Hudson's or Rolfe's "Shakespeare," Dowden, "Shakespeare, His Mind and Art," Hudson, "His Life, Art, and Characters" (2 vols.), Mrs. Jameson, "Characteristics of Women," Lewes, "Women of Shakespeare" (translated from the German), Mabie, "Life of Shakespeare," Lee, "Life of William Shakespeare," Corson, "Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare," Lowell, "My Study Windows," Moulton, "Shakespeare, the Man and His Works" (Sibley & Co.)

The structure of the drama, Freytag, "Technique of the Drama," Ch. 2. How to study a drama, Painter, "Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism," pp. 148–155 (particularly questions in note, p. 154). The times of Shakespeare, Green, "History of the English People," vol. II., Lewes, "The Women of Shakespeare," Ch. 1,

Jenks, "In the Days of Shakespeare." The moral spirit of Shakespeare, Hudson, "Shakespeare, His Life, Art, and Characters," vol. I., pp. 238–258. An estimate of the "Merchant of Venice," Hudson, vol. I., pp. 277–279, Moulton, "Shakespeare, the Man and his Works," pp. 105–112. The story of the play; Hudson, vol. I., p. 279, Lewes, "Women of Shakespeare," pp. 181–201, Lamb, "Tales from Shakespeare." Character Studies of Antonio, Shylock, and Portia, Hudson (vol. I.), Lewes. The episode of Lorenzo and Jessica.

*"The Merchant of Venice" is given among the selections of Part II.* "Julius Cæsar," "As You Like It," "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are recommended for similar study.

## PRINCIPAL WRITERS.

PROSE. — Jeremy Taylor (1613–1667). Theologian and preacher. Author of "Liberty of Prophesying" (1647), "Holy Living and Dying" (1651), etc.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1608–1674). Statesman and author of "The History of the Rebellion" (1702).

Richard Baxter (1615–1691). Theologian and preacher. Author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" (1649), "A Call to the Unconverted" (1657), "The Reformed Pastor," and a hundred and fifty other works.

Izaak Walton (1593–1683). Author of "The Complete Angler," and several excellent biographies, including that of Hooker. (See Text.)

Sir Thomas Browne (1605–1682). Author of "Religio Medici" (1643), "Vulgar Errors" (1646), and "Urn Burial" (1658).

POETRY. — Edmund Waller (1605–1687). One of the principal metaphysical or artificial poets. (See Text.)

Abraham Cowley (1618–1667). The most popular poet of his time. Author of "The Mistress," a collection of love verses, "Davideis," an epic on David, "The Late Civil War," etc. (See Text.)

Francis Quarles (1592–1644). Author of "Divine Emblems" (1635), moral and religious poems, very popular in his day. "Milton was forced to wait," said Walpole, "till the world had done admiring Quarles."

George Herbert (1593–1632). Anglican clergyman, who wrote "The Temple" (1633), a collection of ecclesiastical poems, some of which are still held in favor.

Robert Herrick (1591–1674). Anglican clergyman, who wrote Anacreontic poems hardly in keeping with his profession.

## GREAT REPRESENTATIVE WRITER.

JOHN MILTON.

## IV.

## CIVIL WAR OR PURITAN PERIOD.

(1625—1660.)

129. **An Important Period.**— Though short, this period is worthy of careful study. In a brief space of time, the dominant spirit of England was completely changed. The Puritan element gained the ascendency and stamped its character on the representative literature of the time. The religious element of life came into greater prominence; thought was turned from this world to the world to come, and in place of the common interests of humanity literature was largely occupied with religious truth. This difference, as compared with the preceding era, is clearly reflected in the great representative writers. Spenser, Bacon, and Shakespeare reflect large and secular phases of the spacious times of Elizabeth; Milton and Bunyan, in their greatest works, set forth the theological beliefs and religious experience of Christendom.

130. **Civil and Religious Conflict.**— This period is characterized by a great civil and religious conflict. The antagonistic elements that had long existed in England were brought into armed conflict for supremacy. It was a time of unrest, controversy, persecution, and civil war — a condition of things highly unfavorable to literature. But for two great writers, who with vast genius voiced the deeper truths and aspirations of Puritan England, it would be regarded as a period of literary decadence, not unlike that following the age of Chaucer. As it is, the largeness, variety, and freedom of the First Creative Period are obviously lacking.

131. **Charles I.**— Charles I. ascended the throne in 1625 and moulded his policy according to high notions of the divine right of kings. He sought to establish an absolute monarchy.

He assumed a haughty tone in addressing the Commons, telling them to "remember that parliaments were altogether in his power for their calling, sitting, or dissolution, and that, therefore, as he should find the fruits of them good or evil, they were to be, or not to be."

Two Parliaments were convened in rapid succession, but showed themselves unyielding to the royal will. When the king demanded supplies, the Commons clamored for redress of grievances. In each case the king dissolved Parliament and proceeded to levy taxes in defiance of law. Resistance to the royal demands led to immediate imprisonment; and in order to exercise his tyranny the better, he billeted soldiers among the people, and in some places established martial law.

132. **Arbitrary Rule.**— A third Parliament was called in 1629. Finding it still more determined in resisting his arbitrary and tyrannical rule, the king resolved upon a change of tactics. After many attempted evasions, he was at last brought to ratify the Petition of Right, the second great charter of English liberty, which bound him not to levy taxes without the consent of Parliament, not to imprison any person except by due process, and not to govern by martial law.

The rejoicing of the Commons over this victory was of short duration. The king was by nature insincere and false, and, on principle, did not feel himself bound to keep faith with the people. After collecting the supplies that had been granted him, he violated the solemn pledge of the Petition of Right, and dissolved Parliament with every mark of royal displeasure. For the following eleven years no Parliament was called together, and the king ruled as a despot.

133. **The Royalist Party.**— Throughout the whole course of his usurpation the king was surrounded by bad advisers. Among them was the Duke of Buckingham, whom the Commons considered "the grievance of grievances;" Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, who hated the Puritans more than he hated the Catholics; and Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who had been won from the side of Parliament by bribes and honors, and to whom Mr. Pym suggestively remarked, "You have left us, but we will never leave you while your head is

upon your shoulders." In natural sympathy with the king were the nobility of the realm and the prelates of the Established Church. With the supremacy of the crown, the position of the nobility would be guaranteed against republican tendencies. Since Charles I. was a zealous Episcopalian, the bishops had everything to gain from his absolutism. They warmly defended the divine right of kings. Here, then, we find two influential classes which were bound to the king by common sympathies and common interests. They were called Royalists.

134. **The Puritan Party.**— The opposition, as we have seen, centred in the House of Commons, who represented the great middle class of England. They stood for constitutional government. For the most part they were Independents in religion and looked upon the usages and episcopal organization of the Anglican Church as savoring of Romanism. They made the individual congregation the source of authority, and, rejecting all human traditions, appealed to the Scriptures alone as the standard of faith and practice. Their form of worship was simple.

In emancipating men from the arbitrary rule of an external authority, their principles were favorable to human dignity and freedom. Though persecuted to a greater or less degree during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., the Independents had increased. Their trials had made them an earnest and determined body. In contrast with what they regarded the formalism and worldliness of the Established Church, many of them had gone to the opposite extreme of ascetic rigor. They denounced every kind of amusement, excluded music and art from the churches, acquired a stern solemnity of countenance, and affected a Scriptural style of speech.

135. **Defenders of Liberty.**— To escape the annoyances and persecutions to which they were exposed in England, thousands had voluntarily exiled themselves in Holland, or braved the trials and dangers of the New World. It will be readily understood that men of this character — men of deep conviction, of high conceptions of individual liberty, and of fearless courage — could not be friendly to royal despotism. When placed in power in the House of Commons, they were stubborn

and unyielding in their defence of constitutional liberty. They could not be deceived by promises nor terrified by threats. Thus constitutional government in the Commons was arrayed against despotism in the king.

136. **Civil War.**— At last the resources of peace were exhausted, and in 1642 an appeal was made to arms. It is not necessary to follow the course of the Civil War. The gay Cavaliers about the king were no match for the serious Puritans. "I raised such men as had the fear of God before them," said Cromwell, "and made some conscience of what they did, and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and whenever they engaged against the enemy, they beat continually."

137. **The Great Protector.**— In 1649 Charles I. was brought to the block. England became a commonwealth, and with Cromwell as Lord Protector occupied a commanding position among European nations. The Protector was everywhere feared. He subjugated Ireland; from Spain he demanded the right of free trade with the West Indies; he suppressed the Barbary pirates on the Mediterranean; he forced the pope and Catholic rulers to cease their persecutions of Protestants. In treating with foreign sovereigns, he insisted on receiving the formal honors paid to the proudest monarchs of Europe. He returned two letters to Louis XIV. of France because they were not, as he thought, properly addressed. "What," exclaimed the French king to Cardinal Mazarin, "must I call this base fellow 'Our dear Brother Oliver?'" "Aye," replied the crafty minister, "or your father, if it will gain your ends; or you will have him at the gates of Paris!"

138. **Puritanism and Literature.**— However conducive to the political grandeur of England, the triumph of Puritanism was not favorable to the cause of letters. In the austere atmosphere of Puritanic piety there is little encouragement for art and literature.

The æsthetic sentiment is suppressed by ascetic views of life. The literary impulse finds expression only in devotional manuals, unadorned history, or severely logical theology. "The idea of the beautiful is wanting," says Taine, "and what is

literature without it? The natural expression of the heart's emotions is proscribed, and what is a literature without it? They abolished as impious the free stage and the rich poesy which the Renaissance had brought them. They rejected as profane the ornate style and the ample eloquence which had been established around them by the imitation of antiquity and of Italy."

139. **Decline of the Drama.**— The decline of the drama became inevitable. Puritanism set itself not only against the theatre, but also against every other form of worldly amusement. "The very pastimes of the world," says Green, "had to conform themselves to the law of God. There were no more races, no more bull-baitings, no more cock-fighting, no more dances under the Maypole. Christmas had to pass without its junketings, or mummers, or mince-pies." Prynne, a distinguished Puritan lawyer, denounced players as the ministers of Satan, and theatres as the Devil's chapels. In the presence of this hostile spirit, the splendid Elizabethan drama languished and died.

140. **John Bunyan.**— In scholarly culture never was a writer less fitted for authorship than Bunyan. He sprang from a very humble origin; his school training was exceedingly elementary; his associates were uneducated people; his reading was almost exclusively confined to three or four religious books. Yet, in spite of this meagre outfit in literary culture, he wrote a book that has become a classic. It is the greatest allegory ever written, and in graphic power of portraiture it is scarcely inferior to the creations of Shakespeare. What is the secret of this achievement? It is to be found, first, in the divine gift of genius, and, second, in the extraordinary depth of his varied religious experience. He wrote directly from the fulness of knowledge which he had gained through years of spiritual conflict.

141. **"The Pilgrim's Progress."**— "The Pilgrim's Progress," his greatest work, describes a journey from the City of Destruction to the New Jerusalem; in other words, it sets forth the sorrows, joys, and final triumph of a Christian life. It is Bunyan's own experience in allegory. His faith and

experience were back of it; and it stands, as Carlyle has remarked, the shadow of what, to its author, was an awful fact. Its descriptions are remarkably vivid; its characters are sharply defined; and what gives it perennial interest is its fidelity to life. Every earnest nature, no matter what may be the creed, there finds, more or less fully, its own experience. Who has not crossed the Slough of Despond? Who has not felt the burden of unworthiness, climbed the hill of Difficulty, and been shut up in Doubting Castle? Who has not also rested in the Delectable Mountains, or reached for moments, all too brief, the Land of Beulah?

142. **Isaac Walton.**— One of the most pleasing literary figures of this period is Izaak Walton. After accumulating a small fortune as a linen-draper, he retired from business in 1543, and became, as has been said, *pontifex piscatorum*. For forty years he swayed his fishing-rod as a sceptre over a circle of congenial and admiring friends. His "Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," published in 1653, is a delightful book, which has passed through many editions both in England and this country.

143. **Fantastic Poets.**— With the exception of Milton, this period produced no great poet. The large, creative spirit of the preceding era, which reflected the grandeur and power of the English people, was succeeded by a narrow, artificial spirit, which devoted its energies to the turning of small compliments and the tracing of remote resemblances. Since the time of Dr. Johnson, it has been customary to designate these writers, among whom we may mention Waller, Cowley, Quarles, Herrick, Suckling, and Carew, as *metaphysical poets*.

The term *artificial* or *fantastic* would perhaps be more accurately descriptive of their character. They were men of learning, but took too much pains to show it. They wrote not from the emotions of the heart, but from the deliberate choice of the will; and hence they succeeded not in giving voice to nature, but only in pleasing a false and artificial taste. They abound in far-fetched and violent figures; and though we may be surprised at their ingenuity in discovering remote resemblances, we smile at the incongruous result. Thus Carew sings: —

"Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

"Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

"Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere."

144. **Happy Trifles.**— Yet a happy trifle was now and then hit upon. At rare intervals nature seems to have broken through the casing of artificiality. Francis Quarles gives forcible poetic expansion to Job's prayer, "Oh that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past:"—

"Ah, whither shall I fly? What path untrod
Shall I seek out to escape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?"

There is a light, careless spontaneity about the little song of Herrick's beginning:—

"Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."

145. **Waller and Cowley.**— The two leading representatives of the metaphysical or artificial school were Edmund Waller and Abraham Cowley. The former was an orator as well as poet, and served many times in Parliament. He delighted the House with his unfailing wit; but if Bishop Burnet is right, "He was only concerned to say that which should

make him applauded; he never laid the business of the House to heart, being a vain and empty, though a witty, man."

Though he wrote serious poems, especially in his old age, he was happiest in the lighter vein. He did not think deeply on great subjects, but expended his efforts in maintaining a superficial elegance. Among his songs there is one sweeter than all the rest, beginning: —

"Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be."

Contemporary criticism is not always just. During the lifetime of the two poets the fame of Cowley entirely eclipsed that of Milton. Posterity has reversed this estimate; and we may now ask with Pope: —

"Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art."

But the neglect into which he has fallen seems not wholly deserved. He was the most popular poet of his day; and this popularity may be taken as indicative of at least some degree of merit. While speaking of the general neglect of Cowley's works, Pope adds: —

"But still I love the language of his heart."

Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The First in loftineſs of thought Surpaſs'd
The Next in Majeſty; in both the Laſt.
The force of Nature could no farther goe.
To make a Third she joynd the former

Engraved by R. White. Early English portrait.

John Milton

## JOHN MILTON.

146. **Solitary Grandeur.**— In the period under consideration, Milton stands out in almost solitary grandeur. Intimately associated with the political and religious movements of his time, and identified in principle and in life with the Puritan party, he still rises grandly above the narrowness of his age. In one work at least he rivals the great achievements of the age of Elizabeth. He deserves to be recognized as the sublimest poet of all times.

147. **Early Years.**— John Milton was born in London, Dec. 9, 1608. His father, a man of the highest integrity, had been disinherited for espousing the Protestant cause; but, taking up the profession of a scrivener, he acquired the means of giving his son a liberal education. His mother, a woman of most virtuous character, was especially distinguished for her neighborhood charities. The private tutor of Milton was Thomas Young, a Puritan minister, who was afterward forced to leave the kingdom on account of his religious opinions. Milton showed extraordinary aptness in learning; and when in 1624 he was sent to Cambridge, he was master of several languages and had read extensively in philosophy and literature. He remained at the university seven years and took the usual degrees.

148. **Five Years of Study.**— In 1632 he left the university, amidst the regrets of the fellows of his college, and retired to his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire. Here he spent five years in laborious study, in the course of which he perused all the Greek and Latin writers of the classic period. He also studied Italian and was accustomed, as he tells us, "to feast with avidity and delight on Dante and Petrarch." To use his own expression, he was letting his wings grow. In a letter to a friend he gives us some interesting particulars in regard to his studies and habits of life. "You well know,"

he says, "that I am naturally slow in writing and averse to write. It is also in my favor that your method of study is such as to admit of frequent interruptions, in which you visit your friends, write letters, or go abroad; but it is my way to suffer no impediment, no love of ease, no avocation whatever, to chill the ardor, to break the continuity, or divert the completion of my literary pursuits."

149. **Famous Poems.**— It was during this period of studious retirement that he produced several of his choicest poems, among which are "Comus," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." "Comus" is the most perfect mask in any language. But "in none of the works of Milton," says Macaulay, "is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in 'Allegro' and the 'Penseroso.' It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. Those poems differ from others as attar of roses differs from ordinary rose water, the close-packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. They are indeed not so much poems as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a stanza."

150. **The High-Water Mark.**— At the time these two poems were written, they stood as the high-water mark of English poetry. In their sphere they have never been excelled. In spite of little inaccuracies of description (for Milton was too much in love with books to be a close observer of nature), we find nowhere else such an exquisite delineation of country life and country scenes. These idyls are the more remarkable because their light, joyous spirit stands in strong contrast with the elevation, dignity, and austerity of his other poems.

Take, for example, this picture from a description of morning scenes: —

> "While the cock, with lively din,
> Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
> And to the stack, or the barn door,
> Stoutly struts his dames before."

Or this picture from a description of evening: —

"Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar."

151. **"Lycidas."**— "Lycidas," published in 1637, is a pastoral elegy, commemorating the death of Edward King, a young college friend, who was drowned in the Irish Sea. It is one of the noblest elegies in our language, full of subdued, classic beauty. It contains a celebrated passage denouncing the mercenary character of the Anglican prelates. The passing of Lycidas from death to celestial life is likened to the course of the sun: —

"So sinks the day star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

152. **Tour on the Continent.**— At length Milton began to tire of his country life and to long for the pleasures and benefits of travel. In 1638 he left England for a tour on the Continent. At Paris he met Grotius, one of the most learned men of his age, who resided at the French capital as ambassador from the Queen of Sweden. After a few days he went to Italy and visited all the principal cities. He was everywhere cordially received by men of learning, who were not slow to recognize his genius. In his travels he preserved an admirable and courageous independence. Even under the shadow of St. Peter's, he made no effort to conceal his religious opinions. "It was a rule," he says, "which I laid down to myself in those places, never to be the first to begin any conversation on religion; but if any question were put to me concerning my faith, to declare it without any reserve or fear. . . . For about the space of two months I again openly defended, as I had done before, the reformed religion in the very metropolis of Popery."

153. **Premonitions of Greatness.**— The Italians, who were frugal in their praise of men from beyond the Alps, received some of Milton's productions with marks of high appre-

ciation. This had the effect to confirm his opinion of his own power and to stimulate his hope of achieving something worthy of remembrance. "I began thus to assent both to them, and divers of my friends at home," he tells us in an interesting passage, "and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that, by labor and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let die." He was about to extend his travels into Sicily and Greece when the news of the civil commotions in England caused him to change his purpose; "for I thought it base," he says, "to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home."

154. **A Private School.**— Not being called to serve the state in any official capacity on his arrival in London, he rented a spacious house in which he conducted a private school. He sought to exemplify, in some measure at least, his educational theories. He held that languages should be studied for the sake of the literary treasures they contain. He accordingly laid but little stress on minute verbal drill and sought to acquaint his pupils with what was best in classic literature. A long list of Latin and Greek authors was read. Besides, he attached much importance to religious instruction; and on Sunday he dictated to his pupils an outline of Protestant theology.

But this school has called forth some unfavorable criticism upon its founder. Dr. Johnson, who delights in severe reflections, calls attention to the contrast between the lofty sentiment and small performance of the poet, who, "when he reaches the scene of action, vapors away his patriotism in a private boarding-school." The animadversion is unjust. Though modestly laboring as a teacher, Milton's talents and learning were sincerely devoted to the service of his country. He has himself given us what ought to be a satisfactory explanation. "Avoiding the labors of the camp," he says, "in which any robust soldier would have surpassed me, I betook myself to those weapons which I could wield with most effect; and I conceived that I was acting wisely when I thus brought my better and

more valuable faculties, those which constituted my principal strength and consequence, to the assistance of my country and her honorable cause."

155. **Ecclesiastical Controversy.**— In 1641 he published his first work in prose, "Of Reformation in England, and the Causes that hitherto Have Hindered it." It is an attack upon the bishops and the Established Church. The same year appeared two other controversial works, "Of Prelatical Episcopacy," which he maintains is without warrant from apostolic times, and "The Reason of Church Government," which is an argument against prelacy. With these works Milton threw himself into the bitter controversies of the age. It was a matter, not of choice, but of duty. He felt called to add the weight of his learning and eloquence to the side of the Puritans, who were perhaps inferior to their prelatical opponents in scholarship. He tells us himself that he "was not disposed to this manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand."

156. **Marriage.**— In 1643, in his thirty-fifth year, Milton married Mary Powell, daughter of a justice of the peace in Oxfordshire. She was of Royalist family and had been brought up in the leisure and gayety of affluence. It is not strange, therefore, that she found the meagre fare and studious habits of her husband's home distasteful. After a month in this scholastic abode, she made a visit to her father's home, from which she refused to return. Her husband's letters were left unanswered, and his messenger was dismissed with contempt. Milton felt this breach of duty on her part keenly, and resolved to repudiate his wife on the ground of disobedience and desertion.

157. **Reconciliation.**— At last a reconciliation between him and his wife was effected. When one day she suddenly appeared before him, and on her knees begged his forgiveness, his generous impulses were deeply moved. He received her into his home again, and ever afterward treated her with affection; and when her family, because of their Royalist sympathies, fell into distress, he generously extended his protection

to her father and brothers. The incidents of this reconciliation are supposed to have given rise to a beautiful passage in "Paradise Lost," where Eve is described as humbly falling in tears and disordered tresses at the feet of Adam, and suing for pardon and peace. And then —

> "She ended, weeping; and her lowly plight,
> Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault
> Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
> Commiseration; soon his heart relented
> Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
> Now at his feet submissive in distress;
> Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
> His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid."

158. **"Tractate on Education."**— This same year, 1644, saw the publication of two treatises that will long survive. The one is the "Areopagitica, or Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," the other is his "Tractate on Education." In the latter he has set forth in brief compass his educational views and made many suggestions for the improvement of the current system. It has been pronounced Utopian in character, but it is to be noted that many educational reforms of recent years have been in the line indicated by Milton.

His definition of education, which has been often quoted, presents a beautiful ideal. "I call a complete and generous education," he says, "that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." But he does not contemplate practical efficiency in the secular duties of life as the sole end of education. Its highest aim is character. "The end of learning is," he says, "to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith makes up the highest perfection."

159. **A Turning-point.**— Milton continued to live in private, giving his life to instructing his pupils and to discussing questions relating to the public weal. In 1649, two weeks after

the execution of Charles I., he published his "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," in which he undertook to prove that it is lawful, and has been held so in all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a tyrant or wicked king, and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death. This treatise marked a turning-point in his career. The Council of State of the new commonwealth, pleased with his courage and republicanism, called him to the secretaryship for foreign tongues. It became his duty to prepare the Latin letters which were addressed by the Council to foreign princes. Later he served as Cromwell's Latin Secretary — an office he held throughout the Protectorate.

160. **Political Controversy.**— His literary and controversial activity, however, did not cease in his official life. His "Eikonoklastes," or Imagebreaker, was written in 1649, to counteract the influence of "Eikon Basilike," or Royal Image, a book that had an immense circulation and tended to create a reaction in public sentiment in favor of the monarchy. A still more important work was his Latin "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio," which was written in reply to a treatise by Salmasius, a scholar of Leyden, in which an effort was made to vindicate the memory of Charles I. and to bring reproach upon the commonwealth. In spite of failing vision and the warning of his physicians, Milton threw himself with great ardor into his task, and in 1651 published his "Defensio," one of the most masterly controversial works ever written. He practically annihilated his opponent. The commonwealth, it was said, owed its standing in Europe to Cromwell's battles and Milton's books.

161. **Blindness.**— During the Protectorate Milton's life was uneventful. He bore his blindness, which had now become total, with heroic fortitude, upheld by a beautiful faith, to which he gave expression in a sonnet "On his Blindness": —

> "God doth not need
> Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
> Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
> Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
> They also serve who only stand and wait."

162. **Solitude and Dejection.**— At the Restoration, though specially named for punishment, he somehow escaped the scaffold. His life, however, was for some years one of solitude and dejection. His own feelings are put into the mouth of his Samson: —

> "Now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonored, quelled,
> To what can I be useful? Wherein serve
> My nation, and the work from heaven imposed?
> But to sit idle on the household hearth,
> A burdensome drone, to visitants a gaze,
> Or pitied object."

To add to his distress, his three daughters, whose rearing had been somewhat neglected, failed to prove a comfort to their father in his sore afflictions. They treated him with disrespect, sold his books by stealth, and rebelled against the drudgery of reading to him. Under these circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at that he allowed himself to be persuaded (his second wife having died eight years before) into contracting a third marriage — a union that greatly added to the comfort and happiness of his last years.

163. **"Paradise Lost."**— But in all this period of trial, Milton had the solace of a noble task. He was slowly elaborating his "Paradise Lost," in which he realized the dream of his youth. Its main theme is indicated in the opening lines: —

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
> Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
> Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
> Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
> That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
> In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
> Rose out of chaos."

But the poem must be read before its grandeur can be appreciated. It is one of the world's great epics; and in majesty of

plan and sublimity of treatment it surpasses them all. The Eternal Spirit, which he invokes, seems to have touched his lips with hallowed fire. The splendors of heaven, the horrors of hell, and the beauties of Paradise are depicted with matchless power. The beings of the unseen world — angels and demons — exercise before us their mighty agency; and in the council chambers of heaven we hear the words of the Almighty. The poem comprehends the universe, sets forth the truth of divine government, and exhibits life in its eternal significance — a poem that rises above the petty incidents of earth with monumental splendor. It met with appreciation from the start. With a clear recognition of its worth, Dryden said, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." Milton's modest house became a pilgrim's shrine, and men from every rank, not only from his native land, but also from abroad, came to pay him homage.

164. **Other Poems.**— Milton's literary activity continued to the last, and enriched our literature with two other noble productions, "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." The former may be regarded as a sequel to "Paradise Lost"; the latter is the most powerful drama in our language after the Greek model. The poet, unconsciously perhaps, identified himself with his Samson, and gave utterance to the profoundest emotions which had been awakened by the mighty conflicts and sorrows of his own life.

165. **Character.**— He died Nov. 8, 1674. He was a man of heroic mould. In his solitary grandeur only one man of his age deserves to be placed beside him — the great Protector, Oliver Cromwell. His greatness was austere. In his life he had no intimate and tender companionships; and now our feeling toward him is admiration rather than love. His character was without blemish, his aspirations pure and lofty, his courage undaunted, his intellectual vigor and power almost without parallel. But he was conscious of his greatness, and, finding ample resources within himself, he did not seek human sympathy. Wordsworth has spoken truly, —

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Like his own "Paradise Lost," he appears, with his Titanic proportions and independent loneliness, as the most impressive figure in English literature.

## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

The character of the Puritans, Macaulay, "Essay on Milton" and "History of England," vol. I., pp. 82–84, 153–158, Green, "History of the English People," vol. III., Ch. 1. The work of Cromwell in the Civil War, Green, "History of the English People," vol. III., Ch. 9.

**John Bunyan.**—Froude, "Life of Bunyan," (English Men of Letters), Venable, "Life of Bunyan" (Great Writer Series), Macaulay, "Essay on Bunyan," Painter, "History of English Literature." His life in the Bedford jail, Froude and Venable (as above). The story of Doubting Castle in the "Pilgrim's Progress." A description of the land of Beulah.

**Fantastic Poets.**— A study of Herrick's poems, Ward, "The English Poets," vol. II., Palgrave, "Golden Treasury," in connection with Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," Chs. 2, 7, and 8. A study of Cowley, Ward, "The English Poets," vol. II. A study of Waller, Ward, "The English Poets," vol. II.

**Milton.**—Masson, "Life and Times of Milton," Pattison, "Life of Milton" (English Men of Letters), Garnett, "Life of Milton (Great Writer Series), Matthew Arnold, "Mixed Essays," Macaulay, "Essay on Milton," Lowell, "Among My Books," vol. II., Emerson, *North American Review*, 47 : 56. Milton's views on education, "Tractate on Education" and Painter's "History of Education," pp. 207–213. His arguments for the liberty of the press, "Areopagitica." A review of Lycidas, following suggestions in Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," Chs. 2, 7, and 8. The Character of Satan as portrayed in the first book of "Paradise Lost." An outline of "Samson Agonistes." Milton's character as reflected in his sonnets.

*"L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are given among the selections of Part II.*

## PRINCIPAL WRITERS.

DIARISTS. — John Evelyn (1620–1706). Miscellaneous writer, but chiefly remembered for his "Diary." (See Text.)

Samuel Pepys (1633–1703). His "Diary" covers the period 1660–1669, first published in 1825. (See Text.)

PHILOSOPHERS. — Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727). Author of several works, the chief of which is "Principia Philosophiæ Naturalis Mathematica" (1687).

Robert Boyle (1627–1691). A distinguished member of the Royal Society; "the most faithful, the most patient, the most successful disciple who carried forward the experimental philosophy of Bacon."

John Locke (1632–1704). Author of two "Treatises on Government" (1690), "Thoughts Concerning Education" (1693), "Essay on the Human Understanding" (1690), etc. (See Text.)

Thomas Hobbes (1588–1679). Author of "Human Nature" (1650), "Leviathan" (1651), "The Behemoth" (1678).

THEOLOGIANS.—Joseph Butler (1692–1752). Bishop of Durham, and author of "The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature" (1736).

Gilbert Burnet (1643–1715). Bishop of Salisbury, and author of the "History of the Reformation" (1681), "Life of Sir Matthew Hale" (1682), etc.

Ralph Cudworth (1617–1688). Author of "True Intellectual System of the Universe" (1678).

John Tillotson (1630–1694). Archbishop of Canterbury, author of "The Rule of Faith" (1666), and "Sermons."

Jeremy Collier (1650–1726). Nonconformist clergyman, and author of various works, of which the best known is "A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the Stage" (1698). His vigorous attacks led to a purification of the theatre.

NOVELISTS. — Daniel Defoe (1663–1731). Voluminous author, best known for his "Robinson Crusoe" (1719), "Moll Flanders" (1721), "Journal of the Plague" (1722), etc. (See Text.)

Samuel Richardson (1689–1761). First novelist of love, author

of "Pamela" (1740), "Clarissa Harlowe" (1749), and "Sir Charles Grandison" (1754), written to exhibit an ideal hero. (See Text.)

Henry Fielding (1707–1754). Author of "Joseph Andrews" (1742), "Jonathan Wild" (1743), "Tom Jones" (1749), "Amelia" (1751), etc. (See Text.)

Dramatists. — William Wycherly (1640–1715). Best drama, "The Country Wife" (1675).

William Congreve (1670–1729). Principal piece, "Love for Love" (1695).

George Farquhar (1678–1707). Most popular work, "The Beaux's Stratagem" (1707).

Miscellaneous Prose. — Sir William Temple (1628–1699). Statesman, and author of "Ancient and Modern Learning" (1692).

Sir Richard Steele (1671–1729). Author of "The Christian Hero" (1701), several comedies, "The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode" (1702), "The Tender Husband" (1703), founder of the *Tatler,* and distinguished essayist.

Jonathan Swift (1667–1745). A writer of great originality and power. Author of "A Tale of a Tub," "Journal to Stella," "Gulliver's Travels," etc. (See Text.)

Poets. — Samuel Butler (1612–1680). Author of "Hudibras" (1662–1678), a mock-heroic poem ridiculing the Puritans. (See Text.)

James Thomson (1700–1748). Author of "The Seasons" (1726–1730), several dramas, and "The Castle of Indolence" (1748), a polished poem in Spenserian verse. (See Text.)

Edward Young (1681–1765. Royal chaplain, and author of "The Love of Fame" (1725–1728), a series of satires, and "The Complaint, or Night Thoughts" (1742–1746), on which his fame chiefly rests. (See Text.)

## GREAT REPRESENTATIVE WRITERS.

John Dryden. Joseph Addison. Alexander Pope.

## V.

## FIRST CRITICAL PERIOD.

(1660—1745.)

This period extends from the Restoration to the death of Pope and Swift. It was ushered in by a violent reaction.

166. **Violent Reaction.**— With all its moral earnestness and love of freedom, Puritanism had degenerated into a false and forbidding asceticism. It condemned many innocent pleasures. It clothed morality and religion in a garb of cant. The claims of the physical and intellectual parts of man were, under the influence of a terrific theology, sacrificed to his spiritual interests. All spontaneous joy and gayety were banished from life. The Puritan's steps were slow; his face was elongated; his tone had a nasal quality. He gave his children names drawn from the Scriptures; and shutting his eyes to the beauties of the world about him, and forgetting the infinite love of God, he lived perpetually in the shadow of divine wrath. His religion, at war with nature and the gospel, degenerated into fanaticism and weighed heavily upon the life of the English nation.

167. **Reign of the Flesh.**— With the Restoration, Puritanism was overthrown. The Royalist party, with its sharp contrasts to Puritan principles, again came into power. The result in its moral effects was dreadful. The stream of license, which had been held in check for years, burst forth with fearful momentum. The reign of the flesh set in. Virtue was held to savor of Puritanism; duty was thought to smack of fanaticism; and integrity, patriotism, and honor were regarded as mere devices for self-aggrandizement. Under the lead of Charles

II., himself a notorious libertine, the court became a scene of shameless and almost incredible debauchery. The effect upon literature can be easily imagined. It debased the moral tone of poetry and the drama to a shocking degree. As Dryden tells us in one of his epilogues: —

> "The poets who must live by courts, or starve,
> Were proud so good a government to serve;
> And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
> Tainted the stage, for some small snip of gain."

168. **French Influence.**— But there are other respects in which the Restoration affected literature. Charles II. returned to England with French companions and French tastes. It was but natural, therefore, that English literature should be influenced by French models. It was the Augustan Age of literature in France. Louis XIV., the most powerful monarch in Europe, had gathered about him the best literary talent of the age. Corneille, Molière, and Racine gave great splendor to dramatic poetry, and Boileau developed the art of criticism. But the French drama, besides following classical models in regard to the unities, imposed the burden of rhymed couplets upon dramatic composition. It was in obedience to the wish of Charles that rhyme was first introduced into the English drama. Through French influence the course of the drama, as it had been developed by the great Elizabethans, was seriously interrupted.

169. **Literary Criticism.**— But in respect to literary criticism, the influence of France was more salutary. Boileau had displayed great critical acumen in estimating French authors, and had laid down correct principles by which to judge literary composition. The art of criticism took root in England. Dryden, whom Johnson calls the father of English criticism, sat at the feet of his great French contemporary, and in his numerous prefaces exhibited admirable judgment in weighing the productions both of ancient and modern times.

Pope, the greatest writer of the period, likewise followed French models. The characteristics of the new critcism,

which gradually fashioned a corresponding literature, were clearness, simplicity, and good sense.

170. **Natural Science.**— The Restoration gave a new impulse to natural science. Charles II. was himself something of a chemist, and even the profligate Buckingham varied his debaucheries with experiments in his laboratory. In 1662 the Royal Society was founded, and for half a century inventions and discoveries in science followed one another in rapid succession. The national observatory at Greenwich was established. The spirit of investigation showed great vigor. Halley studied the tides, comets, and terrestrial magnetism. Boyle improved the air-pump and founded experimental chemistry. Mineralogy, zoölogy, and botany either had their beginning or made noteworthy progress at this time. It was the age of Sir Isaac Newton.

171. **Period of Transition.**— But this period was one of ferment and transition. Old faiths in politics, philosophy, and religion were being cast aside. Tradition and custom were summoned before the bar of reason. "From the moment of the Restoration," says Green, "we find ourselves all at once among the great currents of thought and activity which have gone on widening and deepening from that time to this. The England around us becomes our England, an England whose chief forces are industry and science, the love of popular freedom and of law; an England which presses steadily forward to a larger social justice and equality, and which tends more and more to bring every custom and tradition, religious, intellectual, and political, to the test of pure reason." The belief in the divine right of kings became a thing of the past. With the Revolution of 1688, which placed William of Orange on the throne, the prolonged conflict between the people and the king came to an end. The executive supremacy was transferred from the crown to the House of Commons.

172. **Augustan Age.**— About the time Queen Anne ascended the English throne in 1702, English literature, under the moulding influence from France, began to assume a more elegant form. The first half of the eighteenth century has sometimes been characterized as the *Augustan Age*. It has been

thought, not without some reason, to resemble the flourishing period of Roman literature under Augustus, when Ovid, Horace, Cicero, and Virgil produced their immortal works. The names of Addison, Pope, and Swift are not unworthy to be placed side by side with the proudest names in the literature of Rome.

173. **Constitutional Government.**— In this period the political principles of the Revolution became predominant. Absolutism gave place to constitutional government. The Tories and the Whigs became well-marked parties and in turn succeeded to the government. Corrupt political methods were frequently resorted to in order to gain party ascendency. Walpole boasted that every man had his price. An unselfish patriotism was too often looked on as youthful enthusiasm, which the coolness of age would cure. Leading statesmen led impure and dissipated lives.

Yet in spite of these conditions, England attained to great influence in continental affairs. Victory attended her arms on the Continent under the leadership of Marlborough. The battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet brought the power of Louis XIV. to the verge of destruction. The balance of power was restored to Europe. The union of England and Scotland was effected in 1707, and English sovereigns henceforth reigned over the kingdom of *Great Britain*. The power of English thought, as well as of English arms, was felt abroad. Buffon found inspiration in its science; Montesquieu studied the institutions of England with great care; and Rousseau borrowed many of his thoughts from Locke. The English people once more became conscious of their strength, and felt the uplifting power of great hopes and splendid purposes.

174. **State of Society.**— In several particulars the state of society does not present a pleasing picture. Education was confined to a comparatively limited circle. Addison complained that there were families in which not a single person could spell, "unless it be by chance the butler or one of the footmen." Cock-fighting was the favorite sport of schoolboys, and bull-baiting twice a week delighted the populace of London. The theatres were not yet fully redeemed from the licentious-

ness of the Restoration. Gambling was a common vice; and, what appears strange to us, the women of the time showed a strong passion for this excitement. Speaking of Will's Coffee-house, the *Tatler* says: "This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it. Where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hands of every one you met, you have now only a pack of cards." Fashionable hours became later, and a considerable part of the night was frequently given to dissipation. Drunkenness increased with the introduction of gin. The police were not able to control the lawless classes, and in the cities mobs not infrequently vented their rage in conflagration and pillage. When Sir Roger de Coverley, as portrayed by Addison, went to the theatre, he armed his servants with cudgels for protection.

175. **Dress and Gossip.**— Woman had not yet found her true sphere; and, in wealthy or fashionable circles, her time was devoted chiefly to dress, frivolity, and scandal. In the "Rape of the Lock" Pope gives us a glimpse of conversation in court circles: —

> "In various talk th' instructive hours they pass'd,
> Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
> One speaks the glory of the British queen,
> And one describes a charming Indian screen;
> A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
> At every word a reputation dies;
> Snuff, or the fan, supplies each pause of chat,
> With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that."

176. **Belief in Witchcraft.**— Belief in witchcraft had not entirely passed away. In 1712 a witch was condemned to death; and her prosecution was conducted, not by ignorant rustics, but by a learned author and an educated clergyman. It is in keeping with the belief of the time to find Sir Roger de Coverley puzzled over the character of Moll White and piously advising her "to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbor's cattle." Superstition was common, and the people of every class had faith in omens. Religion was at a low ebb. Scepticism was extensively prevalent,

especially among the higher classes, and many of the clergy thought more of the pleasures of the chase than of the care of souls. "Every one laughs," said Montesquieu, "if one talks of religion."

177. **Rise of Methodism.**— But there is also a more favorable side to the social condition of England during this period — some influences that contain the promise of a brighter day. In spite of the low state of Christianity, earnest men, like Doddridge, Watts, and William Law, were not wanting to inculcate a genuine piety. The rise of Methodism under John Wesley and George Whitefield exerted a salutary influence upon the religious life of England. These great preachers, impressed by the realities of sin, redemption, and eternal life, urged these truths with surpassing eloquence upon the multitudes that flocked to hear them. Before the death of John Wesley his followers numbered a hundred thousand, and the Established Church was awakened to a new zeal.

178. **Clubs and Periodicals.**— The clubs became an important feature of social life in London. Coffee-houses multiplied, till in 1708 they reached the number of three thousand. They became centres for the diffusion of intelligence. Here the leading political, literary, and social questions of the day were discussed.

Periodical publications became an important factor in the intellectual life of England. In 1714 no fewer than fourteen papers were published in London. The principal periodicals were the *Tatler, Spectator,* and *Guardian,* which were conducted in a manner not only to refine the taste, but also to improve the morals. Made up of brief, entertaining, and often elegant essays, and treating of every subject from epic poems to female toilets, they came to be welcomed at the club-house and breakfast-table, and exerted a wide and salutary influence upon the thought and life of the country.

179. **Sir Richard Steele.**— Sir Richard Steele, the friend of Addison, led a somewhat wayward life. He left Oxford without taking his degree, and enlisted in the Horse Guards — an imprudence that cost him an inheritance. He rose to the rank of captain, but was gay, reckless, and dissipated.

His naturally tender heart was constantly overcome by his imperious appetites, and his life presents a series of alternate repentance and dissipation. In 1701 he wrote the "Christian Hero," for the purpose of impressing the principles of virtue upon his own heart. Though it is filled with lofty sentiment, it remained without serious effect upon the author's life. Then followed in annual succession several moderate comedies. At length appointed Gazetteer, a position that gave him a monopoly of official news, he began the *Tatler,* called Addison to his aid, and was eclipsed by his coadjutor.

180. **Jonathan Swift.**— Of Swift as a writer there can hardly be more than one opinion. In originality and power he excelled all the writers of his day. His genius expressed itself in new and imperishable forms; and though much that he has written, especially in verse, is unworthy of him, his "Tale of a Tub," his "Gulliver's Travels," and his "Journal to Stella" will endure as long as the English language itself. No one else was more dreaded as an antagonist. "We were determined to have you on our side," the Tory leader Bolingbroke said to him; "you were the only one we were afraid of." During the last years of Queen Anne's reign he was the chief literary support of the Tory administration; and more than any one else, it has been said, he formed the political opinions of the English nation.

But of Swift as a man it is not easy to form a satisfactory estimate. His character exhibited contradictory qualities. In spite of the labors of numerous biographers and critics, he still, in some measure, remains an enigma. He was not a model of amiable temper or lofty purpose, and his career is full of striking and unpardonable faults. Yet that he was a monster of selfishness, hatred, and iniquity, as some have maintained, we cannot believe. He had the clear vision of a powerful mind. He saw through the shams and hypocrisies by which he was surrounded; and what has often been taken for heartless misanthropy was in reality an honest heroism which waged a thankless war on humbug and villainy. That he often went too far, that he was often coarse and terrible, cannot be denied

or condoned. In his later years real or fancied wrongs goaded his proud, imperious nature into reckless fury.

Before entering upon a consideration of the great representative writers of this period, there are a few others that deserve mention.

181. **Two Famous Diarists.**— John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys were two diarists, who have earned the thanks of posterity for the minute glimpses they give of the manners of the time. They both occupied high positions; and their daily entries furnish us small details, not only of much interest, but of historic value. As their diaries were not intended for publication, they present unvarnished and often unflattering facts. The luxury, gambling, and licentiousness of the court of Charles II. are disclosed in the plainest terms. The following extract from Pepys, who was far from a model character, gives an idea of the amusements of the time: "Dec. 21. To Shoe Lane to see a cock-fight at a new pit there, a spot I never was at in my life; but, Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from parliament men, to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen and what not, and all these fellows one with another cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it."

182. **A Great Philosopher.**— One of the greatest of all English philosophers was John Locke. He superintended the education of the Earl of Shaftesbury's son — an experience which developed the independent views contained in "Some Thoughts Concerning Education." His educational ideal was "a sound mind in a sound body," and he strongly inveighed against the unpractical character of the system then in vogue. He deservedly ranks among educational reformers. In 1689 he published a "Letter on Toleration" (afterward followed by several others), in which he maintained that charity, meekness, and good-will toward all mankind rather than zeal for dogma and ceremonies were the true marks of Christian character. The work, however, through which he has exerted the greatest influence is his "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding"—a profound treatise that marks an epoch in the history of philosophy. Its object, as explained in the introduc-

tion, was "to inquire into the origin, certainty, and extent of human knowledge, together with the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion, and assent."

183. **Founder of the Novel**— It was during this period that the modern novel had its origin. Before the middle of the eighteenth century, several works of fiction were produced that have gained a permanent place in our literature. Avoiding the highly colored and extravagant elements of Elizabethan romance, they portray the scenes and characters of everyday life. The founder of the English novel was Daniel Defoe, a varied and prolific writer, who in some of his views was in advance of his age. In 1698 he published an "Essay on Projects," in which he advocated the establishment of insurance companies, savings banks for the poor, and colleges for women. "A woman well-bred and well-taught," he said, "furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature without comparison." His "True-born Englishman," a poetical satire in defence of King William, appeared in 1701, and eighty thousand copies were sold on the streets of London. What it lacks in poetry it makes up in homely vigor. The opening lines are well known: —

> "Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon examination,
> The latter has the largest congregation."

184. **"Robinson Crusoe."**— Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" appeared in 1619 and instantly became popular. Few other English books have been more widely read. "Nobody," said Johnson, "ever laid it down without wishing it longer." It was suggested by the real experience of Alexander Selkirk, and describes the life and adventures of Robinson Crusoe, who lived for twenty-eight years on an uninhabited island off the coast of South America. Encouraged by the success of "Robinson Crusoe," the author wrote other fictitious narratives, among which are "Moll Flanders," "Captain Singleton," and the "History of the Great Plague." All possess the charm of simplicity of style and air of truth.

185. **First Great Novelist.**— Samuel Richardson deserves to be considered the first great English novelist. At first a printer, he stumbled, at the age of fifty, on the literary work that was to make him famous. It was suggested to him that he should prepare "a little volume of letters, in common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves." In undertaking the work, the happy thought occurred to him to embody in a series of letters an interesting story he had heard from a friend years before. The result was his first novel "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded." Judged by present standards, the work is prolix and tedious; but when it appeared in 1740, it was something new and had a widespread popularity. It was followed a few years later by "Clarissa Harlowe," by common consent Richardson's masterpiece. "This work raised the fame of its author to its height," said Sir Walter Scott, "and no work had appeared before, perhaps none has appeared *since*, containing such direct appeals to the passions in a manner so irresistible."

186. **Henry Fielding.**— Henry Fielding — lawyer, journalist, dramatist — had abundant opportunity to observe the varied phases of English life. With abounding vitality and humor, he described men as he saw them. He was an eighteenth-century realist. The scenes he presents are often coarse and low; but these faults are to be imputed less to the painter than to the age he describes. When "Pamela" appeared in 1740, Fielding did not sympathize with what he regarded as its ostentatious morality and excessive sentimentalism. He conceived the idea of a caricature; and, accordingly, in 1742, he produced his "Joseph Andrews." It abounded in humor, exuberant feeling, and overflowing benevolence, and was received with scarcely less favor than the work it was designed to ridicule.

187. **"Tom Jones."**— In 1749, in the full maturity of his powers, Fielding published his ablest work, "Tom Jones." The scene of the story is laid partly in the country, and partly in the city, and taken altogether the work may be regarded as an epic of English life. The characters have a singular reality. It is framed on a large scale and introduces a great many

types of character. In its personages, manners, amusements, tone of thought, and forms of expression, it introduces us better than any history to the England of a century and a half ago. The author claimed superiority over professed historians. "In their productions," he declared, "nothing is true but the names and the dates, whereas in mine everything is true but the names and dates." The style of "Tom Jones," as in all Fielding's novels, is excellent; and what gives the book a peculiar charm, is the disinterested, genial spirit — a little too indulgent, perhaps, to the weakness of our nature — with which he seems to look on the scenes he portrays.

188. **A Satire in the Puritans.**— Among the secondary poets to be mentioned, the first in time, as also in popularity, was Samuel Butler, who gave expression to the great anti-Puritanic reaction of the Restoration. His "Hudibras," the first part of which appeared in 1662, is a humorous satire against the Puritans, and in its day was exceedingly popular. Of Charles II. it was said that —

> "He never ate, nor drank, nor slept,
> But Hudibras still 'near him kept."

The hero of the satire is a Puritan justice of the peace, who, with his servant Ralph, sallied forth, like another Don Quixote, to put an end to the amusements and follies of the people. Of course he came to grief. But the interest of the poem is not in the story, but in its humorous descriptions and electric flashes of wit. Few other books have been oftener quoted. Here is a description of Sir Hudibras: —

> "He was in logic a great critic,
> Profoundly skilled in analytic;
> He could distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
> On either which he would dispute,
> Confute, change hands, and still confute."

The following are well-known couplets: —

> "For all a rhetorician's rules
> Teach nothing but to name his tools."

"He that complies against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

"And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn."

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

189. **The Poet of the Seasons.**— James Thompson has been justly called the poet of nature. His "Seasons," which appeared between 1726 and 1730, possessed the charm of novelty. "The fresh treatment of a simple theme," to use the words of Professor Minto, "the warm poetical coloring of common place incidents, the freedom and irregularity of the plan, the boldness of the descriptions, the manly and sincere sentiment, the rough vigor of the verse, took by surprise a generation accustomed to witty satire and burlesque, refined diction, translations from the classics, themes valued in proportion to their remoteness from vulgar life." Thomson looked upon nature with a poet's eyes. If he learned from books, he learned also from observation. There is truth in the lines describing his poetical life: —

"I solitary court
The inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to pour the moral song."

His descriptions are wonderfully accurate, vivid, picturesque; and there is no phase of the various forms of earth and sky that has escaped the minuteness of his observation.

190. **Edward Young.**— The poetry and the life of Edward Young present a painful contrast. In his poems he assumes the rôle of a high religious moralist; but in his life he was an obsequious courtier and persistent place-seeker. It was a great disappointment to him that George II., to whom he addressed a poem containing the following lines, took him at his word: —

"O may I steal
Along the vale

Of humble life, secure from foes!
My friend sincere,
My judgment clear,
And gentle business my repose."

191. **The "Night Thoughts."**— The chief work entitling Young to a place in the annals of English literature is his "Night Thoughts." It was inspired by a triple bereavement that overwhelmed the poet with sorrow. "It differs," as he tells us, "from the common mode of poetry, which is, from long narratives to draw short morals; here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the poem. The reason of it is that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these reflections on the thoughts of the writer." The poem embodies a sombre, ascetic view of life. Its style is characterized by short, exclamatory utterances, the suggestiveness of which is often quite effective. The opening lines, which are often referred to, are as follows: —

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear."

Young's works abound in brief sententious sayings, and he rivals Shakespeare and Pope in the number of proverbial expressions that have passed into current use. A few will serve for illustration: —

"'Tis impious in a good man to be sad."

"Tis vain to seek in men for more than man."

"Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps."

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow."

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

"Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies';
And 'dust to dust' concludes the noblest song."

The mind that coined these and many similar expressions was endowed with no ordinary gifts.

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

The England of Charles II., Green, "History of the English People," vol. III. pp. 327–339. The social and political condition of England during "The Augustan age," Green, "History of the English People," vol. IV. pp. 105–124.

Some interesting entries from The Diarists. Locke as an educational reformer, "Thoughts Concerning Education," and Painter's History of Education," pp. 230–238. A typical passage from Richardson's "Pamela." A description of the hero of "Hudibras." Thompson's minute observation of nature as illustrated in his "Spring." A review of Night I. in Young's "Night Thoughts." The story of Gulliver's voyage to Lilliput. A description of his experiences in Brobdingnag. An outline of Swift's "Battle of the Books," Stephen, "Life of Swift," Ch. 3, or Orrery's "Life and Writings of Swift." A review of the "Tale of a Tub," Stephen or Orrery (as above). The relations of Swift to Stella and Vanessa, Stephen, "Life of Swift," ch. 6, Craik, "Life of Swift," Thackeray, "The English Humorists," and Painter "History of English Literature."

Engraved by Vertue in 1730.

Jon: Dryden.

## JOHN DRYDEN.

192. **Rank in Literature.**— One of the greatest names in the literature of this period is John Dryden. He does not deserve, indeed, to stand by the side of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, or Milton; but after these great names he comes at the head of the second rank. It was the fault of his age that he was not greater. No man can wholly detach himself from the influences by which he is surrounded; and Dryden came on the stage when a false taste prevailed, and when licentiousness gave moral tone to poetry. Living in the midst of burning religious and political questions, he was drawn into the vortex of controversy. He was always a partisan in some religious or political issue of the day. While this fact has given us some of the best satirical and didactic poems in our language, it did not contribute, perhaps, to the largest development of his poetical powers.

193. **Absence of High Aims.**— His aims were not high enough. "I confess," he said, "my chief endeavors are to delight the age in which I live. If the humor of this be for low comedy, small accidents, and raillery, I will force my genius to obey it." This was a voluntary degrading of his genius and an intentional renouncing of the artistic spirit. Guided by such motives, it was impossible for him to attain the highest results. If, like Milton, he had concentrated all the energies of his strong nature on an epic poem, as he once contemplated, or on poetry as an art, his work would no doubt have been less faulty. But, taking him as he was, we cannot help admiring his genius, which created for him a distinct place in English literature.

194. **Early Years.**— Dryden was born of good family in Northamptonshire in 1631. Both on his father's and his mother's side his ancestry was Puritan and republican. He was

educated at Westminster school, under the famous Dr. Busby. A schoolboy poem on the death of Lord Hastings had the distinction, and we may add the misfortune, of being published in connection with several other elegies called forth by the same event. Some of its conceits are exceedingly ridiculous. Dryden's genius was slow in maturing, and much of his early work failed to give promise of his future eminence.

195. **Education.**— He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1654. No details of his college life have come down to us, except his punishment on one occasion for "disobedience to the vice-master, and contumacy in taking his punishment, inflicted by him." In 1654, by the death of his father, he came into the possession of a small estate worth about sixty pounds a year. After leaving Cambridge, for which he entertained no great affection, he went to London, and served for a time as secretary to his cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, a favorite of Cromwell.

196. **Two Eulogistic Poems.**— In 1658 he composed "Heroic Stanzas" on the death of Oliver Cromwell, which caused him to be spoken of as a rising poet. Though disfigured here and there by conceits, it is, upon the whole, a strong, manly poem, showing a just appreciation of the great Protector's life. His next effort does not reflect credit on his character. It was the "Astræa Redux," written "on the happy restoration and return of his sacred Majesty, Charles II." After his eulogy of Cromwell two years before, we are hardly prepared for such lines as these:—

> "For his long absence Church and State did groan;
> Madness the pulpit, faction seized the throne:
> Experienced age in deep despair was lost,
> To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross'd."

197. **Writing for the Stage.**— In 1663 he began to write for the stage. Instead of seeking to elevate public morals, or to attain perfection in art, it is to the lasting discredit of Dryden that he pandered to the vicious taste of the time. His first play, "The Wild Gallant," was not successful; and Pepys,

in his "Diary," pronounced it "so poor a thing as ever I saw in my life." Without following him through the vicissitudes of his dramatic career, it is enough to say that he wrote in all twenty-eight comedies and tragedies, and at length established his position as the first dramatist of his time. For a long time he followed French models, but at last came to recognize and professedly to imitate the "divine Shakespeare." In his comedies, as he tells us, he copied "the gallantries of the court." When in later years Jeremy Collier severely attacked the immoralities of the stage, Dryden, unlike several of his fellow-dramatists who attempted a reply, pleaded guilty, and retracted all thoughts and expressions that could be fairly charged with "obscenity, profaneness, or immorality."

198. **Heroic Style of Tragedy.**— In his tragedies he imitated the heroic style of Corneille. They contain much splendid declamation, which too often degenerates into bombast. But frequently he reaches the height of genuine poetry. Only a poet could have written these lines: —

"Something like
That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere heard;
But floods of woe have hurried it far off
Beyond my ken of soul."

Or these: —

"I feel death rising higher still and higher
Within my bosom; every breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass,
And, like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air."

199. **Intellectual Traits.**— But the drama was not Dryden's sphere. In his mind the judgment had ascendency over the imagination. He was strongest in analyzing, arguing, criticising. He was a master of satire — not indeed of that species which slovenly butchers a man, to use his own comparison, but rather of that species which has "the fineness of stroke to separate the head from the body and leave it standing in its place." We shall say nothing of his "Annus Mirabilis,"

a long poem on the Dutch war and the London fire, except that it contains some of his manliest lines. It is not easy to surpass: —

"Silent in smoke of cannon they come on;"

"And his loud guns speak thick, like angry men;"

"The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires."

200. **A Famous Satire.**— In 1681 appeared the famous satire, "Absalom and Achitophel," the object of which was to bring discredit on the Earl of Shaftesbury and his adherents, who were seeking to secure the succession to the throne for the Duke of Monmouth, Charles's eldest son. It has been called the best political satire ever written. There is no effort at playful and delicate art; the poem was composed in earnest, and it abounds in hard, sweeping, stunning blows. It was eagerly seized upon by the public, and in a year no fewer than nine editions were called for. The Earl of Shaftesbury figures as Achitophel: —

"A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay;
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."

The Duke of Buckingham is Zimri, whose character is outlined with astonishing power: —

"A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long:
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was Chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Bless'd madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes."

201. **Religion of a Layman.**— In 1682 appeared the "Religio Laici." As an exposition of a layman's faith it was probably an honest presentation of Dryden's beliefs at the time. Whether intended to serve a political purpose or not, is a matter of dispute; but it attacks the Papists and at the same time declares the "Fanatics," by whom are meant the Nonconformists, still more dangerous — a declaration that accorded well with Charles's policy of persecution. It is entirely didactic in character and deservedly ranks as one of the very best poems of its class in English. Though it is closely argumentative throughout, it still contains passages of much beauty.

202. **Art of Poetry.**— In 1683 appeared a translation of Boileau's "L'Art Poétique." Though at first translated by a friend, Dryden's revisal made it practically his own. It is of interest, not only as showing the direct influence of French masters, but as setting forth the principles that underlay Dryden's later work and the poetry of the earlier half of the eighteenth century. Reason largely takes the place of imagination. Thus: —

"Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme;
Falsely they seem each other to oppose;
Rhyme must be made with reason's laws to close."

And in regard to diction: —

"Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.

The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offence.
Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast."

203. **Conversion to Catholicism.**— On the accession of James, in 1685, Dryden became a Roman Catholic. This conversion has given rise to considerable discussion. Did it result from conviction or from self-interest? It is impossible to determine. But, in the moderate language of Johnson, "That conversion will always be suspected that apparently concurs with interest. He that never finds his error till it hinders his progress toward wealth or honor, will not be thought to love truth only for herself. Yet it may easily happen that information may come at a commodious time, and as truth and interest are not by any fatal necessity at variance, that one may by accident introduce the other. When opinions are struggling into popularity, the arguments by which they are opposed or defended become more known, and he that changes his profession would perhaps have changed it before, with the like opportunities of instruction. This was then the state of popery; every artifice was used to show it in its fairest form; and it must be owned to be a religion of external appearance sufficiently attractive."

204. **"Hind and Panther."**— As a result of this conversion we have the "Hind and Panther," a poem of twenty-five hundred lines, which is devoted to a defence of the Roman Church. This church is represented by the "milk-white hind," and the Church of England by the panther, a beautiful but spotted animal. Published at a time of heated religious controversy, it had a wide circulation. It was regarded by Pope as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification; and there can be no doubt that the author, knowing it would be criticised with the most unfriendly rigor, elaborated it with unusual care. The opening lines are beautiful:—

"A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,

She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet hath she oft been chased with horns and hounds
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die."

205. **"Mac Flecknoe."**— At the Revolution Dryden did not abjure his faith, and, as a consequence, lost his office as poet laureate. In addition to the loss of his position, which he could ill afford to suffer, he had the chagrin of seeing his rival, Shadwell, elevated to his place. Against him he wrote at this time one of his keenest satires, entitled "Mac Flecknoe." Flecknoe, who had governed long, and —

"In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute,"

at length decides to settle the succession of the state, —

"And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, 'Tis resolved; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.'"

206. **Translations.**—Once more thrown upon his pen for support, Dryden turned to the stage, but chiefly to translation. In 1693 he published a volume of miscellanies, which contained translations from Homer and Ovid; and a little later appeared the satires of Juvenal and Persius. His theory of translation, as set forth in his prefaces is better than his practice. He takes liberties with his author; and, as was the case with him in all his writings, he is far from painstaking. Besides, instead of mitigating, he magnified their obscenity. But, upon the whole, the translations are of high excellence. The

most important of his translations was that of Virgil's "Æneid," on which he labored three years. The public expectation was great, and it was not disappointed. Pope pronounced it "the most noble and spirited translation that I know in any language."

207. **Admiration of Chaucer.**— Dryden, without understanding the versification of Chaucer, admired his poetic beauties and translated several of the "Canterbury Tales" into current English. "As he is the father of English poetry," he says, "so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects." It is to Dryden's credit that he chose those tales that do not savor of immodesty — "Palamon and Arcite," "The Cock and the Fox," and the "Wife of Bath's Tale," the prologue of which is omitted. Though his renderings into modern English are excellent, Chaucer's charm is somehow largely lost. To be convinced of this fact, it is only necessary to compare his rendering of the "Good Parson" with the original of the "Prologue."

208. **"Alexander's Feast."**— Among his songs and odes, the best known is "Alexander's Feast." He wrote it at a single sitting and afterward spent a fortnight in polishing it. It is justly considered one of the finest odes in our language. Dryden himself declared that it would never be surpassed. It was, perhaps, the last effort of his poetic genius, composed amid the pressing infirmities of age. It was fitting, to use the beautiful words of one of his heroes, that —

> "A setting sun
> Should leave a track of glory in the skies."

He died May 1, 1700, and was buried with imposing pomp in Westminster Abbey.

209. **Excellent Prose.**— Dryden's prose is scarcely less excellent than his verse. He wrote much on criticism in the form of prefaces in his various works. He avoided, as a rule, the common mistakes in the prose of his time — inordinately long sentences and tedious parenthetic clauses. He says he formed

his prose style on Tillotson but Tillotson never had the ease, point, and brilliancy of Dryden. He was a clear, strong thinker, with a great deal to say; and often compressing his thought into a few well-chosen words, he sent them forth like shots from a rifle. He delighted in argument, and on either side of a question he could marshal his points with almost matchless skill. Whether attacking or defending the Roman Church, he showed equal power.

210. **Poetic Shortcomings.**— Dryden did not attain to the highest regions of poetry. He could not portray what is deepest and finest in human experience. His strong, masculine hands were too clumsy. He has no charm of pathos; he does not touch that part of our nature where "thoughts do often lie too deep for tears." But he was a virile thinker and a master of the English tongue. He had the gift of using the right word; and in the words of Lowell he "sometimes carried common-sense to a height where it catches the light of a diviner air, and warmed reason till it had well-nigh the illuminating property of intuition."

211. **Mode of Writing.**— He made literature a trade. He wrote rapidly, and having once finished a piece, he did not, year after year, patiently retouch it into perfection. Perhaps he wrote too much. Voltaire said that he "would have a glory without a blemish, if he had only written the tenth part of his works." Yet, in spite of his faults, we recognize and admire his extraordinary intellectual force and the indisputable greatness of his literary work. At Will's Coffee-house, where his chair had in winter a prescriptive place by the fire, and in summer a choice spot on the balcony, he was fitted, beyond all others of his time, to reign as literary dictator.

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Mitford, "Dryden's Works," Saintsbury, "Life of Dryden" (English Men of Letters), Johnson, "Lives of the Poets," Macaulay, "Essay on Dryden," Lowell, "Among My Books," vol. 1.

A comparison of "Heroic Stanzas" and "Astrea Redux." The

Earl of Shaftesbury in history and in Dryden's satire. Is the poet just to the character of the Duke of Buckingham? (For both studies, consult the index of Macaulay's "History of England" and Green's "History of the English People"). Rules for writing in Boileau's "Art of Poetry" and Horace's "Art of Poetry" in Dryden's translations. The character of the good parson in Chaucer's "Prologue" and Dryden's translation.

*"A Song for St. Cecilia's Day" and "Alexander's Feast" are given in the selections of Part II.*

Engraved by Simon after the painting by Kneller.

*J. Addison*

## JOSEPH ADDISON.

212. **Genial Humor.**— There is no other writer in English literature of whom we think more kindly than of Joseph Addison. Macaulay has given very strong expression to the same sentiment. "After full inquiry and impartial reflection," he says, "we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race."

We read his writings with a refined and soothing pleasure. They possess a genial humor and unvarying cheerfulness that are contagious and delightful. There is no other writer who has greater power to dispel gloominess. As seen through his pages, the world appears wrapped in a mellow light. We learn to think more kindly of men, to smile at human foibles, to entertain ennobling sentiments, to trust in an overruling providence.

213. **Range of Topics.**— He does not indeed usually treat of the deeper interests of human life; he is never profound; he does not try to exhaust a subject — to write it to the dregs. His sphere is rather that of minor morals, social foibles, and small philosophy. But if he is not deep, he is not trifling; and if he is not exhaustive, he is always interesting. He uses satire, but it is never cruel. It does not, like that of Swift, scatter desolation in its path. On the contrary, it is tempered with a large humanity, and like a gentle rain, dispenses blessings in its course. It leads, not to cynicism, but to tenderness.

214. **Social Reform.**— He enlisted wit on the side of virtue; and by his inimitable humor, good sense, genial satire, and simple piety, he wrought a great social reform. "So effectually, indeed," says Macaulay, "did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered amongst us the sure mark of a fool."

215. **Education.**— Joseph Addison was born in Wiltshire in 1672, his father, a man of some eminence, being dean of Lichfield. Though there is a tradition that he once took a leading part in barring out his teacher, and on another occasion played truant, his youthful scholarship proves him to have been a diligent student. From the school at Lichfield he passed to Charter House. Here he made the friendship of Steele, which, as we shall see, was not without influence upon his subsequent career and fame.

At the age of fifteen he entered Oxford with a scholarship far in advance of his years, attracted attention by his superior Latin verses, and was elected a scholar of Magdalen College, where he took his degree of Master of Arts in 1693. He was held in high regard for his ability and learning. His portrait now hangs in the college hall, and his favorite walk on the banks of the Cherwell is still pointed out.

216. **Attempts at Poetry.**— After writing a number of Latin poems, which secured the praise of the great French critic Boileau, he made his first attempt in English verse in some lines addressed to Dryden, at that time preëminent among men of letters. This maiden effort had the good fortune to please the great author and led to an interchange of civilities.

At this time Addison's mind seemed inclined to poetry, and he published some lines to King William, a translation of Virgil's fourth Georgic, and "An Account of the Greatest English Poets," all of which have but little to commend them except correct versification. The last poem is remarkable for having a discriminating criticism of Spenser, whose works the author at that time had not read. "So little sometimes," comments Dr. Johnson, "is criticism the effect of judgment."

217. **Prepares for Public Service.**— Addison was a moderate Whig in politics, and by his poems had conciliated the favor of Somers and Montague, afterward Earl of Halifax. In conformity with the wishes of his father and his own inclinations, he contemplated taking orders in the Anglican Church; but through the influence of Montague, who was unwilling to spare him to the church, he was led to prepare himself for the public service.

218. **On the Continent.**— He was granted a pension of three hundred pounds, and spent the next several years in travel on the Continent, visiting France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland. He improved his opportunities in perfecting his knowledge of the French language, in visiting localities of historic interest, and in making the acquaintance of illustrious scholars and statesmen. His observations on the French people, as given in a letter to Montague, are worth reading: "Truly, by what I have yet seen, they are the happiest nation in the world. 'Tis not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting."

219. **Fruits of Travel.**— The immediate literary fruits of his travels were a poetical epistle to Lord Halifax, which ranks among his best verses, and "Remarks on Italy," in which his observations are made to illustrate the Roman poets. In his "Letter to Lord Halifax" he gives expression to his delight and enthusiasm in finding himself in the midst of scenes associated with his favorite authors:—

> "Poetic fields encompass me around,
> And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
> For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
> That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
> Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
> And every stream in heavenly numbers flows."

220. **A Fine Hymn.**— Here should be mentioned also one of his best hymns. While sailing along the Italian coast, he encountered a fierce storm. The captain of the ship lost all hope and confessed his sins to a Capuchin friar who happened to be on board. But the young English traveller solaced himself with the reflections embodied in the famous hymn:—

> "When all thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys,

Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

221. **"The Campaign."**— Toward the close of 1703 Addison returned to England and was cordially received by his friends. He was enrolled at the Kit-Kat Club and thus brought into contact with the chief lights of the Whig party. The way was soon opened to a public office.

The battle of Blenheim was fought in 1704, and Godolphin, the Lord Treasurer, wished to have the great victory worthily celebrated in verse. He was referred by Halifax to Addison. The result was "The Campaign," which was received with extraordinary applause both by the minister and the public. Its chief merit is the rejection of extravagant fiction, according to which heroes are represented as mowing down whole squadrons with their single arm, and a recognition of those qualities — energy, sagacity, and coolness in the hour of danger — which made Marlborough really a great commander: —

"'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

This simile of the angel the *Tatler* pronounced "one of the noblest thoughts that ever entered into the heart of man."

222. **State Service.**— From this time on the career of Addison was a brilliant one. In 1704, in grateful recognition of his poem, he received the Excise Commissionership, made vacant by the death of the celebrated John Locke. In 1706 he became

one of the Under-Secretaries of State; and two years later he entered Parliament, where, however, his natural timidity kept him from participating in the debates. In 1709 he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland; and, while residing in that country, he entered upon that department of literature on which his fame chiefly rests, and in which he stands without a rival.

223. **The Tatler.**— Shortly after Steele began the *Tatler* in 1709, he invited Addison's aid as a contributor. The result may be best expressed in Steele's own words: "I fared," he said, "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." The *Tatler* was published three times a week, and, after reaching two hundred and seventy-one numbers, was discontinued Jan. 2, 1711.

224. **The Spectator.**— It was succeeded by the *Spectator,* which appeared six times a week. The first number was issued March 1, 1711, — two months after the discontinuance of the *Tatler.* It was considered at the time a bold undertaking; but the result more than justified the confidence of Steele and Addison, its promoters.

It is made up of an incomparable series of short essays, which have all the interest of fiction and the value of philosophy. They are represented as the productions of an imaginary spectator of the world, a description of whom in the first paper we recognize as a caricature of Addison himself. "Thus I live in the world," it is said, "rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversions of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostili-

ties of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper."

225. **Spirit and Style.**— The plan, it must be perceived, is excellent. Addison wrote about three-sevenths of the six hundred and thirty-five numbers. He poured into them all the wealth of his learning, observation, and genius. The variety is almost endless, but the purpose is always moral. He is a great teacher without being pedantic. His wholesome lessons are so seasoned with playful humor, gentle satire, and honest amiability that they encounter no resistance. Vice becomes ridiculous and virtue admirable. And his style is so easy, graceful, perspicuous, elegant, that it must remain a model for all time. "Give days and nights, sir," said the blunt Dr. Johnson, "to the study of Addison, if you mean to be a good writer, or what is more worth an honest man."

226. **Popularity.**— The *Spectator* created a large constituency, and every number was eagerly waited for. It found a welcome in the coffee-houses and at many a breakfast-table. Its daily circulation was more than three thousand; and when the essays were published in book form, ten thousand copies of each volume were immediately called for, and successive editions were necessary to supply the popular demand.

227. **"Cato."**— In 1713 appeared Addison's tragedy of "Cato," the first four acts of which had been written years before in Italy. It was only at the urgent solicitation of his friends that he consented to its representation on the stage. Its success was astonishing. For a month it was played before crowded houses. Whigs and Tories vied with each other in its praise, applying its incidents and sentiments to current politics. "The Whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap, to show that the satire was unfelt." It was translated into Italian and acted at Florence.

228. **Pope's Defense.**— On its publication, however, its popularity began to abate. It was savagely attacked by Dennis. Addison was too amiable to write a reply. Pope, however, assailed the furious critic, but left the objections to the play in

full force. It is probable that he was more desirous of scourging Dennis than of vindicating Addison. At all events, Addison did not approve of the bitterness of Pope's reply, disclaimed all responsibility for it, and caused Dennis to be informed that whenever he thought fit to answer, he would do it in the manner of a gentleman. Of course Pope was mortified; and it is to this transaction that his dislike of Addison is probably to be traced.

229. **Marriage.**— In 1716, after a long courtship, Addison married Lady Warwick. She was a woman of much beauty, but also of proud and imperious temper. The marriage, it seems, did not add to his happiness. According to Dr. Johnson, the lady married him "on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.'" His domestic infelicity caused him to seek more frequently the pleasures of the coffee-house. His fondness for wine likewise increased.

230. **Secretary of State.**— The year after his marriage he reached the summit of his political career as Secretary of State. But his health soon failed; and after holding office for eleven months, he resigned on a pension of fifteen hundred pounds. His complaint ended in dropsy. A shadow was cast over the last years of his life by a quarrel with Steele, arising from a difference of political views. He died June 17, 1719. His last moments were perfectly serene. To his stepson he said, "See how a Christian can die." His piety was sincere and deep. All nature spoke to him of God; and the Psalmist's declaration that "the heavens declare the glory of God," he wrought into a magnificent hymn:—

> "The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue ethereal sky,
> And spangled heavens, a shining frame
> Their great Original proclaim."

231. **Thackeray's Estimate.**— Speaking of this hymn, Thackeray says: "It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns

to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees; at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly: good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful — a calm death — an immense fame and affection afterward for his happy and spotless name."

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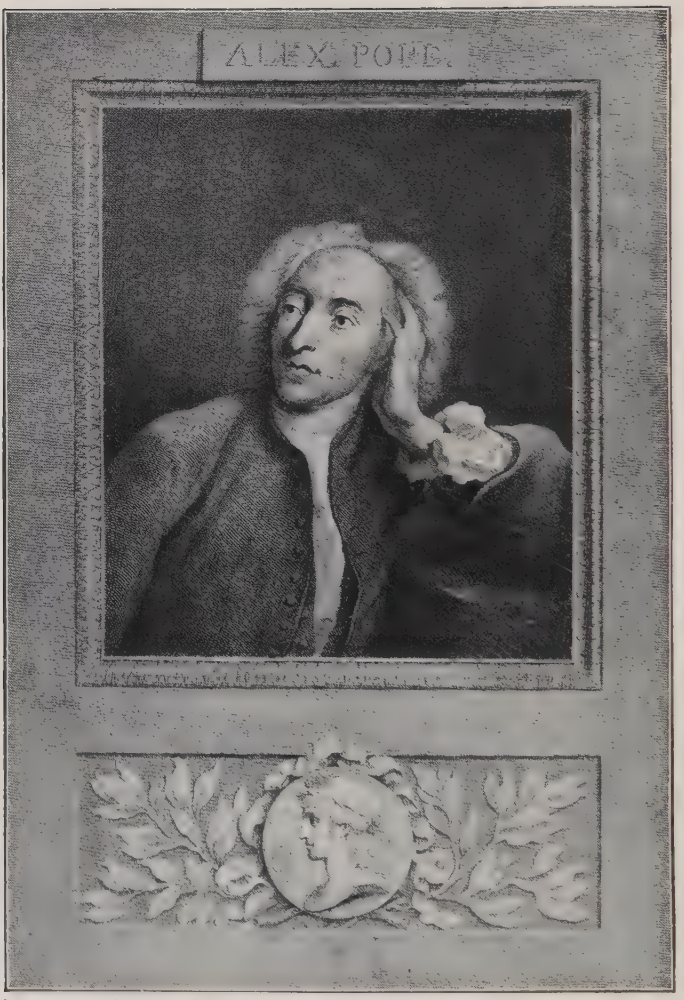
## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Courthope, "Life of Addison" (English Men of Letters); Carruthers, "Pope's Life and Letters"; Johnson, "Lives of the Poets"; Dobson, "Life of Steele"; De Quincey, "Literary Reminiscences"; Thackeray, "English Humorists"; Macaulay, "Essay on Addison."

The points of interest noted in Rome. "Remarks on Italy." A study of Addison's hymns. A review of "The Campaign." An outline of the tragedy of "Cato." A comparison of the "Song for St. Cecilia's Day" with Dryden's ode. Reflections in Westminster Abbey, *Spectator,* No. 26. Critique on the ballad of Chevy Chase, *Spectator,* No. 70. The Vision of Mirza, *Spectator,* No. 159. A review of the "Essay on Criticism," *Spectator,* No. 253. A comparative study of the essays of Addison and Bacon, Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," Part II.

*A number of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers are given among the selections of Part II.*




Engraved by J. Stow after the painting by A. Pond.

A. Pope

## ALEXANDER POPE.

232. **Literary Pre-eminence.**— The greatest literary character of this period is Alexander Pope. In his life we find much to admire and much to condemn; but we cannot deny him the tribute of greatness. With his spiteful temper and habitual artifice, we can have no sympathy; but we recognize in him the power of an indomitable will supported by genius and directed to a single object.

He triumphed over the most adverse circumstances. A lowly birth cut him off from social position; his Roman Catholic faith brought political ostracism; and a dwarfed, sickly, deformed body excluded him from the vocations in which wealth and fame are usually acquired. Yet, in spite of this combination of hostile circumstances, he achieved the highest literary distinction, attracted to him the most eminent men of his day, and associated on terms of equality with the proudest nobility.

233. **Childhood.**— Alexander Pope was born in London in 1688, the memorable year of the Revolution. His father, a Roman Catholic, was a linen merchant; and shortly after the poet's birth he retired with a competent fortune to a small estate at Binfield in Windsor Forest.

Though delicate and deformed, the future poet is represented as having been a sweet-tempered child; and his voice was so agreeable that he was playfully called the "little nightingale." Excluded from the public schools on account of his father's faith, he passed successively under the tuition of three or four Roman Catholic priests, from whom he learned the rudiments of Latin and Greek. In after years he thought it no disadvantage that his education had been irregular; for, as he observed, he read the classic authors, not for the *words* but for the *sense*.

234. **Miscellaneous Reading.**— At the age of twelve he formed a plan of study for himself, and plunged into the de-

lights of miscellaneous reading with such ardor that he came near putting an end to his life. While dipping into philosophy, theology, and history, he delighted most in poetry and criticism; and either in the original or in translations (for he read what was easiest) he familiarized himself with the leading poets and critics of ancient and modern times. But in the strict sense of the term he never became a scholar. Seeing all other avenues of life closed to him, he early resolved to devote himself to poetry, to which no doubt he felt the intuitive impulse of genius. He showed remarkable precocity in rhyme. In his own language, —

> "As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
> I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

235. **Poetic Apprenticeship.**— He was encouraged in his early attempts by his father, who assigned him subjects, required frequent revisions, and ended with the encouragement, "These are good rhymes." Before venturing before the public as an author, he served a long and remarkable apprenticeship to poetry. Whenever a passage in any foreign author pleased him, he turned it into English verse. Before the age of fifteen he composed an epic of four thousand lines, in which he endeavored, in different passages, to imitate the beauties of Milton, Cowley, Spenser, Statius, Homer, Virgil, Ovid and Claudian. "My first taking to imitating" he says, "was not out of vanity, but humility. I saw how defective my own things were, and endeavored to mend my manner by copying good strokes from others."

Among English authors he fixed upon Dryden as his model, for whom he felt so great a veneration that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house frequented by that distinguished poet. "Who does not wish," asks Johnson, "that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?"

236. **Wise Counselors.**— His earliest patron, if such he may be called, was Sir William Trumbull, who, after serving as ambassador at Constantinople under James II., and as Secretary of State under William III., had withdrawn from public

service and fixed his residence in the neighborhood of Binfield. The extraordinary precocity of the youthful poet delighted the aged statesman, who was accustomed to ride and discuss the classics with him. It was from him that Pope received the first suggestion to translate the "Iliad."

Another acquaintance belonging to this youthful period was William Walsh, a Worcestershire gentleman of fortune, who had some reputation at the time as a poet and critic. From him the ambitious youth received a bit of advice which has become famous. "We have had several great poets," he said, "but we have never had one great poet who was correct; and I advise you to make that your study and aim." This advice Pope evidently laid to heart.

237. **First Great Work.**— The first great work that Pope produced was the "Essay on Criticism," which was published in 1711. It was written two years previously, when the author was but twenty-one years of age. As was his custom with all his writings, he kept it by him in order to revise and polish it.

It shows a critical power and soundness of judgment that usually belong only to age and experience. It is true that the critical principles he lays down are not original or novel. At this time Pope had his head full of critical literature. Horace's "Ars Poetica" and Boileau's "L'Art Poétique" were perfectly familiar to him, to say nothing of Quintilian and Aristotle. He embodied in his poem the principles he found in his authorities. But he did this with such felicity of expression and aptness of illustration as to win the admiration, not only of his contemporaries, but also of succeeding generations.

238. **Defects.**— But the poem is not without its faults. It would be too much to expect that; for, as he says,—

> "Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

Its extreme conciseness renders it obscure in places; words are sometimes used in a vague and variable sense; and there is a noticeable poverty of rhymes, "wit" and "sense" and "fools" being badly overworked. Yet, if he had written nothing else,

this production alone would have given him a high rank as critic and poet.

239. **Literary Feuds.**— The publication of the "Essay" was the beginning of a ceaseless strife with contemporary writers. In the following lines the youthful poet had the temerity to attack Dennis, whose acquaintance we made in the sketch of Addison: —

> "But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
> And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
> Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry."

This graphic picture inflamed the belligerent Dennis, and he made a bitter personal attack upon Pope, of whom, among other savage things, he says: "He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been of Grecian parents, and his father consequently had by law had the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems — the life of half a day."

240. **A Brilliant Mock-heroic.**— The next important production of Pope was "The Rape of the Lock," published in 1712. It is the most brilliant mock-heroic poem ever written. The subject is trifling enough. Lord Petre, a man of fashion at the court of Queen Anne, playfully cut off a lock of hair from the head of Miss Arabella Fermor, a beautiful maid of honor. This freedom was resented by the lady, and the friendly intercourse of the two families was interrupted. To put the two parties into good humor, and thus to effect a reconciliation, Pope devised this humorous epic. Sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders form a part of the delicate machinery. Here is a description of the unfortunate lock: —

> "This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
> Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
> In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
> With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
> Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
> And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.

With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

241. **Translation of Iliad.**— In 1713 Pope undertook the translation of Homer's "Iliad." The work was published by subscription; and as he had already gained recognition as the first poet of his time, the enterprise met with generous encouragement. Among other influential friends, Swift was active in securing subscriptions. At first the poet was appalled at the magnitude of his undertaking, and wished, to use his own phrase, that somebody would hang him. But facility increased with practice; and his defective knowledge of Greek was remedied by the use of translations and the aid of scholarly friends.

This translation, in connection with the "Odyssey," was his principal labor for twelve years, and it brought a remuneration that had never before been realized by an English author. He received altogether about eight thousand pounds, which furnished him with a competency the rest of his life. The translation is wrought out with exceeding care; but in its artificial character, it is far from reproducing the simplicity of the original. It brings Homer before us in a dress-suit. Bentley's criticism was exactly to the point: "It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." Yet it is a wonderful work; and Johnson was not far wrong when he said, "It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen, and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning."

242. **Satire on Addison.**— In the sketch of Addison reference was made to the ill-feeling existing between the illustrious essayist and Pope. It came to an open rupture in connection with the publication of the "Iliad." Tickell, a friend of Addison's, undertook a rival translation. He had Addison's encouragement and perhaps also his assistance. It is possible that the essayist felt some jealousy of the rising reputation of the poet, and used his influence, in a civil way, to depreciate the latter's work. At all events, news of this sort came to Pope; and "the

next day," he says, "while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behavior of his; that if I was to speak severely of him, in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him, himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner." He then added what has since become the famous satire on Addison, in which the lack of justice is made up by brilliancy of wit: —

"Peace to all such; but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise,
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer;
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike,
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause,
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise; —
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

243. **At Twickenham.**— After becoming independent from the proceeds of his Homeric translations, Pope removed to the villa of Twickenham, where he spent the remainder of his life. Here he received his friends, who were among the most polished men of the time. Gay, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Peterborough, Swift, were all warmly attached to him — "the most

brilliant company of friends," says Thackeray, "that the world has ever seen."

244. **Filial Piety.**— We should not forget the filial piety he showed his parents — one of the most beautiful features of the poet's life. However spiteful, acrimonious, and exacting toward others, to his mother he was always tender, considerate, patient. In her old age he stayed by her, denying himself the pleasure of long visits and foreign travel. While conventionally courteous and formal in his relations to other women, for whom, after the fashion of the time, he seemed to entertain no high opinion, he was simple and unaffected toward her. And when she died, he spoke of her with peculiar tenderness: "I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even enviable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painter drew."

245. **"The Dunciad."**— As soon as Homer was off his hands, he proceeded to get even with the critics who had attacked his previous writings. The result was the "Dunciad," the most elaborate satirical performance in our language, which was given to the public in 1728.

We cannot think that, as he claims, his object was "doing good" by exposing ignorant and pretentious authors; from what we know of his character, we are justified in supposing that personal pique animated him no less than zeal for the honor of literature. Theobald, whose grievous offence was surpassing Pope in editing Shakespeare, is elevated to the throne of Dulness, though he is afterward deposed to make place for Cibber.

The satire had the desired effect; it blasted the characters it touched. One of the victims complained that for a time he was in danger of starving, as the publishers had no longer any confidence in his ability. The poem is not interesting as a whole, but contains many splendid flights, as in the concluding lines, which describe the eclipse of learning and morality under the darkening reign of advancing Dulness.

246. **The "Essay on Man."**— The "Essay on Man," his noblest work, appeared in 1733. It consists of four "Epistles":

the first treats of man in relation to the universe; the second, in relation to himself; the third, in relation to society; and the fourth, in relation to happiness. The "Epistles" are addressed to Bolingbroke, by whom the "Essay" was suggested, and from whom many of its principles proceeded. It is not so much a treatise on man as on the moral government of the world. Its general purpose is to —

"Vindicate the ways of God to man."

This is done by an application of the principles of natural religion to the origin of evil, the wisdom of the Creator, and the constitution of the world. But, as a whole, the "Essay" does not present a consistent and logical system of teaching. Pope was not master of the deep theme he had undertaken; and he was content to pick up in various authors whatever he could fit into his general plan.

247. **Last Illness.**— Pope died in 1744. A few days before his death he became delirious. On recovering his rationality, he referred to his delirium as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man. Bolingbroke was told that during his last illness Pope was always saying something kind of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding. "It has so," replied the statesman; "and I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind."

As the end drew near, Pope was asked whether a priest should not be called. He replied, "I do not think it essential, but it will be very right; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it." He had undoubting confidence in a future state. Shortly after receiving the sacrament, he said: "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue." He lies buried at Twickenham.

248. **Personal Appearance.**— In appearance he was the most insignificant of English writers. He was a dwarf, four feet high, hunch-backed, and so crooked that he was called the "Interrogation Point." His life was one long disease. He required help in dressing and undressing; and to keep erect, he had

to encase his body in stays. Extremely sensitive to cold, he wore three or four times the usual amount of clothing. But his face was pleasing, his voice agreeable, and his eyes especially were beautiful and expressive. He was fastidious in dress and elegant in manner. As might naturally be expected, he was punctilious and troublesome, requiring so much attention that he was the dread of servants. Fond of highly seasoned dishes, and unable to control his appetite, he frequently made himself sick by overeating.

249. **Traits of Character.**— He was singularly lacking in manly frankness, seeking always to attain his ends by artifice. It was said of him that he hardly drank tea without stratagem: and Lady Bolingbroke used to say that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips." But he carried his artifice to higher matters and manipulated his correspondence and his writings in the interest of his reputation.

His character was full of contradictions. While professing to disregard fame, he courted it; while affecting superiority to the great, he took pleasure in enumerating the men of high rank among his acquaintances; while appearing indifferent to his own poetry, saying that he wrote when "he just had nothing else to do," he was always revolving some poetical scheme in his head, so that, as Swift complained, he was never at leisure for conversation; and while pretending insensibility to censure, he writhed under the attacks of critics. Yet it is to his credit that he never put up his genius to the highest bidder, and that he never indulged in base flattery for selfish ends. His translation of the "Iliad" he dedicated, not to influential statesmen or titled nobility, but to the second-rate dramatist, Congreve. In his view of life he fixed his attention upon its petty features, forgetting the divine and eternal relations that give it dignity and worth.

250. **Estimate of his Genius.**— As a poet, it is too much to claim that his verses attained the highest imaginative flights, such as we find in Shakespeare and Tennyson. He was not swayed by the fine frenzy, the overmastering convictions, and the tormenting passions that irresistibly force an utterance. He conformed his writings to a conventional form. He sought

above all, in imitation of classical models, correctness of style. And, in the words of James Russell Lowell, "in his own province he still stands unapproachably alone. If to be the greatest satirist of individual men, rather than of human nature, if to be the highest expression which the life of the court and the ballroom has ever found in verse, if to have added more phrases to our language than any other but Shakespeare, if to have charmed four generations, make a man a great poet — then he is one. He was the chief founder of an artificial style of writing, which in his hands was living and powerful, because he used it to express artificial modes of thinking and an artificial state of society. Measured by any high standard of imagination, he will be found wanting; tried by the test of wit, he is unrivalled."

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Carruthers, "Pope's Life and Letters"; Stephen, "Life of Pope," (English Men of Letters); Johnson, "Lives of the Poets"; Thackeray, "English Humorists"; Lowell, "My Study Windows."

A review of the "Rape of the Lock." A critique of Pope's translation of Homer, Stephen, "Life of Pope," ch. III., and Matthew Arnold, "On Translating Homer." Had Pope sufficient grounds for satirizing Addison? Stephen, "Life of Pope," ch. II.; Macaulay, "Essay on Addison"; Courthope, "Life of Addison," ch. VII. Some characterizations from "The Dunciad." A collection of choice passages from the "Essay on Man." A comparison of the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" with that of Dryden. Johnson's famous parallel between Pope and Dryden, "Lives of the Poets."

*The "Essay on Criticism" will be found among the selections of Part II.*

# AGE OF JOHNSON.

## PRINCIPAL WRITERS.

ORATORS.— Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816). Orator, politician, and dramatist. Pitt said of his speech in the trial of Warren Hastings, "that it surpasses all the eloquence of ancient or modern times." Two of his dramas, "The Rivals" (1775) and "The School for Scandal" (1777), take high rank.

Edmund Burke (1730–1797). Orator, statesman, and author. His principal works are his "Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful" (1756) and his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" (1790). (See Text.)

HISTORIANS.— David Hume (1711–1776). Historian and philosopher. Author of "Essays Moral and Political" (1741), "Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding" (1748), "History of England" (1754–1762), etc. (See Text.)

William Robertson (1721–1793). Clergyman and historian. Author of "History of Scotland" (1759), "History of Charles V." (1769), and "History of America" (1777). (See Text.)

Edward Gibbon (1737–1794). Author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" (1776–1788), etc. (See Text.)

POETS.—Mark Akenside (1721–1771). His principal book is his "Pleasures of the Imagination" (1744), suggested by Addison's essay on the same subject in the *Spectator*.

Thomas Gray (1716–1771). His poem "A Distant Prospect of Eton College" (1742) attracted attention. His best-known poem is the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" (1750). "Progress of Poesy" (1755) and "The Bard," which was not completed, are his other productions. One of the most artistic of English poets.

William Collins (1721–1759. A lyrical poet of fine genius. His volume of "Odes," published in 1747, fell still-born from the press. His "Ode on the Death of Thomson," "Ode to Evening," and "Ode on the Passions" are excellent poems.

George Crabbe (1754–1832). His principal poem is "The Village" (1783). He was Augustan in the form of his poetry, using the rhymed couplet, but modern in spirit. Byron calls him "Nature's sternest painter, but the best."

James Beattie (1735–1803). "The Minstrel," his best poem, appeared, the first part in 1771, and the second part in 1774. It is written in Spenserian stanza and marks the transition from the artificial to the natural school. (See Text.)

William Shenstone (1714–1763). "The Schoolmistress" (1742) is a poem in Spenserian verse, belonging to the rising romantic school. It describes a village school.

William Cowper (1731–1800). A poet marking the transition from the artificial to the natural school. Author of the ballad of "John Gilpin," a series of moral satires — "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Table Talk," etc. — and "The Task,' his greatest work. Famous also as a letter-writer.

Miscellaneous.— Thomas Warton (1728–1790). Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and author of a "History of English Poetry" (1781), extending to the early part of the seventeenth century.

Thomas Percy (1729-1811). Bishop, and author of "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." (See Text.)

James Boswell (1740–1795). Friend of Dr. Johnson, noting that great writer's speech and actions. His "Life of Dr. Johnson" (1791) is regarded as one of the best biographies ever written.

Horace Walpole (1717–1797). Earl of Oxford, and author of "The Castle of Otranto" (1765), written in an extravagant romantic style, and "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III." (1768).

Adam Smith (1723–1790). Political economist, and author of "The Wealth of Nations" (1776), a widely influential book, laying the foundations of a national political economy.

## GREAT REPRESENTATIVE WRITERS.

Samuel Johnson. Oliver Goldsmith. Robert Burns.

## VI.

## AGE OF JOHNSON.

(1745—1800.)

251. **Why so Called.**— The course of English literature is marked by a succession of rises and descents. Notwithstanding the presence of a few writers of marked excellence, the period under consideration is one of literary decadence. Old influences were giving place to new. This period is named after Johnson, the great literary dictator, simply as a matter of convenience. While he was the centre of an influential literary group for many years, and the most picturesque and commanding literary figure of his time, other and mightier influences were at work, giving a new tone and direction to literature.

252. **A Period of Transition.**— In great measure Johnson bore the impress of the preceding period. In his poetry he is coldly classical; and in part, at least, of his prose, he is an imitator of Addison. The real characteristic of this second half of the eighteenth century is transition. By the side of the literary forms and canons of the age of Pope, there arose a new kind of writing distinguished by a return to nature. Artificial poetry had already been carried to its utmost limits; and if literature was to reach a higher excellence, it was obliged to assume a new form. And to this it was urged by the momentous social, political, and religious changes that took place, not only in England, but on the Continent and in America during the latter part of the century.

253. **Social Advancement.**— In their onward course mankind made a marked advance. In social and political relations the rights of men were more clearly recognized, and the brotherhood of mankind began to affect existing customs and institutions. As in all great forward movements of the world, a variety of causes coöperated in bringing about great changes.

Unwilling hands often played an important part. The stupidity and obstinacy of George III. and some of his ministers hastened the formal declaration of those principles of liberty which mark a new era in civil government.

254. **Democratic Tendencies.**— A strong tendency of the age was crystallized in the Declaration of Independence. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," said the wise and courageous representatives of the American colonists, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." This solemn declaration sounded the knell of absolutism in the world. It is a political gospel that is destined to leaven the whole lump.

But how came the American colonists to a recognition of the weighty truths embodied in this declaration? They simply voiced the growing spirit of the age. The greater diffusion of knowledge had opened the eyes of men to a better perception of truth. The force of custom and prejudice was, in a measure, broken. The claims of superiority set up by privileged classes were seen to be baseless, and injustice and oppression in the state were discerned and denounced.

255. **Growing Intelligence.**— In England there was a noteworthy advance in popular intelligence. Remarkable inventions in the mechanic arts placed new power in the hands of the producing classes. The use of coal in smelting iron; the opening of canals throughout England; the invention of the spinning-jenny and power-loom; the perfecting of the steam-engine with its wide application to manufacturing purposes — all this brought people together in large communities, greatly raised the average intelligence, and established the industrial supremacy of England.

Printing-presses were set up in every town; circulating libraries were opened; newspapers were multiplied; and monthly magazines and reviews fostered the general intelligence that called them into being. The proceedings of Parliament were

regularly published and naturally became the subject of discussion in every club-room and at many a hearthstone. The first great English journals — the *Morning Chronicle,* the *Morning Post,* and the *Times* — date from this period.

256. **Improved Moral Tone.**— The moral and religious state of society showed marked improvement. The Wesleyan revival had rendered the fox-hunting clergyman an impossibility. Grossness gave way to decorum in life. Indecency was almost wholly banished from the stage and from literature. This happy change is illustrated in an incident told us by Sir Walter Scott. His grandaunt assured him that, when led by curiosity to turn over the pages of a novel in which she had delighted in her youth, she was astonished to find that, sitting alone at the age of eighty, she was unable to read without shame a book which sixty years before she had heard read out for amusement in large circles, consisting of the best society in London.

257. **Altruistic Movements.**— This improved moral tone was not restricted to sentiment. One of the noble features of this period was the active efforts to improve the condition of the unfortunate and the oppressed. The slave-trade, which Englishmen had long made a source of profitable commerce, was abolished. Hospitals were established. Howard, by his noble enthusiasm and incessant labors, secured a reform in prison discipline. Robert Raikes of Gloucester established the Sunday-school, which for England was the beginning of popular education.

258. **England a World-power.**— With the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, England entered upon her career as a world-power. She ceased, in large measure, to be a rival of Germany or France. By the treaty of Paris, in 1763, Canada and the Mississippi Valley were ceded to England, and the future of America as an English-speaking nation was secured. Through the fearless explorations of Cook, numerous islands in the Pacific, including Australia, were added to the domain of England. The victory of Plassey, in 1757, laid the foundation of English supremacy in India. England was felt to be, to use the words of Burke, "but part of a great empire, extended by

our virtue and our fortune to the farthest limits of the east and the west."

259. **Effects on Literature.**— The inevitable result of all these conditions was an increasing sense of power, a greater breadth of view, and especially a clearer recognition of the rights of men. The foundations were laid for a vigorous literature, but the completed results were not to appear till the succeeding period. A noteworthy feature of the time is the predominance of prose. Poetry retires somewhat into the background; fancy gives place to reason. It was a practical age, largely absorbed in material advancement and political and social reform.

260. **Brilliant Oratory.**— The period of Johnson was brilliant in its oratory. The world has never seen a group of greater orators than Pitt, Fox, Chatham, Sheridan, Burke. Great questions of government presented themselves for consideration and action. Through the activity of the press, eloquence was no longer bounded by the halls of Parliament, but extended to the limits of the kingdom. Much of the eloquence of the time is imperishable. The principles of human liberty, of sound political economy, and of manly integrity have never had better utterance. "Sir," exclaimed Pitt, after the passage of the Stamp Act had aroused resistance, "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three million of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest."

261. **Edmund Burke.**— The most prominent figure in this group of orators was Edmund Burke. "I have learned more from him," exclaimed Fox in a burst of admiration, "than from all the books I ever read." To philosophical depth Burke added the glow of imagination; and to vast resources of fact, he joined the warmth of ardent feeling. His grasp of principles and his expression of lofty sentiment give a permanent value to his masterful speeches. Though he sometimes wearied his auditors by his profundity and length, his efforts at their best have the immortality that belongs to the orations of his master Cicero. Among his many able speeches, that on "Conciliation with America" is usually regarded as the best.

262. **His Authorship.**— But Burke was an author as well as orator. In 1756 he wrote an "Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful," which, though highly esteemed in its day, has been superseded by later works on art criticism. In 1770 appeared his "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents," which is an elevated, philosophical discussion of existing political conditions. His most important work is his "Reflections on the French Revolution." It was a passionate arraignment of the revolutionary movement. "Its appeal to the passions, its cruel force and wit," says Gosse, "its magnificent, direct incentive to reaction, all these gave the 'Reflections' an amazing interest to those who had just witnessed, with bewilderment, the incomprehensible and unexampled progress of events in France. Upon all the trembling kings of Europe, upon the exiles on the Rhine especially, the book fell like rain after a long drought."

263. **Three Great Historians.**— During the period before us, historical writing attained an excellence that has scarcely been surpassed. There arose three great historians who brought to their narratives philosophical insight and a finished excellence of style. Among the historians of the world, there are few greater names than Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.

(1). **David Hume.**— Hume very early developed a passion for literature, which continued through life his ruling purpose and chief enjoyment. His earlier publications — a "Treatise on Human Nature" and his "Philosophical Essays"— slowly gained recognition. His sceptical and philosophical views were attacked. The sale of his works increased. But he never allowed himself to be drawn into controversy. "I had a fixed resolution," he says, "which I inflexibly maintained, never to reply to anybody; and not being very irascible in my temper, I have easily kept myself clear of literary squabbles. These symptoms of a rising reputation gave me encouragement, as I was ever more disposed to see the favorable than the unfavorable side of things; a turn of mind which is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year."

**"History of England."**— In 1751 he removed from the country to Edinburgh, where the most of his subsequent life was spent. Here he soon began his "History of England," the

work that has given him a permanent place in English literature. The successive volumes appeared at intervals between 1754 and 1762. At first coldly received, it gradually forced itself into notice and became the source of a considerable income. It is characterized by great clearness and elegance of narrative, but is not always trustworthy and judicial in its conclusions. His judgment was sometimes warped by his sceptical and Tory prejudices. Macaulay pronounces him "an accomplished advocate."

(2). **William Robertson.**— William Robertson, like Hume, early manifested a strong literary enthusiasm and ambition. In 1741 he entered the ministry; and while endearing himself to his people by his kindness, fidelity and eloquence, he employed his leisure in historical researches. In 1759 he published his "History of Scotland," which met with instantaneous success. Fourteen editions were called for during the author's life, and the work has taken permanent rank as a standard history.

**Other Great Works.**— In 1762 Robertson was elected Principal of the University of Edinburgh; but the cares of his new office did not silence his pen. After nine years of labor, he published his "History of Charles V.," which was everywhere received with great applause. "It is to you and Mr. Hume," wrote Voltaire, "that it belongs to write history. You are eloquent, learned, and impartial. I unite with Europe in esteeming you." The work was translated into French; and the remuneration received by the author is said to have been no less than four thousand pounds. Though hostile critics pointed out many inaccuracies of a minor character, the work retains its place as a splendid contribution to our historical literature.

Robertson concluded his series of splendid historical works with his "History of the Discovery and Settlement of America." His style is one of equable dignity. His integrity as a narrator is beyond all question. "In arranging and linking together into one harmonious whole the scattered parts of his subject," says a biographer, "he is eminently happy; and in delineating characters, manners, and scenery, in making vividly present to the mind that which he describes, he has few rivals and no superiors."

(3.) **Edward Gibbon.**— Edward Gibbon was unquestionably the greatest of this triumvirate of historians. His fame rests almost exclusively on his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," to which he devoted twenty laborious years. He was admirably equipped by nature and culture for this vast undertaking. He had a natural bent for historic investigation. Along with a wide sweep of intellect, he had a genius for minute investigation. He had a strong artistic sense, which enabled him to marshal in due order and proportion the vast multitude of details. His methodical habits of study made him master of all available sources of information. Except when Christianity comes under review, he is exceedingly judicious in weighing evidence and forming conclusions. In treating of Christianity, the hostility imbibed from the school of Voltaire instantly betrays him into fallacy or unfairness.

**Stately Dignity of Style.**— The style of "The Decline and Fall" is remarkable for its stately dignity. It has been characterized as "copious, splendid, elegantly rounded, distinguished by supreme artificial skill." It is enriched by suggestive epithets. With a less magnificent subject, the style must have been condemned as false or even ridiculous. But no grander theme ever engaged historian's pen. Mighty movements appear in succession upon the broad historic canvas — the triumph of Christianity, the invasions of the barbarians, the development of the papal power, the rise of Mohammedanism, the religious enthusiasm of the crusades, the fall of Constantinople and the extinction of the empire of the East. It was but natural that the historian's soul should be elevated by the contemplation of so grand a theme, and that his style should rise into a corresponding dignity and splendor.

264. **Romantic Movement.**— One of the most remarkable phenomena in the literature of recent times is the romantic movement which originated in this period. A similar movement, known as the "Storm and Stress," manifested itself in Germany about the same time. The same tendency followed a little later in France under the leadership of the great Victor Hugo. The romantic movement, which has been defined as liberalism in literature, is a reaction against the classicism of the

age of Queen Anne. It is a breaking away from authority and a return to nature. It manifested itself in two particulars: first, a greater freedom in literary form; and, second, in a return to the past, particularly to an idealized age of chivalry in the Middle Ages. The rhymed couplet began to give place to blank verse, the Spenserian stanza, and the varied lyrical forms of the Elizabethan era. In criticism, fiction and poetry there was an evident turning to the past.

265. **Turning to the Past.**— In 1765 Bishop Percy published his "Reliques of English Poetry," a collection of old ballads that proved little less than an epoch-making book. The stirring force of these ballads, which sprang directly from the hearts of the people, increased dissatisfaction with the coldness of classical models. Thomas Warton's "History of English Poetry," published between 1774 and 1781, revealed the treasures of earlier English literature. In 1765 Horace Walpole laid the foundation of the modern romantic novel with his "Castle of Otranto," a wild extravagant story of "miracles, necromancy, dreams, and other preternatural evils believed in during the Middle Ages." Two remarkable forgeries, which gave rise to much discussion in their day, were associated with the romantic tendency. The first was the "Poems of Ossian," put forth by James Macpherson in 1762 as a translation of a Gaelic bard of the third century. The other was the "Rowley Poems," written by a marvellous boy of seventeen, Thomas Chatterton, and purporting to be the work of a priest of the fifteenth century.

266. **Interest in Man.**— Two other characteristics are to be noted in the poetry of this period. The first is the new interest in man, apart from class or rank. There is a new appreciation of the worth and dignity of human nature. This fact may be regarded as one of the manifestations of the democratic tendency of the age. In his famous "Elegy," Gray celebrates —

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

Goldsmith dwells on the various phases of humble life in "The Deserted Village"; and Burns, filled with the rising spirit of democracy, exclaims,—

"What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine —
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that."

267. **Love of Nature.**— Nature, likewise, appears in a new relation. Instead of serving exclusively as a background for human interests, it is loved and studied for its own sake. Rural scenes and country life are frequently depicted. This tendency began, as we have seen, with Thomson's "Seasons." But his descriptions, though often minute and admirable, were too systematic and cold. He seems to have studied nature as a self-imposed task rather than from the drawings of a sympathetic love. In the "Minstrel" of James Beattie, published in 1771, we first meet with descriptions of nature in the spirit of Wordsworth and more recent writers. The minstrel boy "knew great Nature's charms to prize."

"And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost —
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapor, tossed
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed,
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound;
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!"

The same love of nature, as we shall see, is found in Goldsmith, and Burns.

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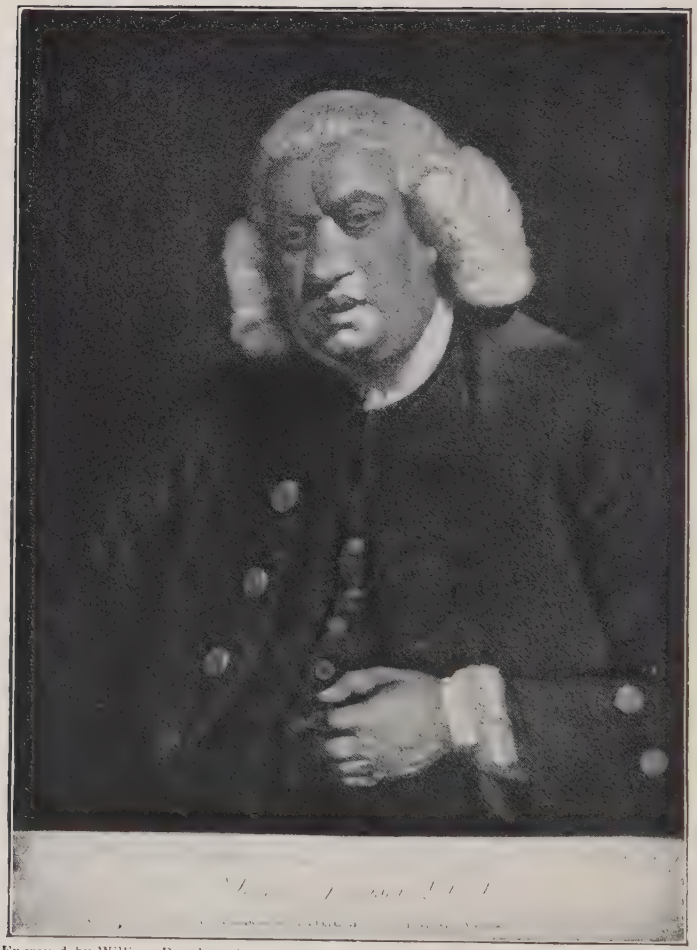
## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Social conditions in England, Green, "History of the English People," vol. iv., pp. 272–308. Nature of the Romantic movement, Phelps, "Beginning of the English Romantic Movement."

The plot of Sheridan's "School for Scandal." An analysis of Burke's "Conciliation with the Colonies" (Syle's edition, Sibley & Co.). Gibbon's early love, Howell's edition of the "Autobiography," pp. 117–119. The concluding reflections of the "Autobiography." A comparison of the styles of Burke's "Conciliation" and the first chapter of the "Decline and Fall," Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," Part II.

A study of Gray's poem, "A Distant Prospect of Eton College." A critique of his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." A study of Collins' "Ode to Evening" and "Ode on the Passions." (For the last three subjects, consult Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," chs. vii–ix.) Graphic scenes from Cowper's "The Winter Evening" and "the Winter Morning Walk." The story of John Gilpin. A review of Macpherson's "Ossian." Romantic elements in Crabbe's "The Village." A comparative study of the styles of the three great historians, Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism."



Engraved by William Doughty after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, London. Published 1793.

Sam. Johnson.

## SAMUEL JOHNSON.

268. **A Piece of Rugged Manhood.**— There is no other English author with whom we are so intimately acquainted. Through the hero-worship of his biographer Boswell, we are permitted to see and hear him as he appeared in the circle of his most intimate friends. We get close to the man as he actually was. We know his prejudices, foibles, and peculiarities; and strange to say, this minute acquaintance does not lessen, but increases our admiration and love. He was a piece of rugged Alpine manhood. But his towering greatness was softened by a benevolence that never failed to reach out a helping hand to the needy; and his brusqueness of manner was relieved by an integrity of character that scorned every form of hypocrisy. In the midst of so much pettiness and cant it is delightful to contemplate his sturdy uprightness and independence; as Carlyle said of Luther, "A true son of nature and fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to Heaven."

269. **Peculiarities.**— His peculiarities of person and manner are well known. He was ponderous in body as in intellect. A scrofulous affection, for which Queen Anne had laid royal hands upon him, had disfigured his face, and also tinged his mind, perhaps, with whim and melancholy. He had a rolling walk, and made it a habit to touch the posts as he passed. His appetite for tea was enormous; and he ate with an absorbing interest that might properly be called ravenous. His sight was defective; but when Reynolds painted him with a pen held close to his eye, he protested that he did not want to descend to posterity as "blinking Sam." He was singularly insensible to music; and when a musical performance was praised as being difficult, he simply said that he wished it had been impossible. After he had published his dictionary he was once with

a friend at the top of a hill. "I haven't had a roll for a long time," said the great lexicographer; and, emptying his pockets, he stretched himself on the ground, turning over and over, like a barrel, till he reached the bottom.

270. **In Conversation.**— But in spite of physical defects and eccentric manners, he dominated, by the sheer force of genius, the most brilliant club of London and became the most imposing literary figure of his age. In conversation he was ready and eloquent, though apt to bear down an opponent by mere vociferation or savage personality. "There is no arguing with Johnson," said Goldsmith; "for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it." He looked upon conversation as an intellectual wrestling and delighted in it as a skilled and powerful athlete. "That fellow," he once said when sick, "calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me."

271. **Early Years.**— Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield in 1709, the son of a bookseller of considerable ability and reputation. As a boy he was fond of athletic exercises, in which he excelled; and he possessed a constitutional fearlessness that made him a natural leader. At the grammar school of his native town he acquired the rudiments of Latin under a stern discipline. Though he afterward complained of the severity of his teachers, he remained a believer in the virtues of the rod. "A child that is flogged," he said, "gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundations of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

272. **At the University.**— He left school at sixteen and spent the next two years at home, probably learning his father's business. He continued his studies, became a good Latin scholar, and accumulated large stores of general information. He was a voracious reader. In 1728 he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, with an unusual store of knowledge. He suffered from poverty, and at the end of three years he left the university without taking a degree. Attacks of melancholy sometimes drove him to the verge of insanity.

When reminded in after years that he had been "a gay and frolicsome fellow," he replied: "Ah, sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority." In his poverty he remained proud; and when a new pair of shoes was placed at his door by some benevolent person, he ungraciously flung them away.

273. **Marriage.**— In 1731 he left the university to make his way in the world. For the next thirty years his life was a constant struggle with poverty and hardship. Though of a deeply religious nature, he did not turn to the church for a living. He tried teaching, and failed. At the age of twenty-six he married a fat, gaudy widow of forty-eight. To Johnson's defective sight she always remained a "pretty creature," while she had discernment enough to see the worth and ability of her husband. Though his declaration, that "it was a love match on both sides," is apt to meet with some incredulity, the marriage did not prove an unhappy one, and there is something pathetic in the tenderness with which he always referred to her.

274. **Days of Trial.**— In 1737 he went to London with three or four guineas and half of the tragedy of "Irene" in his pocket. Literature at this time did not offer an inviting field. It generally meant poorly paid hack-work for publishers. Long afterward, in recalling the trials of this period, Johnson burst into tears. One of the publishers to whom he applied for work advised him, after surveying his athletic frame, to get a "porter's knot and carry trunks." He was often in want of food, clothes, and lodging. In these days of precarious livelihood he was befriended by Harry Hervey, toward whom he ever afterward cherished a lively sense of gratitude. "Harry Hervey," he said shortly before his death, "was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him."

Notwithstanding his dependent condition, he did not become obsequious. His feeling of manly independence and

self-respect never deserted him. He was employed once by Osborne to make a catalogue of the Harleian Library. Reproved by his employer in an offensive manner for negligence, Johnson knocked him down with a huge Greek folio.

275. **Parliamentary Reports.**—The year after his arrival in London, we find him at work on the *Gentleman's Magazine,* a periodical of wide circulation. His most important contributions were his reports of the proceedings of Parliament, which the publisher, as a measure of precaution, sent forth as "Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput." He was furnished with notes, generally meagre and inaccurate; and on these as a basis it was his business to write the speeches. He did the work marvellously well. Many years afterward one of Pitt's speeches was pronounced superior to anything in Demosthenes. Johnson replied, "I wrote that speech in a garret in Exeter Street." When his impartiality was once praised in a friendly company, he answered with charming frankness, "That is not quite true; I saved appearances pretty well, but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it."

276. **A Satire.**— In 1738 appeared a poem entitled "London," an imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. It met with a favorable reception; and though it brought the author only ten guineas in money, it served to direct attention to him as a man of genius. It was published anonymously; but Pope declared on reading it that the author could not long remain concealed. Its general theme is found in the following lines, which were written doubtless with all the conviction of bitter experience: —

> "This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
> Slow rises worth by poverty depressed;
> But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold;
> Where looks are merchandise and smiles are sold;
> Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implored,
> The groom retails the favors of his lord."

277. **A Biography.**— Another work appearing in 1744 added much to Johnson's reputation. One of his Grub Street

acquaintances was Richard Savage, a man of noble birth but profligate life. In spite of an insolent manner, he was of agreeable companionship and wide experience. He had passed through great vicissitudes of fortune; and on his death, Johnson wrote his life in a masterly manner. "No finer specimen of literary biography," says Macaulay, "existed in any language, living or dead." It had the effect of pretty well establishing Johnson's fame.

278. **Dictionary.**— In 1747 he was applied to by several eminent book-sellers to prepare a "Dictionary of the English Language." The remuneration agreed upon was fifteen hundred guineas. The plan was issued and addressed to Lord Chesterfield, the most polished man of his time. This distinguished lord had at one time given the burly scholar encouragement; but repelled at last by his boorishness of manner, he had politely shaken him off.

After seven years of drudgery Johnson brought his work to a close. In hopes of having it dedicated to himself, Chesterfield took occasion to recommend it in two letters published in the *World,* a periodical to which men of rank and fashion frequently contributed. The proud scholar was not to be appeased; and his reply was terrific — "the far-famed blast of doom proclaiming into the ear of Lord Chesterfield," says Carlyle, "and through him of the listening world, that patronage should be no more."

Johnson defined a lexicographer as a "harmless drudge." This is fairly descriptive of the nature of his work, which consisted in collecting, defining, and illustrating all the words of the language. Judged by present high standards, the work is defective. Scientific etymology was not yet in existence. But it far surpassed anything before it and was received with enthusiasm by the English people.

279. **"Vanity of Human Wishes."**— Johnson's energies were not wholly expended on the drudgery of the "Dictionary." In 1749 he published another imitation of Juvenal, entitled the "Vanity of Human Wishes." It is written with much vigor, and in passages surpasses the original. The vanity of the

warrior's pride is illustrated by Charles XII. of Sweden: —

"He left a name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

To the ambitious scholar he says: —

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end."

280. **Drama of "Irene."**— The poem brought him little besides a growing reputation. A few days after the publication of the "Vanity of Human Wishes" his tragedy of "Irene" was brought upon the stage by Garrick. It was heard with respectful attention. After running nine nights, it was withdrawn, and has never since been acted. "When Johnson writes tragedy," said Garrick, "declamation roars and passion sleeps; when Shakespeare wrote he dipped his pen in his own heart." Johnson took the failure of his tragedy with philosophical calmness. It brought him all together about three hundred pounds, in which no doubt he found substantial consolation.

281. **The Rambler.**— In 1750 he began the publication of the *Rambler*, a periodical resembling the *Spectator*. It appeared twice a week for two years. The range of subjects is wide and interesting. The prevailing tone is serious and moral. Though coldly received at the time of first issue, yet afterward collected into volumes, the papers had an extraordinary circulation. No fewer than ten editions appeared during the author's life.

His style is characterized by an artificial stateliness and a preponderance of Latin words. "I have labored," he says in

the closing paper, "to refine our language to grammatical purity and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its construction and something to the harmony of its cadence." He lacked the delicate touch of Addison. Of his moral aim he says: "The essays professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age." The *Rambler* is a delightful book with which to spend an occasional half hour. It is filled with sober wisdom, and some of the papers are singularly beautiful.

282. **"Rasselas."**— In 1759 Johnson's mother died at Lichfield at the age of ninety. He was still involved in financial troubles. In order to gain money for her funeral expenses, he wrote in a single week the story of "Rasselas." It is his most popular work. Its main theme is announced in the opening sentence: "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow: attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia." The story makes no pretensions to historical accuracy; the Abyssinians brought before us are in reality highly cultivated Europeans. But it is written with Johnson's peculiar eloquence and exhibits fully his moral and reflective temperament.

283. **Pension.**— The year 1762 saw an important change in Johnson's condition. He received a pension of three hundred pounds a year. In his "Dictionary" he had defined a pension as "generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country." Being assured that he did not come within the definition, and that the pension was accorded in recognition of past services, he accepted it after some hesitation. It placed him for the first time in circumstances of independence, and allowed him to indulge his constitutional indolence. He talked at night and slept during

the day, rising at two in the afternoon. "I cannot now curse the House of Hanover," he said in appreciative reference to his pension; "but I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover and drinking King James's Health, all amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

284. **Dominant in the Club.**— No longer driven by necessity, his pen became less busy. His principal influence was exerted through conversation. His colloquial powers were of the highest order. In the Club, which included, among others, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick, he was easily first. The opinion of the Club carried great weight; and for a time his position might be described as literary dictator of England. Meeting the king one day in the royal library, he was asked by his Majesty if he intended to give the world any more of his compositions. "I think I have written enough," said Johnson. "And I should think so too," replied his Majesty, "if you had not written so well"— a compliment of which Johnson was very proud.

285. **"Journey to the Hebrides."**— In 1773 Johnson made a journey to the Hebrides. He was kindly received on his journey through Scotland. His prejudices against the Scotch were softened to a harmless foible. He made inquiries concerning the poems of Ossian. He denounced Macpherson's work as a forgery. Receiving a furious and threatening letter from the author of "Ossian," Johnson replied: "I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian." In anticipation of personal violence, he provided himself with a heavy stick, of which, had occasion offered, he would doubtless have made vigorous use.

The results of this trip are given in a pleasant volume entitled "Journey to the Hebrides." The style is, as usual, elaborate and stately. Writing to an intimate friend from the Hebrides, he says with colloquial ease and pith, "When we were taken upstairs, a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." In the book this incident is translated into his artificial literary style as follows: "Out of

one of the beds on which we were to repose, started up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge."

286. **"Lives of the Poets."**— In 1777 a number of London booksellers decided to publish a collection of English poetry. Johnson was asked to prepare the introductory biographical and critical sketches. The result was his "Lives of the Poets," the work, perhaps, by which he will be longest known. In the judgment of Macaulay it is more interesting than any novel. In many respects it is an admirable production. Without much patient research after biographical material, it gives the leading facts in the life of each poet, together with a masterly analysis of his character and a critical examination of his works. It is less ponderous in style than his earlier writings. That it is independent in judgment goes without saying. His criticisms, always worth attention, are not always just. He was sometimes influenced by his prejudices, as in the case of Milton and Gray; and he attached too much importance to the logical and didactic elements of poetry. He had no ear for the music of poetry; and that subtle, ethereal quality, which raises it above prose, could not be grasped by his clumsy critical principles.

287. **Various Incidents.**— Much of interest in Johnson's life is necessarily omitted: the strange crowd of dependents he maintained at his home; his relation with the Thrales; a great store of interesting anecdote preserved to us by his satellite Boswell. Though for a time oppressed with a dread of death, he met it, as the end drew near, with manly courage. In his last sickness he was visited by many of his old friends. "I am afraid," said Burke, "that so many of us must be oppressive to you."— "No, sir, it is not so," replied Johnson; "and I must be in a wretched state indeed when your company would not be a delight to me."— "You have always been too good to me," said Burke, with a breaking voice, as he parted from his old friend for the last time. Now and then there was a flash of the old vigor and humor. Describing a man who sat up with him, he said: "Sir, the fellow's an idiot; he's as awkward as a turnspit when first put into the wheel, and as sleepy as a dormouse." His last words were a benediction. A young lady

begged his blessing. "God bless you, my dear," he said with infinite tenderness. Nothing could have been more characteristic of his great, benevolent heart. He peacefully died Dec. 13, 1784. He had once playfully said to Goldsmith, when visiting the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey,

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."[1]

The prediction and the wish were fulfilled. And among the wise and great who repose there, there is no one whose massive intellect, honest worth, and great heart command our admiration and love in a higher degree than Samuel Johnson.

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Boswell, "Life of Johnson," Stephen, "Life of Johnson," (English Men of Letters), Grant, "Samuel Johnson," (Great Writers Series), Carlyle, "Boswell's Life of Johnson," Macaulay, "Essay on Johnson."

The story of the drama of "Irene." Justify Garrick's criticism, mentioned in the preceding sketch, by illustrative quotations. A comparison of "London" with the third satire of Juvenal (Bohn). A review of the "Vanity of Human Wishes." Traces of Johnson's prejudice in the sketches of Milton and Gray, "Lives of the Poets." Make a collection of proverbial sayings from the "Lives of the Poets." The story of Rasselas. A study of "The Voyage of Life," *Rambler,* No. 102. "The Garden of Hope, a Dream," *Rambler,* No. 67. A comparative study of the style of Johnson and that of Addison, "Painter's Guide to Literary Criticism," Part II.

*The "Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield" and "The Journey of Life," one of the essays of The Rambler, will be found among the selections in Part II.*

[1] Perhaps our names will be mingled with them.

Engraved in mezzotint by Joseph Marchi after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, London. Published, 1770.

Oliver Goldsmith.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

288. **Genius and Folly.**— A strange combination of weakness and strength, of genius and folly. "Inspired idiot" is the terrific phrase with which Horace Walpole once described him. It is a gross caricature indeed, but having truth enough at bottom to be perpetuated. Goldsmith belonged to a literary club, the members of which occasionally dined together. Goldsmith was usually one of the last to arrive. While waiting for him one day, the company playfully composed a number of epitaphs on "the *late* Mr. Goldsmith." The epitaph by Garrick, the celebrated actor, has been preserved as a happy hit: —

> "Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll."

289. **Gift of Blundering.**— There are other anecdotes illustrating Goldsmith's awkwardness in conversation. He greatly lacked self-confidence and had a faculty for blundering. His friends sometimes took advantage of his weaknesses and for amusement tricked him into saying and doing absurd things. He has suffered also from thick-headed critics, who have sometimes misunderstood his delicate humor. Boswell, who was no friendly critic, but who reported facts truthfully, says: "It has been generally circulated and believed that Goldsmith was a mere fool in conversation; but in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated." In spite of his deficiencies, he sometimes got the better of Dr. Johnson, the clearest and strongest talker of his time. Talking of fables once, Goldsmith remarked that the animals introduced seldom talked in character. "For instance," he said, "take the fable of the little fishes who saw birds fly over their heads, and envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill consists in making them talk like little fishes." Dr. Johnson took exception to the remark. "Ah,

Doctor," he replied, "this is not so easy as you may think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."

290. **Childhood Home.**— But we turn to his life. Scarcely any other English author has put into his writings so much of his character and experience. Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas in the county of Longford, Ireland, in 1728, the son of a Protestant clergyman. About two years later his father moved to the village of Lissoy in the county of Westmeath, where he enjoyed a better living. An unusual interest is connected with that home. The amiable piety, learned simplicity, and guileless wisdom of his father are portrayed in the immortal "Vicar of Wakefield." It was a fireside where a Christian benevolence was inculcated and practiced. The memories of this home never left Goldsmith; and years afterward, in his "Deserted Village," he gave a famous description of the "village preacher's modest mansion": —

> "A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
> Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place."

291. **The Village School.**— At the age of six years Goldsmith was sent to the village school taught by Thomas Byrne, an old soldier with a large stock of stories. Of him also we have a portrait in the "Deserted Village": —

> "A man severe he was, and stern to view,
> I knew him well, and every truant knew:
> Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face.
> Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
> Full well the busy whisper circling round,
> Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned."

As a pupil he was dull — a stupid blockhead he was thought to be; but his amiability and thoughtless generosity, which

characterized him all through life, made him popular with his schoolmates.

292. **At College.**— In his seventeenth year Goldsmith entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. This relation was naturally repugnant to his timid and sensitive nature. His tutor was ill-tempered and harsh; some studies, especially mathematics and logic, were distasteful to him. His social nature betrayed him into a neglect of his studies, and his love of fun got him into trouble. Having once gained a prize of thirty shillings, he gave a dance at his room to some young men and women of the city. This was a violation of the college rules; and his tutor, attracted by the sound of the fiddle, rushed to the scene of festivity, gave Goldsmith a thrashing, and turned his guests out of doors.

293. **Desultory Life.**— In due course he took his bachelor's degree and returned to his home. It had been sadly changed by the death of his father. The next two or three years were spent in a desultory way; while ostensibly preparing to take orders, he was in reality spending his time in miscellaneous reading and rustic convivialities. He did not like the clerical profession. "To be obliged to wear a long wig when I liked a short one," he says in explanation of his antipathy, "or a black coat when I generally dressed in brown, I thought such a restraint upon my liberty that I absolutely rejected the proposal."

His fondness for gay dress was a weakness throughout his life and more than once exposed him to ridicule. When the time for his examination came, he appeared before the Bishop of Elphin arrayed in scarlet breeches. This silly breach of propriety cost him the good opinion of the bishop and led to his rejection.

294. **A Series of Failures.**— Then followed a succession of undertakings and failures without parallel. He became tutor in a good family and lost his position on account of a quarrel at cards. He then resolved to emigrate to America and left for Dublin mounted on a good horse and having thirty guineas in his pocket. In six weeks he returned to his mother's door in a condition not unlike that of the prodigal son. Every penny

was gone. He explained that the ship on which he had engaged passage had sailed while he was at a party of pleasure. The ship had been waiting for a favorable wind; "and you know, mother," he said, "that I could not command the elements."

295. **Law and Medicine.**— His uncle Contarine, who was one of the few that had not lost all confidence in him, gave him fifty pounds with which to go to London for the purpose of studying law. He reached Dublin on his way; but unfortunately he met an old acquaintance, who allured him into a gambling house. He came out penniless.

He was next advised to try medicine; and a small purse having been made up for him, he set out for Edinburgh. He remained there eighteen months, during which he picked up a little medical science. But most of his time was spent in convivial habits. With gaming, feasting, and reckless generosity, he was often brought into financial difficulties.

296. **On the Continent.**— Then he went to Leyden, ostensibly for the purpose of completing his medical studies, but really, there is reason to believe, for the purpose of gratifying his roving disposition. He spent a year in that city with his usual improvidence. A friend provided him with money to go to Paris. The mania for tulip culture still prevailed in Holland. One day, wandering through a garden, Goldsmith suddenly recollected that his uncle Contarine, his steadfast benefactor, was a tulip fancier. Here, then, was an opportunity to show his appreciation. A number of choice and costly bulbs were purchased; and not till after he had paid for them did he reflect that he had spent all the money designed for his travelling expenses. In this extremity he set out on foot with his flute. "I had some knowledge of music," says the Philosophic Vagabond in the "Vicar of Wakefield," "with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders and among such of the French as were poor enough to be merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house, I played one of my merriest tunes, and that pro-

cured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day." In this way he was able to make the tour of Europe, visiting Flanders, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. At Padua he is said to have taken his medical degree. These travels, as we shall see, were afterward to be turned to good account.

297. **Return to England.**— In 1756 he returned to England. "You may easily imagine," he wrote to a friend afterward, "what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence, and that in a country where being an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to a friar's cord or the suicide's halter. But, with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one and resolution to combat the other."

He went to London, where for the next several years he led an existence miserable enough. He became successively an usher in a school, an apothecary's assistant, a practicing physician — and failed in them all. At last, after other unlucky ventures, he settled down to the drudgery of a literary hack. From this humiliating station he was lifted by the force of genius alone.

298. **Literary Success.**— He began by writing for reviews and magazines, and compiling easy histories. His first serious undertaking was "An Inquiry into the State of Learning in Europe," with which his career as an author may be said to begin. His work gradually gained recognition and brought him better pay. His circle of acquaintance widened and included the most distinguished literary talent of his time. Burke had discovered his genius; Percy, afterward Bishop of Dromore, sought him out in his garret; and most important of all, Johnson, the great Cham, as he has been humorously styled, sought his acquaintance. He had met Reynolds and Hogarth. In 1763 he became one of the original nine members of the Club, which included among others Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke, and to which were added subsequently Garrick and Boswell. He was thus brought into intimate fellowship with the choicest minds of the English metropolis.

Having attracted their notice by the humor, grace, and pic-

turesqueness of his style in writing, he won their affection by the guilelessness and amiability of his character. There was a charm in his personality that triumphed over his weaknesses and drew the strongest and best men to him in tender friendship. That same charm exists in his works; and with the possible exception of Addison, he is, what Thackeray claims for him, "the most beloved of English writers."

299. **Improvidence.**— The lesson of economy he never learned. His growing income had enabled him to take better lodgings. But in 1764 we find him in arrears for his board and in the hands of the sheriff. He sent for Johnson. "I sent him a guinea," says Johnson, "and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed and found that his landlady had arrested him for rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea and got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should return soon; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having treated him so ill." But speedily relenting, he called her to share in a bowl of punch.

300. **"The Vicar of Wakefield."**— The novel in question was no other than the "Vicar of Wakefield"—"one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition," justly observes Sir Walter Scott, "on which the human mind was ever employed." The plot is indeed faulty; but the charm of the characters, the ludicrousness of the situations, the grace of style, and the delicacy of humor make it a book which we read with delight in youth and return to with pleasure in maturity and old age. Notwithstanding its high rank as a work of genius, the stupid publisher kept it in hand two years before venturing to give it to the public.

301. **"The Traveller."**— In 1764, while the "Vicar of

Wakefield" was being held by the publisher, Goldsmith published a poem called "The Traveller." It was the first work to which he attached his name. The time was favorable for its appearance, inasmuch as the British Muse was doing but little. Johnson kindly lent his assistance in bringing it out, reading over the proof-sheets, and adding here and there a line. The merits of the poem were soon recognized, and the general opinion agreed that nothing better had appeared since the time of Pope. Goldsmith dedicated it to his brother: —

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
> Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
> And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

302. **First Comedy.**— Goldsmith continued to do hack writing for the booksellers, but did not neglect original composition. In 1768 appeared his comedy of "The Good-Natured Man." It was refused by Garrick, notwithstanding the intercession of Reynolds, and was brought out at Covent Garden. It did not gain the applause it merited, but as a financial venture it was a success. It was acted for nine nights; and, including the copyright, it brought the author no less than five hundred pounds. That was a dangerous sum for a man of his improvident habits. He at once rented elegant lodgings, at a cost of four hundred pounds, and gave dinners to Johnson, Reynolds, and other friends of note. His chambers were often the scene of gay festivities; and Blackstone, who occupied rooms immediately below, and was engaged on his "Commentaries," used to complain of the racket overhead. At this rate his means were, of course, soon exhausted.

303. **Hack Work.**— His labors for the booksellers included his "Animated Nature," "History of Rome," "History of England," and "History of Greece." These compilations were hardly worthy of his genius, but they brought him the means of livelihood. "I cannot afford to court the draggle-tail muses," he once said; "they would let me starve; but by my other labors I can make shift to eat, and drink, and have good clothes." But even his compilations bore the trace of his

genius in the clear arrangement of facts and in his felicitous mode of treatment. "Whether, indeed, we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian," declared Johnson, "he stands in the first class."

304. **"The Deserted Village."**— In 1770 appeared the "Deserted Village." In this he cast glory around his native village, to which, as he approached the end of his life, his mind reverted with peculiar tenderness. The political economy presented is indeed false, but the pictures the poem brings before us are as enduring as the language. Every one is acquainted with Paddy Byrne: —

> "In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
> For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

And then the village preacher — a portrait of Goldsmith's father and his brother Henry. It is one of the most delightful descriptions in the English language, rivalled alone by Chaucer's parson: —

> "And as a bird each fond endearment tries
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

The poem was at once successful and has since retained, through all changes of taste, its place as a classic.

305. **"She Stoops to Conquer."**— In 1773 he gave his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," to the public. The plot turns on an incident suggested by a blunder as a schoolboy. The theatrical manager predicted a complete failure, and Goldsmith was in great distress. But the night of the first presentation the theatre was filled; and the humorous dialogue and the ridiculous incidents kept the audience in a roar of laughter. It has since retained its place on the stage.

During the last years of his life Goldsmith's income was about four hundred pounds a year. With a little economy this would have enabled him to live in comfort and ease. But his extravagance and heedless benevolence left him in debt.

306. **Thackeray's Estimate.**— The end came April 3, 1784. When the news was brought to Burke, he burst into tears. Sir Joshua Reynolds laid aside his pencil. But more significant than all was the lamentation of the old and the infirm on his stairs — helpless creatures to whose supplications he had never turned a deaf ear. Johnson wrote his epitaph, in which it is said that he "left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn." In the words of Thackeray: "Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like — but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph — and the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when he first charmed with it; his words in all our mouths; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar — his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to caress, to soothe, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor."

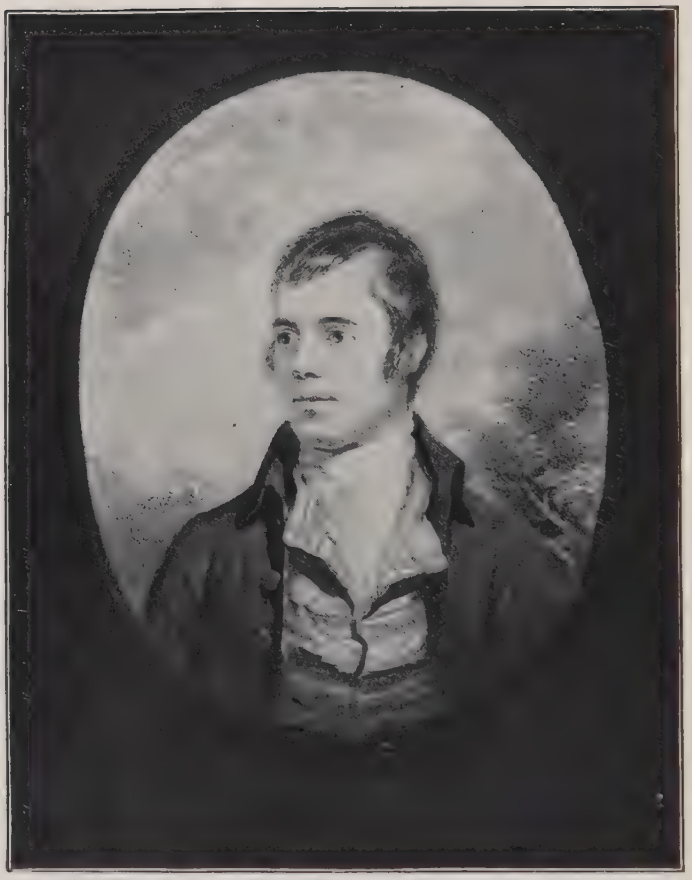
## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Forster, "Life and Times of Goldsmith," Irving, "Life of Goldsmith," Black, "Life of Goldsmith" (English Men of Letters), Dobson, "Life of Goldsmith' (Great Writers series), Macaulay, "Oliver Goldsmith," Thackeray, "English Humorists," Channing, *North American Review,* 45:91.

Autobiographic elements in "The Traveller," Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," Part I. The romantic elements in "The Deserted Village." A comparison of "The Village Preacher" with Chaucer's "Poor Parson." A comparative study of the nature scenes in "The Deserted Village" and Pope's "Windsor Forest." The story of "She Stoops to Conquer." A study of the Philosophic Vagabond in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Illustrations of

Goldsmith's humor from the same work. A comparison of the style of the "Vicar of Wakefield" and that of "Rasselas," Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism."

*"The Deserted Village" is given among the selections of Part II.*



Engraved by William Walker and Samuel Cousins, from the painting by Alexander Nasmyth done in 1787.

Robert Burns

## ROBERT BURNS.

307. **Poetic Genius.**— The greatest poet of Scotland and the best song writer of the world — such is but a moderate estimate of Burns. Scarcely any one will be found to claim less, and some to claim more. A careful study of his writings, in connection with the unfavorable circumstances of his life, impresses us with his extraordinary genius. He was the greatest poetic genius produced by Great Britain in the eighteenth century. A peculiar interest attaches to him. His great natural gifts were hampered by poverty and manual toil, and enslaved by evil habits, so that he accomplished only a small part of what was possible for him.

308. **A Tragic Life.**— His life was a tragedy — a proud and powerful mind overcome at length in the hard struggle of life. The catastrophe was unspeakably sad; yet — let not our admiration of his gifts blind our judgment — Burns himself, and not an unkind destiny, was chiefly to blame. Genius has no exemption from the ordinary rules of morality. If he had abstained from drunken carousals and illicit amours, his life might have been crowned with beauty and honor. No doubt, as is often charitably said, he had strong passions and severe temptations; but these he ought to have resisted; for, as Carlyle says, "Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she so neglect her masterpiece and darling, the poetic soul."

309. **Youthful Years.**— Robert Burns was born in a clay-built cottage two miles from the town of Ayr in 1759. His father was a man of strict integrity and deep piety. We have an imperishable portrait of him in "The Cotter's Saturday Night." His early years were spent on a small unfruitful farm in poverty and toil. His strength was overtaxed, his shoulders became stooped, and his nervous system was weak-

ened. He afterward spoke of this period as combining "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of a galley slave."

Yet this hardship was not without some relief. His humble home was sweetened with kindness and love; and the future poet was taught, first in school and afterward by his father, the elements of learning. His mind was enlarged, and his taste refined by works of the highest merit. His early reading included the *Spectator,* Shakespeare, Pope, and Locke's "Human Understanding."

310. **Love's Spell.**— In his fifteenth year his genius was awakened under the sweet spell of love. "You know," he says, "our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth summer my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom. She was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me into that delicious passion which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and bookworm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys here below." The first offspring of his muse was entitled "Handsome Nell," which, though he afterward spoke of it as puerile, still contains a touch of that charming simplicity of thought and expression which characterizes so much of his poetry. Is not this stanza delightful? —

> "She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
> Baith decent and genteel,
> And then there's something in her gait
> Gars[1] ony dress look weel."

311. **Cupid's Captive.**— At the age of nineteen he went to Kirkoswald to study mensuration and surveying. It turned out to be a bad move. The town was frequented by smugglers and adventurers; and Burns was introduced into scenes of what he calls "swaggering riot and roaring dissipation." He worked

[1] Makes.

at his mensuration with sufficient diligence till he one day met a pretty lass and fell in love. The current of his thought was turned from mathematics to poetry, and this change put an end to his studies. Love-making now became a common business with him. He composed a song on every pretty girl he knew. The most beautiful of the songs of this period is his "Mary Morison," which was inspired by a real affection: —

"Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison."

312. **A Great Ambition.**— In spite of his sweet love songs his suit was rejected — an incident that long cast a shadow over his inner life. He was a great reader. He possessed a "Collection of English Songs;" and this, he says, "was my vade-mecum. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noticing the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation or fustian; and I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is." A consciousness of his strength began to dawn upon him and to fill his mind with a great ambition. Amidst his varied labors on the farm, as a beardless boy, he felt —

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast:
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

313. **Downward Course.**— In the summer of 1781 he went to Irvine to learn the flax-dressing business in the hope of increasing thereby the profits of farming. It turned out to be a

disastrous undertaking. As at Kirkoswald, he fell into the company of smugglers and adventurers, by whom he was encouraged in loose opinions and bad habits. With the unsettling of his religious convictions, he overleaped the restraints that had hitherto kept him in the path of virtue.

His flax-dressing came to an abrupt close. He was robbed by his partner, and his shop took fire at a New Year's carousal and was burnt to the ground. Dispirited and tormented with an evil conscience, he returned to his home, which was soon to be overshadowed by the death of his father. "Whoever lives to see it," the old man had said, "something extraordinary will come from that boy." But he went to the grave sorely troubled with apprehensions about the future of his gifted son.

314. **Efforts to Reform.**— Burns now made an effort to reform. In his own words, "I read farming books, I calculated crops, I attended markets, and, in short, in spite of the devil, the world, and the flesh, I should have been a wise man; but the first year from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second, from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom; and I returned like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." He came under ecclesiastical discipline for immorality and revenged himself by lashing the minister and church officers with keen and merciless satire. His series of religious satires, in spite of all their inimitable brilliancy of wit, reflects little credit either on his judgment or his character. While his harvests were failing, and his business interests were all going against him, he found solace in rhyme. As he says:—

> "Leeze me[1] on rhyme! it's aye a treasure,
> My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
> At hame, a-fiel', at wark, at leisure,
> The Muse, poor hizzie!
> Tho' rough and raplock[2] be her measure,
> She's seldom lazy."

[1] I am happy in rhyme.
[2] Coarse.

315. **Poetic Activity.**— The year 1785, while he was laboring with his brother on a farm at Mossgiel, saw the greatest activity of his muse. It was at that time that he composed "To a Mouse," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Address to the Deil," "Man Was Made to Mourn," and "The Mountain Daisy," which established his fame on a lasting foundation. They were composed behind the plough and afterward written in a little farmhouse garret. "Thither," says Chambers, "when he had returned from his day's work, the poet used to retire and seat himself at a small deal table, lighted by a narrow skylight in the roof, to transcribe the verses which he had composed in the fields. His favorite time for composition was at the plough."

316. **First Volume.**— While meditating emigration to Jamaica, he published his first volume of poems in 1786. The result altered all his plans. The volume took Scotland by storm. "Old and young," says a contemporary, "high and low, grave and gay, learned and ignorant, were alike delighted, agitated, transported. I was at that time resident in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire, and I can well remember how even plough-boys and maid-servants would have gladly bestowed the wages they earned most hardly, and which they wanted to purchase necessary clothing, if they might procure the works of Burns."

As a financial venture, the volume brought him only twenty pounds; but what was of more importance, it retained him in his native country and introduced him to the noble and the learned of Edinburgh. He has left a humorous account of the first time he met a nobleman socially, and "dinner'd wi' a Lord": —

"But wi' a Lord! stand out my shin,
A Lord — a Peer, an Earl's son!
Up higher yet my bonnet!
And sic a Lord! lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er a sonnet."

317. **In Edinburgh.** — In November, 1786, Burns deemed it wise to visit the Scottish metropolis. His journey thither on horseback was a continued ovation. He occupied very humble quarters, lodging in a small room costing three shillings a week. From this lowly abode he went forth into the best society of Edinburgh, to which his genius gained him ready admission. He was the social lion of the day.

The Scottish capital was noted at this time for the literary talent gathered there. In the most polished drawing-rooms of the city Burns met Dugald Stewart, William Robertson, Adam Smith, Hugh Blair, and others of scarcely less celebrity. He did not suffer from this contact with the ablest men of his country. Indeed, it has been said by one who knew him well that poetry was not his forte. His brilliant conversation — his vigorous thought, sparkling wit, and trenchant style — sometimes eclipsed his poetry.

318. **Independence.** — His manner was open and manly, a consciousness of native strength preserving him from all servility. He showed, as Lockhart says, "in the strain of his bearing his belief that in the society of the most eminent men of his nation he was where he was entitled to be, hardly deigning to flatter them by exhibiting a symptom of being flattered." He was especially pleasing to ladies, "fairly carrying them off their feet," as one of them said, "by his deference of manner and the mingled humor and pathos of his talk."

He cherished a proud feeling of independence. He emphasized individual worth and looked with contempt on what may be regarded as the mere accidents of birth or fortune. To this feeling, which finds a response in every noble breast, he gave expression in his song, "A Man's a Man for a' That," which mightily voiced the democratic spirit of the age: —

"Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be puir for a' that.

"For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that,

The rank is but the guinea-stamp —
The man's the gowd[1] for a' that."

319. **Exciseman and Farmer.**— Before leaving the city he received an appointment in the Excise. He had hoped for something better. But he wrote to a friend: "The question is not at what door of fortune's palace we shall enter in, but what door does she open for us." He also leased a farm at Ellisland, which he had long set his heart on.

His farm proved a failure. His duties as exciseman, besides leading him into bad company, prevented that strict supervision of farm work which was necessary to success. He suffered much from depression of spirits, to which the recollections of a wayward life contributed no small part. "Alas!" he writes, "who would wish for many years? What is it but to drag existence until our joys gradually expire, and leave us in a night of misery, like the gloom which blots out the stars, one by one from the face of heaven, and leaves us without a ray of comfort in the howling waste?"

320. **Solace in Poetry.**— He continued to find at intervals solace in poetry. One morning he heard the report of a gun and shortly after saw a poor wounded hare limping by. The condition of the little animal touched his heart and called forth the excellent poem "On Seeing a Wounded Hare Limp by Me," written in classic English: —

"Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield."

We meet with this tender sympathy with nature, and strong sense of fellowship with lower creatures, in many of his poems. It is one secret of their charm. In the poem "To a Mouse" is the following: —

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,

[1] Gold.

And justifies the ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
An' fellow-mortal!"

The cold blasts of a winter night remind him of —

"Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
And close thy e'e?"

321. **"Highland Mary."** — The choicest products of this sojourn at Ellisland are the immortal "Tale o' Tam o' Shanter" and "To Mary in Heaven." The latter is a song of deep pathos. Years before he had loved his "Highland Mary" with a deep devotion. Their parting by the banks of Ayr — which the untimely death of Mary made the last — was attended with vows of eternal constancy. Her memory never vanished from the poet's mind. On the anniversary of her death, in October, 1786, he grew sad and wandered about his farmyard the whole night in deep agitation of mind. As dawn approached he was persuaded by his wife to enter the house, when he sat down and wrote those pathetic lines, beginning: —

"Thou lingering star with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

322. **The Sublime of Life.** — In 1791 Burns removed to Dumfries and gave his whole time to the duties of the Excise,

for which he received seventy pounds a year. At Ellisland he had written: —

"To make a happy fireside clime,
For weans and wife,
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

Unfortunately he did not live as wisely as he sang. His spirit became soured toward those more favored by fortune. His nights were frequently spent at the tavern with drinking cronies. His life is summed up in one of his letters: "Hurry of business, grinding the faces of the publican and the sinner on the merciless wheels of the Excise, making ballads, and then drinking and singing them; and, over and above all, correcting the press of two different publications."

323. **Sympathy with France.**— Burns strongly sympathized with the revolutionary movement in France; and to this feeling no less than to his Scottish patriotism, if we may believe his own account, we owe the thrilling lines of "Bruce's Address," which Carlyle says "should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind." The excellence of this poem has been questioned by Wordsworth and others; but let the following lines be read with something of the heroic fervor with which they were composed, and all doubts will be set at rest: —

"Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha so base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee."

324. **Closing Days.**— The end was drawing near. The irregularities of his life had undermined his strong constitution. He was often serious. "I find that a man may live like a fool," he said to his friend, "but he will scarcely die like one." In April, 1796, he wrote: "Alas, my dear Thompson, I fear it will be some time before I tune my lyre again! By Babel streams I have sat and wept, almost ever since I wrote you last; I have known existence only by pressure of the heavy hand of sickness and have counted time by the repercussions of pain!

Rheumatism, cold, and fever have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery and open them without hope. I look on the vernal day, and say, with poor Ferguson,—

> "'Say wherefore has an all-indulgent heaven
> Light to the comfortless and wretched given?'"

325. **Death.**— The 21st of July, 1796, with his children around his bed, the great poet of Scotland passed away. Let our final judgment of him as a man be tempered by the gentle spirit he commends in the "Address to the Unco Guid": —

> "Then gently scan your brother man,
> Still gentler sister woman;
> Tho' they may gang a kennin[1] wrang,
> To step aside is human:
> One point must still be greatly dark,
> The moving *why* they do it;
> And just as lamely can ye mark,
> How far perhaps they rue it.
>
> "Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
> Decidedly can try us;
> He knows each chord — its various tone,
> Each spring — its various bias;
> Then at the balance let's be mute,
> We never can adjust it;
> What's *done* we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted."

326. **Devoutness at Heart.**— As a poet Burns felt deeply and then poured forth his song because he could not otherwise find peace. He could not endure affectation, rant, hypocrisy. At heart devout before the great Author and Preserver of all things, he yet rebelled against some of the hard features religion had assumed. In his "Epistle to a Young Friend," his real feelings are indicated: —

[1] Trifle.

"The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

"When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or, if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker —
A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor."

327. **Exquisite Sensibility.**— More than any other man he saw the beauty of a sincere religious life, to a portrayal of which he devoted the best of his poems. His sensibilities were extraordinarily sensitive and strong. "There is scarcely any earthly object," he says, "gives me more — I do not know if I should call it pleasure — but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me — than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or high plantation in a cloudy winter day and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. . . . I listened to the birds and frequently turned out of my path, lest I should disturb their little songs or frighten them to another station." With such a sensitive nature it is no wonder that we find contradictions in his poetry. The storm of emotion drives quickly from grave to gay, from high to low. He has written much that ought to be and will be forgotten. But upon the whole, his poetry is elevating in its tone — a treasure for which we ought to be thankful. It is the voice of a man who, with all his weakness and sin, was still, in his best moments, honest, manly, penetrating, and powerful.

## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Lockhart, "Life of Robert Burns," Chambers, "Life and Works of Robert Burns," Shairp, "Life of Burns" (English Men of Letters), Blackie, "Life of Robert Burns (Great Writers Series), Carlyle, "Essay on Burns."

A critique of "Man was Made to Mourn." The new spirit of poetry, as related to nature and man, in Burns. An Outline of the "Tale of Tam o' Shanter." A review of the "Epistle to a Young Friend." A critique of his "Address to the Deil" and "Address to the Unco' Guid." The significance of the poem "The Two Dogs." Burns's qualities as a song writer as illustrated in "Mary Morison," "To Mary in Heaven," "John Anderson, My Jo," "Highland Mary," "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast." Scotch life as reflected in the poetry of Burns.

*"The Cotter's Saturday Night," "To a Mouse," and "To a Mountain Daisy" are given among the selections of Part II.*

# AGE OF SCOTT.

## PRINCIPAL WRITERS.

Criticism. — Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850). Lawyer and critic, editor of the *Edinburgh Review* (1802–1829), and brilliant writer on literature, politics, and ethics. (See text.)

William Hazlitt (1778–1830). Critic and author of "Character of Shakespeare's Plays" (1817), "A View of the English Stage" (1818), "Lectures on the English Poets" (1818), "Lectures on the English Comic Writers" (1819), "Lectures of the Elizabethan Age" (1821), "Table-Talk" (1824), "The Spirit of the Age" (1825).

Charles Lamb (1775–1834). Critic and essayist. Author of "Rosamond Gray" (1798), "Tales from Shakespeare" (1805), and "Essays of Elia" (1822–1824).

John Wilson (1785–1854). Critic and essayist, whose *nom de plume* was "Christopher North." Author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," etc.

John Gibson Lockhart (1794–1854). Critic, novelist, biographer; author of "Adam Blair" (1822), "Life of Burns" (1825), "Life of Scott" (1837), etc.

Leigh Hunt (1784–1859). Author of "Juvenilia" (1802), "Classic Tales" (1807), "The Story of Rimini" (1816), etc.

History. — Henry Hallam (1778–1859). Author of "Views of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages" (1818), "Constitutional History of England" (1827), and "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries" (1838). (See Text).

William Mitford (1744–1827). Author of a "History of Greece" (1784–1818), "History and Doctrine of Christianity" (1823), etc. (See Text).

Female Novelists and Poets. — Ann Radcliffe (1764–1823). Novelist of Romantic School, and author of "The Romance of the Forest" (1791), "The Mysteries of Udolpho" (1794), and several others. (See Text).

Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849). Novelist of Irish life; author of "Castle Rackrent" (1801), "Moral Tales" (1801), "Tales of a Fashionable Life" (1811), etc.

Jane Austen (1775–1817). Novelist of social life; author of "Sense and Sensibility" (1811), "Pride and Prejudice" (1812), "Emma" (1816), etc.

Jane Porter (1776–1850). Novelist of the Romantic type; author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803), "The Scottish Chiefs" (1810), etc.

Anna Letitia Barbauld (1743–1825). Poet and prose writer; author of "Lessons for Children" (1808), etc.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1794–1835). Poet and author of "The Vespers of Palermo" (1823), a tragedy, "The Forest Sanctuary" (1827), "Songs of the Affections" (1830), etc. Several of her shorter poems — "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," "The Homes of England," "The Hour of Death" — will always remain popular.

Hannah More (1745–1833). Poet, novelist, dramatist, and moral essayist; author of "Percy," a drama written for Garrick, which was acted with success in 1777, "Sacred Dramas" (1782), "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife" (1809), "Character of St. Paul" (1815), "Moral Sketches" (1818), etc.

Joanna Baillie (1762–1851). Poet and dramatist; author of "Plays of the Passions" (1812), etc.

Poetry. — Thomas Campbell (1777–1844). Author of "The Pleasures of Hope" (1799), "Poems" (1803), "Gertrude of Wyoming" (1809). (See Text).

John Keats (1795–1821). Author of "Poems" (1817), "Endymion" (1818), "Hyperion" (1820). (See Text).

Robert Southey (1774–1843). Poet and historian; author of "Joan of Arc" (1796), "Thalaba, the Destroyer" (1801), "The Curse of Kehama" (1810), "A History of Brazil," "Life of Nelson," and a hundred other volumes. (See Text).

Thomas Moore (1779–1852). Poet and biographer; author of "Epistles" (1806), "Lalla Rookh" (1817), "Life of Byron" (1830), "Irish Melodies" (1834), etc. (See Text).

Thomas Hood (1798–1845). Poet, editor, humorist; author of "Whims and Oddities" (1826), "Up the Rhine" (1839), a de-

lightful piece of humor, and editor of *Hood's Magazine,* and other periodicals.

Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864). Poet and prose writer; author of "Gebir" (1798), "Count Julian" (1812), "Imaginary Conversations" (1824-1846), etc.

John Keble (1792–1866). Poet, clergyman, and Oxford professor; author of "The Christian Year" (1827), a series of poems for the Sundays and holidays of the church year.

Samuel Rogers (1763–1855). Author of the "Pleasures of Memory" (1792), "Columbus" (1812), "Human Life," etc. As a man of wealth he entertained many literary celebrities, his breakfasts being more famous than his poems.

Percy Bysche Shelley (1792–1822). A poet of rich gifts. Author of "Queen Mab," "Alastor," "The Revolt of Islam," "Prometheus Unbound," and several superb odes, among which are the "Ode to Liberty," "To a Skylark," and "The Cloud." (See Text).

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834). A poet and philosopher of wide influence. His best known poem is "The Ancient Mariner" (1798). Author of the tragedy "Remorse" (1813), "Biographia Literaria" (1817), consisting of sketches of his literary life and opinions, and "Aids to Reflection" (1825). (See Text).

## GREAT REPRESENTATIVE WRITERS.

Sir Walter Scott.
Lord Byron.
William Wordsworth.
Thomas De Quincey.

## VII.

## AGE OF SCOTT.

### (1800—1832.)

328. **Favorable Conditions.**— The political condition of England during this period was not unfavorable to literature. In 1800 the "Emerald Isle" was joined to England under the title of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The Napoleonic wars increased England's prestige as a world-power. She came into possession of the colonies of Spain, of Holland, and of France. Waterloo finally ended her long struggle with the French. Her victories at Copenhagen and Trafalgar made her the undisputed mistress of the seas. The population largely increased. Agriculture became more flourishing, and the inventions of Watt and Arkwright helped to build up prosperous cities in northern England and to increase the national wealth. In 1815 London was lighted with gas; and a few years later an effective police force was organized for the city, which had then reached a population of a million and a half. Though the transition from hand labor to machinery imposed great hardships on the working classes for a time, and thus created much social discontent and suffering, it laid the foundation of the subsequent supremacy of England as a manufacturing and commercial nation.

329. **Growth of Democratic Spirit.**— Though the influence of the government was generally against the democratic tendencies of the times, the new sense of human right and freedom could not be extinguished. Though held in check for a time, it achieved later notable triumphs in Parliament. In 1828 the Test Act, by which Dissenters and Roman Catholics were excluded from government office, was repealed, and the follow-

ing year Roman Catholics were admitted to Parliament. In 1832 the famous Reform Bill was passed, by which the "rotten boroughs" were abolished, the list of voters was increased by half a million, and the manufacturing cities of northern England — Birmingham, Manchester, and many others — were accorded representation.

330. **Literary Bloom.**— It will be understood that the periods into which the history of any literature is divided are not sharply defined. They pass gradually from one into another under the operation of new influences. The age of Scott, a designation less descriptive than convenient, is characterized by the full development of the democratic and romantic tendencies originating in the latter part of the preceding period. They reached their climax in the literary outburst that has been called, not without considerable justification, the "Second Creative Period." A copious literature, new both in form and spirit, bloomed forth. Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, De Quincey, and others were men of original and creative genius, and in a retrospect of the long vista of English literature, they stand out with striking prominence. With an inadequate apprehension of the tendencies of the age, three of these writers — Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey — have been designated the Lake School of Poets, from their residence in the northern part of England.

331. **Progressive and Conservative Tendencies.**— The chief event that immediately affected literature, in the closing decade of the eighteenth and the first third of the nineteenth century, was the French Revolution. It not only crystallized the floating thought and feeling of France, but it brought home to the English heart the vague democratic movement of the time. The rights of man, as distinguished from the privileges of class or caste, became the subject of earnest and enthusiastic examination. The literary men of England generally arrayed themselves, consciously or unconsciously, on the side of progress or of conservatism. Dreams of a golden age of right and happiness took hold of men like Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey; and for a time, as we shall see, they contemplated founding an ideal democracy, or Pantisocracy, beyond the sea.

On the other hand, Scott, in whom the romantic movement reached its climax, turned away from the turmoil of dissension and conflict to write, in prose and poetry, of a chivalrous past. Byron satirized the social conditions about him; and Shelley, with a spirit still more radical and violent, sought to overturn the most sacred beliefs and institutions.

332. **Intellectual Advancement.**— This period was one of rapidly growing intelligence. Through the labors of Andrew Bell and Joseph Lancaster, a new impulse was given to popular education, and hundreds of schools were founded. In 1818 the government manifested its interest in education by appointing a committee to inspect the public schools. Periodicals were multiplied; and very significant for literature was the founding of the great magazines and reviews, which became the vehicles, not only of vigorous criticism, but also of excellent miscellaneous productions. They gathered about them groups of gifted writers and elevated the taste of the reading public. The *Edinburgh Review* was founded in 1802, the *London Quarterly*, its political opponent, in 1809, *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817, the *Westminster Review* in 1824, and *Fraser's Magazine* in 1830. Two weekly papers of high order, the *Spectator* and the *Athenæum*, both of which figure in later literature, were established in 1828.

333. **Critics and Essayists.**— One of the best-known critics of the time was Francis Jeffrey. He was at the head of the *Edinburgh Review* for more than a quarter of a century and wielded his critical pen with imperious spirit. Though Whiggish in politics, he was conservative in literature and had little patience with the literary innovations of the period. He treated Byron with contempt, belittled Scott, and pursued Wordsworth wtih relentless severity. But the results of this unsympathetic and often ferocious criticism were not without benefit. Apart from the replies it provoked, it forced an examination of fundamental principles, and grounded the new literature on a surer foundation.

William Hazlitt justly ranks as one of the foremost of English critics. Charles Lamb's quaint "Essays of Elia" give him enduring fame. His "Dissertation upon Roast Pig" is a noted

piece of humorous writing. John Wilson, for many years the leading spirit of *Blackwood,* has earned a place in English literature under the pseudonym of "Christopher North." John Lockhart, at first a contributor to *Blackwood,* and afterward editor of the *Quarterly Review,* was conservative in his tastes and made severe attacks both upon Keats and Tennyson in his earlier poems. His "Life of Scott," his father-in-law, is one of the best biographies in any language. Leigh Hunt's works were originally contributions to periodical literature.

334. **Two Noteworthy Historians.**— There are two historians that deserve mention, though neither attained the heights of the great triumvirate of the preceding period. Henry Hallam was both a historian and literary critic, distinguished for his extensive research and judicial fairness. His "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," which was published in 1818, his "Constitutional History of England," which dates from 1827, and his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries," which was completed in 1839, are still standard works. By reason of his conversative tastes, he is somewhat less trustworthy as a critic than as a historian. William Mitford's "History of Greece," which was completed in 1818, is recognized as a work of scholarly ability, though it is seriously marred by the prejudices of the author. He was almost fanatical in his opposition to the democratic tendencies of his age.

335. **Woman in Literature.**— One of the most remarkable features of this period is the place that woman now assumes in literature. Awakening to a sense of the conventional restraints by which she had long been surrounded, she began to desire a larger freedom of thought and action. The title of Mary Wollstonecraft's book, "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," is indicative of the rising movement. An unusually large group of female writers, brought up under the influence of the closing decades of the eighteenth century, distinguished themselves in fiction and poetry. Ann Radcliffe belonged to the romantic school and employed "castles with secret passages, trap-doors, forests, banditti, abductions, sliding panels," as the machinery

of her stories. Maria Edgeworth was a novelist of Irish life, and Scott said that her work suggested his Scottish romances. Jane Austen, who wrote realistic stories of contemporary social life, has been called the mother of the modern novel. Other writers belonging to this galaxy are Anna Letitia Barbauld, Jane Porter, whose "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "Scottish Chiefs" are still popular, and Hannah More, a poet, dramatist, and novelist of real ability. A list of their principal works will be found on a preceding page.

336. **Revival of Poetry.**— Poetry, recovering from its brief eclipse in the preceding period, shines forth with unwonted splendor. Apart from the great representative names to be considered later,— Wordsworth and Byron — the list of secondary poets is unusually long and unusually good.

Thomas Campbell early showed a striking literary precocity. At the age of twenty-two, he published the "Pleasures of Hope," the success of which was instantaneous. Its opening lines are felicitous and well known: —

> "At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
> Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
> Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
> Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
> Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
> More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
> 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

He did not profit by his early success. The booksellers offered him lucrative employment; but through procrastination and constitutional indolence, he disappointed their expectations and forfeited their confidence. In 1809 he published his romantic poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming," the scene of which is laid in Pennsylvania. It ranks next to the "Pleasures of Hope." But it is, perhaps, in his lyrical pieces, among which are "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," "Battle of the Baltic," "Ye Mariners of England," "O'Connor's Child," "Hallowed Ground," "The Soldier's Dream," "The Last Man," that

he attained the highest excellence. Elected Lord rector of the University of Glasgow in 1826, he discharged his duties with a zeal that won admiration. He died in 1844 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

337. **John Keats.**— John Keats was a brilliant but short-lived poet. Had he lived to fulfil his early promise, it is probable that he would have stood among the first poets of the period. As it is, several of his poems take rank among the choicest productions of the English muse. He began his literary career by the publication of some sonnets, which were favorably received. The sonnet on "Chapman's Homer," containing the lines,—

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken," —

is truly admirable. A volume of poems, published in 1817, was coldly received. The following year appeared "Endymion," which contains some fine passages, the opening lines being well known: —

> "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
> Its loveliness increases; it will never
> Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
> A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
> Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

The "lusciousness of the rhythm," which breaks completely with Augustan models, gave offence to conservative critics. The poem was savagely attacked both in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*. In 1820 Keats sent forth his third volume, in which his poetic genius conquered recognition and secured for him an honorable place in English literature. His "Hyperion," "Lamia," "Eve of St. Agnes," and his odes to a "Nightingale," a "Grecian Urn," and "Autumn," are all exquisite productions. He went to Italy shortly after the appearance of this volume, where he died of pulmonary consumption early in 1821. His headstone bears the simple inscription, dictated by himself, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

338. **Robert Southey.**— Robert Southey is an example of untiring industry in literary pursuits. He depended upon literature for a living, and Byron pronounced him "the only existing man of letters." He worked with mechanical regularity and produced more than a hundred volumes of poetry and prose. He was a great lover of books; and his library, which contained fourteen thousand volumes, De Quincey called his wife. When in his old age he became speechless and imbecile, he still wandered around his library, taking down his books and fondly pressing them to his lips.

339. **Ambitious Poems.**— As a poet, Southey was ambitious; and nourishing his talents on Tasso, Ariosto, and Spenser, he contemplated and composed several lengthy epics. His "Joan of Arc," a youthful performance, was well received. "Thalaba" was published in 1801, "Madoc," on which the poet was content to rest his fame, in 1805, and the "Curse of Kehama" in 1810. His longer poems abound in splendid imagery, but they are lacking in personal interest and dramatic art. He was made poet laureate in 1813.

"Thalaba, the Destroyer" is a rhythmical romance in irregular and unrhymed measure. The opening lines, perhaps the best in the poem, are very pleasing:—

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!"

Among his best short pieces are "The Scholar," "Auld Cloots." "March to Moscow," "Mary the Maid of the Inn," "Lodore," "The Well of St. Keyne."

340. **Prose Writings.**— In prose Southey wrote criticism,

biography, and history, in all which he exhibited great learning and an admirable style. His "Life of Nelson" is a classic biography. Among his other prose writings are the "Life of Cowper," "Life of Wesley," "The British Admirals," and "History of the Peninsular War." "The uprightness and beauty of his character," says Saintsbury, "his wonderful helpfulness to others, and the uncomplaining way in which he bore what was almost poverty, are not more generally acknowledged than the singular and pervading excellence of his English prose style, the robustness of his literary genius, and his unique devotion to literature."

341. **Thomas Moore.**— Thomas Moore, born of Irish parentage in Dublin, always remained an Irish patriot, and labored both in poetry and prose to advance the interests of his country. By his keen satires he brought reproach upon the oppressors of Ireland; and by his songs he awakened and sustained tender and patriotic sentiments. No other poet except Byron was more popular in his day. He possessed great social gifts,— a good voice, admirable conversational talents, and a musical skill that enabled him to render effectively his erotic and patriotic songs. Though his poetry does not possess the highest qualities,— being artificial rather than genuine, glittering rather than true,— yet his poems, with their wit, sentiment, melody, are perused, especially by young people, with more interest than those of any of his contemporaries, with the possible exception of Byron.

In 1801 he published a collection of amatory verses, which earned him the position of poet laureate, and gained him the title of "the young Catullus of his day." In 1806 he sent forth another volume, which the *Edinburgh Review* denounced as "a corrupter of morals." Enraged at the severity of the criticism, the poet challenged Jeffrey. But the duel was stopped by the police, and on examination the pistols were found charged only with "villainous salt-petre"— a circumstance that Byron did not fail to notice in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:"—

"Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by?"

342. **"Irish Melodies."**— Among Moore's most popular and most enduring productions are the "Irish Melodies"— a collection of charming lyrics, tender, convivial, or patriotic, designed to accompany popular airs. Their composition was a congenial task, one well suited to the poet's powers. He was for Ireland what Burns was for Scotland — the singer of his people. But the songs of the two poets, while alike in attaining a high excellence, are very different. Moore is artificial, polished, reminding us of the drawing-room; Burns is unconventional and genuine, suggesting the green fields and singing birds.

343. **"Lalla Rookh."**— Moore wrote two long and ambitious poems, "Lalla Rookh" and "The Loves of the Angels." Both are Oriental in character, but the former is far superior in interest and felicity of treatment. Through a course of laborious reading, he familiarized himself with Oriental customs and scenery. Lalla Rookh is an Oriental princess who with great pomp journeys from Delhi to Bucharia, where she is to marry the king. On the way she is entertained by a young minstrel, whose tender, passionate songs win her heart. With sadness she approaches the end of her journey; but what is her joy to find the amiable minstrel her future husband and the King of Bucharia! The poem is true in its local coloring, sparkling with Oriental gems, and fragrant with Oriental musk and roses. A single quotation from the "Paradise and Peri" must suffice:—

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all."

Among his prose works are "The Epicurean," an Eastern romance, the "Life of Sheridan," which is a friendly panegyric, and the "Life of Byron," which does not reveal the whole truth touching that nobleman's life and character.

344. **Percy Bysshe Shelley.**— Shelley is, perhaps, the most poetical of our poets. He has not the philosophic quality of Wordsworth, nor the versatile power of Byron; but in sustained loftiness and sweep of imagination he surpasses both his great contemporaries. He can never be a popular poet. He dwells habitually in an imaginative realm beyond the popular taste and the popular capacity. No other poet seems to have the rapture of inspiration in a fuller degree. To some extent he was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He not only pointed out many of the evils of social life, but with steadfast faith prophesied a happier era. The principles that inspired much of his poetry, separated indeed from his extravagance, have since met with wide acceptance.

345. **As a Reformer.**— As a practical reformer, Shelley's life must be regarded as a failure. While his aims were essentially pure and noble, his ignorance of the world betrayed him into fatal mistakes. His ardor outstripped discretion and he sought to do in a brief space what can be accomplished only in the slow evolution of centuries. His unbalanced enthusiasm betrayed him into extravagances; and thus, while seeking unselfishly to improve the state of society, he advocated radical doctrines, which in practice would have increased tenfold the evils they were intended to cure.

346. **Various Poems.**— His first extended poem, "Queen Mab," was published in 1813. It is an intemperate attack on the existing form of society, government, and religion. "Alastor" describes a pure and gifted youth who, at first satisfied with the beauty and grandeur of nature, goes in search of an ideal womanhood. As ideal perfection does not exist in mortal form, his search proved in vain, and at length the imaginative wanderer, worn out by disappointment, descends to an untimely grave. His longest poem is "The Revolt of Islam," in which the narrative is greatly obscured by the luxuriance of the imagery. His two tragedies, "Prometheus

Unbound" and "The Cenci," are admirable works of genius. But his most popular productions must always remain the superb "Ode to Liberty," "To a Skylark," and "The Cloud," which begins,—

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder."

347. **Samuel Taylor Coleridge.**— The influence of Coleridge was surprising. Though his works are singularly fragmentary, he stands out as a prominent figure among his great contemporaries. His influence seems due chiefly to his originality, his magnetic personal presence, and the stimulating quality of his intellectual activity. He invented new forms of poetry, to which Scott acknowledged himself indebted; and he introduced German metaphysics, which was not without effect on Wordsworth and many subsequent writers. His strong, restless intellect, while deficient in executive power, was constantly blazing new paths for others. He possessed, in extraordinary degree, the mental endowment which we denominate genius.

348. **"The Ancient Mariner."**— This poem appeared in "Lyrical Ballads," a volume prepared jointly with Wordsworth in 1798. In "The Ancient Mariner," which is wholly unlike anything else he ever wrote, Coleridge lends, in a wonderful degree, the force of reality to what is purely imaginary. It is remarkable for its strong ballad style, for its vivid descriptions, and for its rounded completeness of form. Of its kind there is, perhaps, nothing better in our language. The lesson of the

poem, though it was not written for its moral, is contained in the parting words of the dreadful mariner: —

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

349. **Three Periods.**— The life of Coleridge has been divided into three periods, according to the prevailing character of his intellectual activity. The first, extending to the year 1798, has been called the *poetic period*. The second, extending to the year 1818, is known as the *critical period*. His best known work of this period is the "Biographia Literaria," in which, often in a charming way, he sketches his literary life and opinions. The third, extending to his death in 1834, is characterized as the *theological period*. During the latter part of his life, his dominant interest was metaphysics and theology. In philosophy he was a transcendentalist. He was a profound student of the German metaphysicians, particularly of Kant, Schelling, and Hegel, whose teachings he was the first to naturalize in England. In 1825 he published his "Aids to Reflection," the purpose of which was to show that the "Christian faith is the perfection of human intelligence." It is regarded by many as his ablest work.

350. **A Fascinating Talker.**— There was a wonderful magnetism about Coleridge's personality. He gathered about him a circle of disciples, who revered him as a prophet. His conversation exerted a fascinating power, even when by reason of its depth or transcendentalism it was not clearly understood. No more wonderful talker has appeared since the days of Johnson. His "Table Talk," preserved by his nephew, gives an idea of the acuteness and variety of his observation, though

not of his inspired impressiveness. "Throughout a long-drawn summer's day," says Henry Nelson Coleridge, "would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind that you might, for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion." [1]

351. **Aims and Work.**— Coleridge calmly passed away July 25, 1834. In spite of his many defects of character and life, his aims were pure and good. "As God hears me," he wrote only a few months before his death, "the originating, continuing, and sustaining wish and design in my heart were to exalt the glory of His name and, which is the same thing in other words, to promote the improvement of mankind." That he did not, with his magnificent gifts, accomplish more was due to a will of singular infirmity. He did not restrain his thought and imagination, which moved in large orbits like Saturn or Jupiter, within the range of his power of achievement. And in the composition of his works he was constantly drawn aside from the logical path of development by every beautiful prospect that burst upon him from adjacent fields. His works are rarely systematic and complete; but in spite of their obvious defects, they are suggestive, original, profound, ranking him as one of the greatest thinkers of his age.

## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

The political and social condition of England, Green, "Short History of the English People," pp. 786–836, Gardiner, "Student's History of England," pp. 792–914.

A review of Lamb's "Tales of Shakespeare." A critique of his "Dissertation upon Roast Pig" in the "Essays of Elia." What elements of character are shown in the essay "The Praise of Chimney-

[1] See Carlyle's sketch in the "Life of Sterling."

Sweepers?" A review of "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People" in the "Essays of Elia." What difference does Lamb point out between "The Old and the New Schoolmaster?" A review of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," Painter, "Guide to Literary Criticism," Ch. XII. A study of Jane Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw" or "The Scottish Chiefs."

A review of the first part of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." A study of his martial odes, "Battle of the Baltic," "Ye Mariners of England," and "Hohenlinden." A criticism of the following lyrics: "Exile of Erin," "Ode to the Memory of Burns," "The Soldier's Dream," "To the Rainbow," "The Last Man,' "Hallowed Ground," "A Thought Suggested by the New Year," "How Delicious is the Winning." Make a collection of striking or felicitous passages from these poems. The story of Keats's "Lamia." A critique of his "Eve of St. Agnes." A study of the "Ode to a Nightingale" and "Ode to a Grecian Urn." A study of Keats's sonnets. A scene from Southey's "Thalaba." An incident from "The Curse of Kehama." The sentiments of his "Ode Written during the Negotiations with Bonaparte in 1814." A brief paper on "The Battle of Blenheim" and "Stanzas Written in his Library."

The three best lyrics in Moore's "Irish Melodies." The story of his "Paradise and Peri" in "Lalla Rookh." A paper on "The Light of the Harem." A comparative study of Hood's "The Haunted House" and Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner." What traits of character are revealed in "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt." In what other poems of Hood is the same spirit shown? A critique of the two poems "I Remember, I Remember" and "The Death-bed." A paper on Hood's humorous poems. The most interesting letter in "Up the Rhine."

A study of Shelley's "Ode to Liberty" and "Ode to the West Wind. A critique of "The Cloud," and "To a Skylark.' A study of the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." A comparison of Shelley's "Mont Blanc" and Coleridge's "Hymn Before Sunrise." A review of Shelley's "Adonais": how does it compare with Milton's "Lycidas"? A comparative study of Aeschylus' "Prometheus Bound" (Mrs. Browning's translation) and Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." The plot of the drama of "The Cenci." Campbell, "Samuel Taylor Coleridge," Traill, "Life of Coleridge" (English

Men of Letters), Caine, "Life of Coleridge" (Great Writers Series), Carlyle, "Life of Sterling," De Quincey, "Literary Reminiscences," Coleridge "Biographia Literaria."

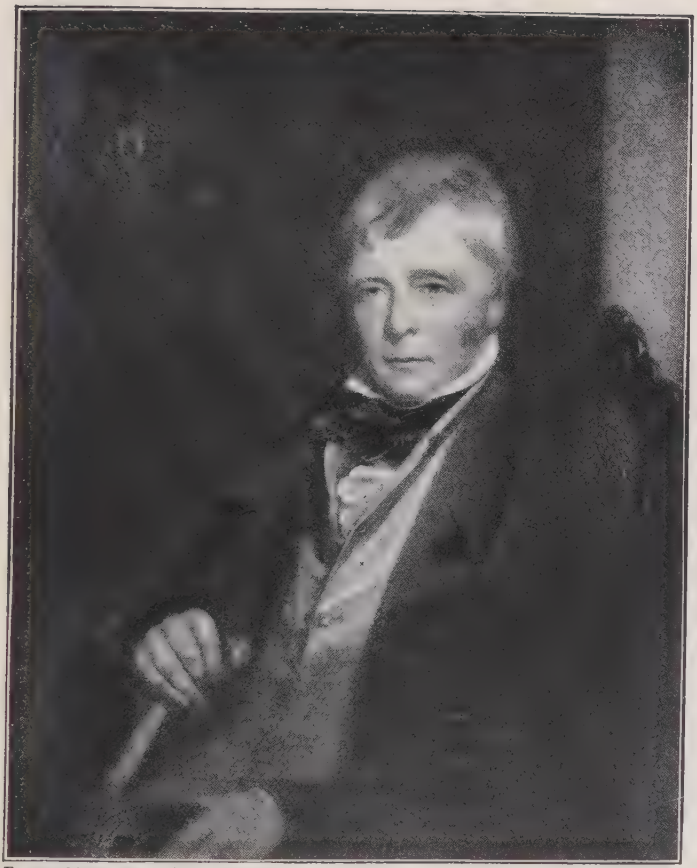
A study of the versification of "The Ancient Mariner" with special reference to its irregularities, Painter, "Guide to Literary Criticism," Part III. Coleridge's estimate of the "Lyrical Ballads," "Biographia Literaria," Ch. IV. The occasion of the "Lyrical Ballads," "Biographia Literaria," Ch. XIV. A review of the "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni." A study of the poem "To William Wordsworth." Coleridge's attitude to nature as shown in "The Nightingale." The political sympathies exhibited in the "Ode to France." A review of "Christabel." An outline of the tragedy "Remorse." Coleridge as a talker, Carlyle, "Life of Sterling," Ch. VIII. Coleridge's estimate of Hamlet, "Lectures on Shakespeare."

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

352. **Literary Rank.**— The greatest literary figure during the first quarter of the nineteenth century is undoubtedly Sir Walter Scott. He occupied scarcely less relative prominence for a time than did Samuel Johnson a few decades earlier. It is not uncommon to associate his name with the period in which he was preëminent. He distinguished himself in both poetry and prose. He created a species of romantic poetry that was received with great applause until it was eclipsed by the intenser productions of Byron. "Why did you quit poetry?" a friend once inquired of Scott. "Because Byron beat me," was the remarkably frank reply. He then turned to fiction; and in his splendid series of historical romances he stands preëminent not only among the writers of England, but of the world.

353. **Ancestry.**— Sir Walter Scott descended from a line distinguished for sports and arms rather than letters. His father was a dignified man, orderly in his habits, and fond of ceremony. It is said that he "absolutely loved a funeral"; and from far and near he was sent for to superintend mortuary ceremonies. As a lawyer he frequently lost clients by insisting that they should be just — a sturdy uprightness that was transmitted to his illustrious son.

Sir Walter's mother was a woman of superior native ability and of excellent education. She had a good memory and a talent for narration. "If I have been able to do anything in the way of painting past times," he once wrote, "it is very much from the studies with which she presented me." He loved his mother tenderly; and the evening after his burial a number of small objects that had once belonged to her were found arranged in careful order in his desk, where his eye might rest upon them every morning before he began his task. This is an instance of filial piety as touching as it is beautiful.



Engraved by G. H. Phillips in mezzotint after the painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A., formerly in the possession of Mr Constable of Edinburgh, now in the collection of Alaric A. Watts, Esq.

Sir Walter Scott

354. **Childhood.**— Walter Scott, the ninth of twelve children, was born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771. On account of feeble health he was sent into the country, where his childhood was spent in the midst of attractive scenery.

At school he established a reputation for irregular ability. He possessed great energy, vitality, and pride, and was naturally a leader among his fellow-pupils. He had the gift of story-telling in a remarkable degree. He found difficulty in confining himself to the prescribed studies and persistently declined to learn Greek. In Latin he made fair attainments. He delighted in the past, reverenced existing institutions, sympathized with royalty, and as a boy, as in after life, he was a Tory.

355. **Romantic Tastes.**— As a student of law at the University of Edinburgh Scott was noted for his gigantic memory and enormous capacity for work. His literary tastes ran in the direction of mediæval life, and he devoured legend and romance and border song with great avidity. He learned Italian to read Ariosto, and Spanish to read Cervantes, whose novels, he said, "first inspired him with the desire to excel in fiction." But his memory retained only what suited his genius. He used to illustrate this characteristic by the story of an old borderer who once said to a Scotch divine: "No, sir, I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy; and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able, when you finished, to remember a word you had been saying."

356. **As a Lawyer.**— As a lawyer Scott was not notably successful. He was fond of making excursions over the country to visit localities celebrated for natural beauty or historic events. In view of this habit, his father reproached him as being better fitted for a pedler than for a lawyer. He was rather fond, it must be said, of living —

"One crowded hour of glorious life."

"But drunk or sober," such is the testimony of one of his companions at this time, "he was aye the gentleman." Scott practiced at the bar fourteen years; but his earnings never

amounted to much more than two hundred pounds a year. In 1799 he was made sheriff of Selkirkshire on a salary of three hundred pounds; and a few years later he became clerk of the session,— an officer in the court of Edinburgh,— a position that increased his income to sixteen hundred pounds. He was not eloquent as a pleader; his tastes were averse to legal drudgery; and his proclivities for poetry and for rambling over the country did not enhance his reputation as a lawyer. But whether practicing at the bar or wandering over the country, "he was makin' himself a' the time" — storing his mind with the facts, legends, and characters which he was afterward to embody in his immortal works.

357. **"Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."**— Though Scott's greatest literary work was to be in prose, he began with poetry. His first undertaking was a translation from the German of Bürger's spectral ballad, "Lenore." Though his rendering is spirited, he was far too healthy-minded to be perfectly at home in treating spectral themes. He soon turned to more congenial subjects. From his college days he had been making a collection of old Scottish ballads. In 1802 he published in two volumes "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which was an immediate success.

This "proved to be a well," says Carlyle, "from which flowed one of the broadest rivers. Metrical Romances (which in due time pass into Prose Romances); the old life of men resuscitated for us; it is a mighty word! Not as dead tradition, but as a palpable presence, the past stood before us. There they were, the rugged old fighting men; in their doughty simplicity and strength, with their heartiness, their healthiness, their stout self-help, in their iron basnets, leather jerkins, jack-boots, in their quaintness of manner and costume; there as they looked and lived. It was like a new-discovered continent in literature."

358. **The Last Minstrel.**— The native bent of his mind, and his studies for many years peculiarly fitted him to restore and illustrate the simplicity and violence of the old border life. The transition to original poems, in which the legends and history of the same region were embodied, was easily made. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was published in 1805 and at once

became widely popular. More than two thousand copies were sold the first year; and by 1830 the sales reached forty-four thousand copies, bringing the author nearly a thousand pounds.

Three years later "Marmion," his greatest poem, appeared; and this was followed in 1810 by the "Lady of the Lake." They were read with enthusiasm. They were new in subject and treatment. Without any pretention to classical regularity and finish, they were rapid, energetic, and romantic — the style exactly suited to the subject. "I am sensible," the author said, "that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." They are so simple in structure and thought as to be easily comprehended; they abound in wild scenes and daring deeds; they are suffused with a patriotic, martial spirit, and a delirious enjoyment of wild outdoor life.

359. **Poetic Characteristics.**— Scott's poetry may be characterized as objective. In place of meditation and mysticism, — a wrestling with the great mystery of existence,— we have graphic descriptions of external objects. He pictures things for us, as in the lines at the opening of "Marmion," descriptive of the castle: —

> "The warriors on the turrets high,
> Moving athwart the evening sky,
> Seemed forms of giant height;
> Their armor, as it caught the rays,
> Flashed back again the western blaze,
> In lines of dazzling light."

360. **Lyric Faculty.**— Some of his battle scenes are unsurpassed for their vividness and power. His lyric faculty is very great; and some of the songs in "The Lady of the Lake" are almost unequalled in their picturesque melody. Take, for example, Ellen's song, beginning,—

> "Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
> Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;

Dream of battle-fields no more,
  Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
  Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
  Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest; thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

361. **Method of Work.**— Nearly all of Scott's poetry was written in a beautiful little country house at Ashestiel, where he resided seven years. He devoted the first part of the day to his literary work. "Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favorite dog lay watching his eye, just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough, in his own language, 'to break the neck of the day's work.'"

362. **Baronial Residence.**— In 1812 Scott moved to Abbotsford, where he spent the rest of his life. He was a man of great personal and family pride. It was his ambition to live in great magnificence and to dispense hospitality on a large scale. He bought a large area of land at an aggregate expense of twenty-nine thousand pounds and erected a baronial castle. Here he realized for a time his ideal of life. He was visited by distinguished men and hero-worshippers from all parts of the world. Indeed, his fame became oppressive. His correspondence was enormous, and as many as sixteen parties of sight-seers visited Abbotsford in a single day.

363. **Bad Business Ventures.**— The great mistake in Scott's life lay in his business ventures. Through them came ultimately embarrassment and disaster. In the hope of increasing his income, he established the publishing house of John

Ballantyne & Co., in Edinburgh. John Ballantyne was a frivolous, dissipated man, wholly unfit for the management of the enterprise. Scott, though possessing sufficient discernment, was easily led away by his feelings. As a consequence, the ware-houses of the new firm were soon filled with a quantity of unsalable stock. Only the extensive sale of his novels saved the company from early bankruptcy. But ultimately the crash came, and in 1825 Scott found himself personally responsible for the enormous debt of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds.

364. **Heroic Courage.**— For years he had been the literary sovereign of Great Britain. He had lived in the midst of great splendor at Abbotsford. To find his means swept away in a single moment was a terrific blow, sufficient to crush an ordinary man. But at no time in his career did Scott exhibit so fully his heroic character. Instead of crushing him, misfortune only called forth his strength. With indomitable will and sturdy integrity he set to work to meet his immense obligations. There is nothing more heroic in the course of English literature. Work after work came from his pen in rapid succession. He well-nigh accomplished his purpose; but at last, as we shall see, his mind and body gave way under the tremendous strain, and he fell a martyr to high-souled integrity.

365. **"Waverley."**— In 1814, when the affairs of Ballantyne & Co. were in a perplexing condition, Scott took up a work in prose, which he had begun in 1805, and pushed it rapidly to completion. This was "Waverley," the first of that wonderful series which has placed his name at the head of historical novelists. Though published anonymously, as were all its successors, it met with astonishing success. It decided his future literary career. His poetic vein had been exhausted, and Byron's verse was attracting public attention. Henceforth he devoted himself to historical fiction, for which his native powers and previous training were precisely adapted.

For the remainder of his life he composed, in addition to other literary labors, on an average two romances a year, illustrating every period in Scottish, English, and continental his-

tory from the time of the Crusades to the middle of the eighteenth century. The series is, upon the whole, remarkably even in excellence; but among the most interesting may be mentioned "Old Mortality," which describes the sufferings of the Covenanters; "The Heart of Midlothian," to which many critics assign the highest rank; "Ivanhoe," which is very popular; and "Quentin Durward," which holds a distinguished place.

366. **True Historical Novel.**— Before this time attempts at the historical novel had been artificial. Contemporary ways were simply transferred to a more or less remote period, without regard to what is known as "local coloring." While working in the romantic spirit that had already appeared, Scott created in its true sense the historical novel as a real transcript of the past, and raised it to an excellence that has never been surpassed. He brought before the mind a magnificent living panorama, often idealized, indeed, of previous ages. His work is not without defects and limitations; but, "after all, it is such a body of literature as, for complete liberation from any debts to models, fertility and abundance of invention, nobility of sentiment, variety and keenness of delight, nowhere else exists."

367. **Scope of His Power.**—The Waverley novels are characterized by largeness of thought and style. They turn on public rather than private interests. In place of narrow social circles, we are introduced into the midst of great public movements. Crusaders, Papists, Puritans, Cavaliers, Roundheads, Jacobites, Jews, freebooters, preachers, schoolmasters, gypsies, beggars, move before us with the reality of life. "His comprehensive power," says Stopford Brooke, "which drew with the same certainty so many characters in so many various classes, was the direct result of his profound sympathy with the simpler feelings of the human heart, and of his pleasure in writing so as to make human life more beautiful and more good in the eyes of men."

368. **Sweep of His Style.**— Scott's style corresponds to the largeness of his subjects. He paints with a large brush. He could not have achieved distinction in domestic novels, with their petty interests and trifling distinctions. He was an ad-

mirer of Miss Austen, in reference to whose manner he said: "The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied me." "Scott needed," observes Hutton, "a certain largeness of type, a strongly marked class-life, and, where it was possible, a free out-of-doors life, for his delineations. No one could paint beggars and gypsies, and wandering fiddlers, and mercenary soldiers, and peasants, and farmers, and lawyers, and magistrates, and preachers, and courtiers and statesmen, and best of all perhaps queens and kings, with anything like his ability."

369. **The Magic Wand Broken.**— In 1825, after the failure of Ballantyne & Co., Scott resolutely set to work to pay his creditors. His only resource was his pen. Although his cherished hopes were all blasted, he toiled on indomitably till nature gave way. Two days after the news of the crash reached him, he was working on "Woodstock." In three years he earned and paid over to his creditors no less than forty thousand pounds. If his health had continued, he would have discharged the enormous debt. But unfavorable symptoms began to manifest themselves in 1829, and the following year he had a stroke of paralysis. Though he recovered from it, his faculties never regained their former clearness and strength. Nevertheless, in spite of the urgent advice of physicians and friends, he continued to toil on. "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" appeared in 1831. But they showed a decline in mental vigor — his magic wand was broken. An entry in his diary at this time is truly pathetic: "The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready: yet God knows I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain." It is the pathos of a strong man's awakening to a consciousness that his strength is gone.

370. **The Closing Scene.**— A sea voyage was recommended; and in October, 1831, he sailed, in a vessel put at his disposal by the government, for Malta. He visited various points on the Mediterranean, but without material benefit.

With the failing of his strength, he longed for Abbotsford. As he caught sight of the towers once more, he sprang up with a cry of delight. A few days before his death he called his son-in-law Lockhart to his bedside. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man,— be virtuous,— be religious,— be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." These were almost his last words. Four days afterward, during which time he showed scarcely any signs of consciousness, he quietly passed away, Sept. 21, 1832, — one of the grandest, but, also, — if we think of his disappointed hopes, — one of the saddest characters in English literature.

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Lockhart, "Life of Scott," Hutton, "Life of Scott" (English Men of Letters), Yonge, "Life of Scott" (Great Writers Series), Carlyle, "Essay on Scott," Irving, "Abbotsford," Hunnewell, "Lands of Scott."

The story of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." A description of the convent in the second canto of "Marmion." A description of the battle in the sixth canto. A review of the chase in the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake." A critique of the songs in "The Lady of the Lake." The story of the combat in canto fifth of "The Lady of the Lake." The romantic element in Scott's metrical romances. Illustrate from any of these romances Scott's attitude toward nature. What are the distinctive features of Scott's poetry, illustrating each point?

What are the six component elements of the novel? Painter, "Guide to Literary Criticism," Ch. XII. Give the plot of "Ivanhoe." Describe the leading characters of "Kenilworth." What period and movement are illustrated in "The Talisman"? A description of the most exciting incident or scene in any of these novels. A character study of Rowena and Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." Illustrate from any of these novels the leading features of Scott's genius and manner. A study of Scott's style,

following the suggestions in Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism."

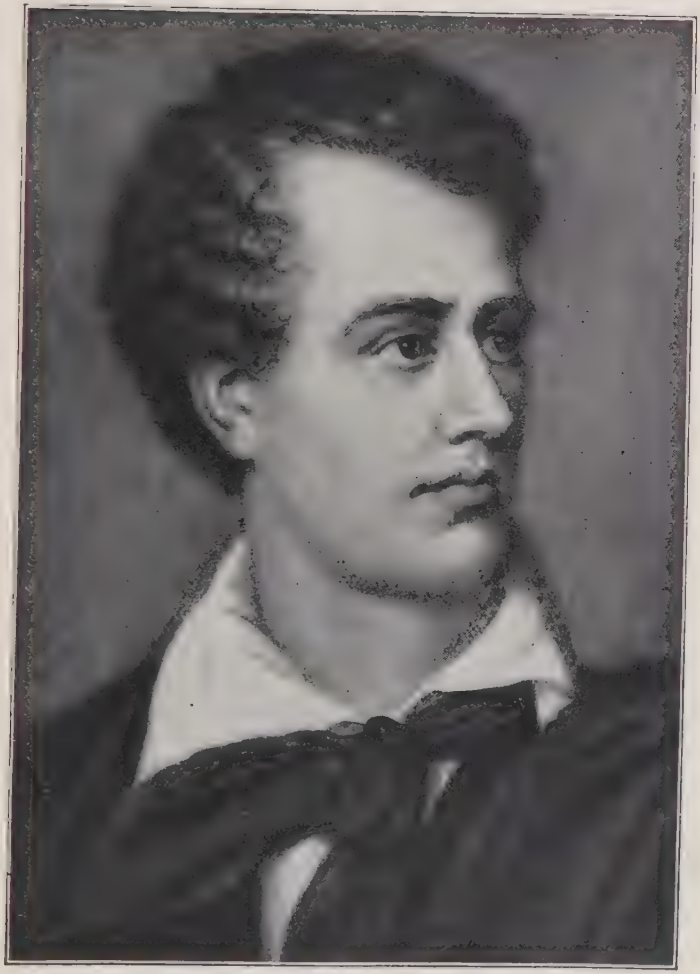
*The first chapter of "The Talisman" is given in the selections of Part II.*

## LORD BYRON.

371. **Personal Elements.**— No other poet has so embodied himself in his poetry as Byron. Had he not possessed a powerful individuality, his works would long since have perished. He was utterly lacking in the independent creative power of Shakespeare, who never identified himself with his characters. Throughout Byron's many works, we see but one person — a proud, misanthropic, sceptical, ungovernable man. Whatever exaggerations of feature there may be in the portrait, we recognize the essential outlines of the poet himself.

372. **Poetic Characteristics.**— His poetry is largely autobiographical and his utterance intense. Without the careful artistic polish of many minor poets, his manner is rapid, stirring, powerful. He was, perhaps, the most remarkable poetic genius of the century; yet his powers were not turned to the best account. He lacked the balance of a noble character and a well-regulated life. On reading a collection of Burns's poems, he once exclaimed: "What an antithetical mind! — tenderness, roughness — delicacy, coarseness — sentiment, sensuality — soaring and grovelling — dirt and deity — all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay." The same antitheses might be applied with equal truth to himself.

373. **Parentage.**— George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in London, Jan. 22, 1788. His ancestry runs back in an unbroken line of nobility to the time of William the Conqueror. His father was an unprincipled and heartless profligate, who married an heiress to get her property, and who, as soon as this was squandered, abandoned her. His mother was a proud, passionate, hysterical woman, who alternately caressed and abused her child. At one moment treating him with extravagant fondness, at the next she reproached him as a "lame brat," and flung the poker at his head. With such parentage



Byron

and such rearing, it becomes us to temper somewhat the severity of our judgment of his character.

374. **Early Romance.**— He was sent to school at Harrow. "I soon found," wrote the head-master shortly afterward, "that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management." Byron did not take much interest in the prescribed studies and never became an accurate scholar. His reading, however, was extensive, and he learned French and Italian. He formed a few warm friendships. During one of his vacations, he fell in love with Mary Ann Chaworth, whose father the poet's grand-uncle had slain in a tavern brawl He was fifteen and she was two years older. Looking upon him as a boy, she did not take his attachment seriously, and a year later married another. To Byron, who loved her with all the ardor of his nature, it was a grievous disappointment; and years afterward, when he himself stood at the altar, recollections of her disturbed his soul. The story is told in "The Dream," a poem of much beauty: —

> "The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
> Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
> There was but one belovèd face on earth."

375. **At the University.**— In 1805 Byron entered Trinity College, Cambridge, with which he was connected for nearly three years. Like many of his predecessors of independent genius — Bacon, Milton, Locke, Gibbon — he cared little for the university training. He was fond of outdoor sports and excelled in cricket, boxing, riding, and shooting. Along with a good deal of miscellaneous reading, he wrote verses, and in 1808 he published a volume entitled "Hours of Idleness." The work gave little evidence of poetic genius, and was the subject of a rasping critique in the *Edinburgh Review*. "The poesy of this young lord," it was said with some justice, "belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard."

376. **"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."**— While

affecting contempt for public opinion, Byron was always acutely sensitive to adverse criticism and the exasperating attack of the *Edinburgh Review* stung him like a blow, rousing him to fury. The result was, a little later, the furious and indiscriminate onslaught known as "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." "Prepare," he shouted, —

> "Prepare for rhyme — I'll publish right or wrong;
> Fools are my theme, let satire be my song."

The first edition was exhausted in a month. Though violent, indiscriminate, and often unjust, the satire indicated something of his latent power.

377. **"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."** — In 1809, after a few weeks of wild revel at his ancestral seat of Newstead Abbey, he set out upon his travels and visited Portugal, Spain, Greece and Turkey. His restless spirit found some degree of satisfaction in roving from place to place. While continuing to lead an ill-regulated life, he carried with him the eyes of a keen observer and the sentiments of a great poet. His experience and observation are given in the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Though he affirmed that Childe Harold is a fictitious character, it is impossible not to identify him with the poet himself.

The poem is written in Spenserian stanza, and the antiquated style which he affected at first was soon cast aside. It opened a new field, and its rich descriptions seized the public fancy. It ran through seven editions in four weeks, and to use the author's words, "He woke up one morning to find himself famous."

378. **Poetical Romances.** — The other results of his Eastern travels are "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," and "Lara" — poetical romances of passion and violence, which were received with outbursts of applause. They equalled or surpassed Scott in his own field — a fact which he had the judgment to recognize and the manliness to confess. "The Bride of Abydos" contains, in its opening lines, a beauti-

ful imitation of Mignon's song in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister": —

> "Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
> Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
> Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!"

379. **Life in London.**— Byron had returned to England in 1812, after an absence of two years; and while the various works mentioned were appearing, he led a fashionable and dissipated life in London. When the right mood was on him, he had the power of making himself highly entertaining. His presence was striking. "As for poets," says Scott, "I have seen all the best of my time and country; and though Burns had the most glorious eye imaginable, I never thought any of them could come up to an artist's notion of the character, except Byron. His countenance is a thing to dream of."

Byron was naturally idolized by women; but never discerning the nobler elements of their character, he set a low estimate upon them. "I regard them," he says, "as very pretty but inferior creatures, who are as little in their place at our tables as they would be in our council chambers. . . . I look upon them as grown-up children." He was destitute of the power of characterization as we see it in our best novelists and poets. His heroines are all of one type — Oriental beauties, loving and passionate, but without intellectual aspiration and true womanly tenderness.

380. **Marriage and Separation.**— In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke; but there was no love on either side, and it proved an ill-sorted match. Though an excellent woman, his wife was exacting and unsympathetic. Impatient at his late hours, she inquired when he was going to leave off writing verses. On the other hand, he was fitful, violent and immoral.

At the end of a year, and after the birth of their daughter Ada, she went to her father's, and informed Byron that she did not intend ever to return to him. The separation created a sensation; and the burden of blame, as was no doubt just, fell upon him. He sank in popular esteem as suddenly as he

had risen. He dared not go to the theatres for fear of being hissed, nor to Parliament for fear of being insulted. His poem "Fare Thee Well" was addressed to his wife after their separation. An acquaintance with the facts makes it hard for us to believe in the sincerity of what would otherwise be a pathetic poem: —

"Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

"Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not,
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away."

381. **Voluntary Exile.**— The result of the opprobrium, which this unfortunate event in his life brought upon him, is given in his own words: "I felt that, if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me." Accordingly, in 1816, disappointed and burdened at heart, he left his native shore never to return.

"I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye."

382. **New Era of Authorship.**— With this voluntary exile he entered upon a new era of authorship, in which he attained to the full maturity of his powers. At Geneva he wrote the third, and at Venice the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," and at once placed himself among the great masters of English verse. Landscapes of unsurpassed majesty and beauty are portrayed; history lives again; our feelings are stirred with deep emotion. Treasures are found on every page. For example: —

"The sky is changed! — and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

Or again: —

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

383. **"Prisoner of Chillon."**— At Geneva he wrote the touching story of Bonnivard, "The Prisoner of Chillon," which belongs to the group of romantic tales. There is no resemblance between the hero of the poem and the historic prisoner of Chillon, of whom Byron knew little or nothing at the time he wrote. "When the poem was composed," he frankly confesses, "I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I should have endeavored to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues." It is a pathetic story, with some beautiful lines: —

"Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthrals."

384. **Various Works.**— From Switzerland, Byron went to Italy, living for a time at Venice, Ravenna, Pisa, and Genoa.

His Italian life was voluptuous and immoral. In every place of sojourn, however, he continued to write, composing many works of high excellence. "Cain" is a powerful drama. One of the characters is Lucifer, of whom Byron apologetically says, "It was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects." "Manfred" and "Sardanapalus" are other dramas. The "Vision of Judgment," a satire on George the Third and "Bob Southey," is not reverent, but it is the wittiest production of its class in our language. "Don Juan," his longest poem, is a conglomerate of wit, satire, and immorality, relieved at intervals by sage reflection and delicate poetic sentiment. It shows at once the author's genius and degradation. Perhaps he never wrote more beautiful lines than these: —

"'Tis sweet to hear,
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed o'er the water's sweep.
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words."

385. **Critique.**— Notwithstanding its power and the frequent beauty of single passages, Byron's poetry has serious defects. The rapidity with which he wrote prevented a high degree of artistic finish. Its structure and rhyme are sometimes whimsical or perverse. It is lacking in high seriousness, without which poetry never reaches the greatest heights. It is, indeed, a reflection of the poet's life, and to that extent may be

pronounced true; but because his life was perverse and wrong, his poetry is lacking in divine truth. It brings no helpful message to humanity. His criticism of life is destructive; he never reached the wisdom that replaces evil with good and in view of these facts, he may justly be said to belong to the Satanic school of letters. "He refreshes us," to use the words of Carlyle, "not with the divine fountain, but too often with vulgar strong waters, stimulating indeed to the taste, but soon ending in dislike, or even nausea."

Though few English authors were ever more popular at home, Byron's influence on the Continent was still greater. "He simply took possession of the Continent of Europe and kept it," says Saintsbury. "He was one of the dominant influences and determining causes of the French Romantic movement; in Germany, though the failure of literary talents and activity of the first order in that country early in the century made his school less important, he had great power over Heine, its one towering genius; and he was almost the sole master of young Russia, young Italy, young Spain, in poetry. Nor, though his active and direct influence has of course been exhausted by time, can his reputation on the Continent be said ever to have waned."

386. **The Greek Revolution.**— At length the aimless and voluptuous life he was leading filled him with satiety. He had drained the cup of pleasure to its dregs of bitterness. He began to long for a life of action. "If I live ten years longer," he wrote in 1822, "you will see that it is not all over with me. I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing — and I do not think it was my vocation; but I shall do something."

Greece was at this time struggling for independence from Turkish tyranny. Byron was a friend of liberty; the struggling Greeks touched his sympathies. Accordingly, he embarked for Greece in 1823 to aid them in their struggle. As he was about to depart, the shadow of coming disaster fell upon him. "I have a sort of boding," he said to some friends, "that we see each other for the last time, as something tells me I shall never return from Greece."

He was received at Missolonghi with salvos of musketry and

music. He received a military commission, and in his subsequent movements displayed ability and courage. But before he had been of much assistance to the Greeks, he was seized with a virulent fever, and died April 9, 1824. The cities of Greece contended for his body; but it was taken to England, where, sepulture in Westminster Abbey having been refused, it was conveyed to the village church of Hucknall.

387. **Sense of Failure.**— Such lives are unutterably sad. Byron possessed what most men spend their lives for in vain — genius, rank, power, fame; yet he lived a wretched man. His peace of mind was broken, and his body prematurely worn by vicious passions. He was himself oppressed with a sense of failure; and less than three months before his death he wrote: —

> "My days are in the yellow leaf;
> The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief,
> Are mine alone!"

Life had lost its charm; and all he sought was a martial death in that land of ancient heroes: —

> "Seek out, less often sought than found,
> A soldier's grave — for thee the best;
> Then look around, and choose thy ground,
> And take thy rest."

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Moore, "Life of Byron," Nichol, "Life of Byron" (English Men of Letters), Noel, "Life of Byron" (Great Writers Series), Matthew Arnold, "Essays in Criticism," Macaulay, "Essay on Byron," Lowell, "Among My Books," Peabody, *North American Review*, 31; 167.

A review of "The Dream." A critique of the "Hours of Idleness": was the *Edinburgh Review* right in its estimate? Examples

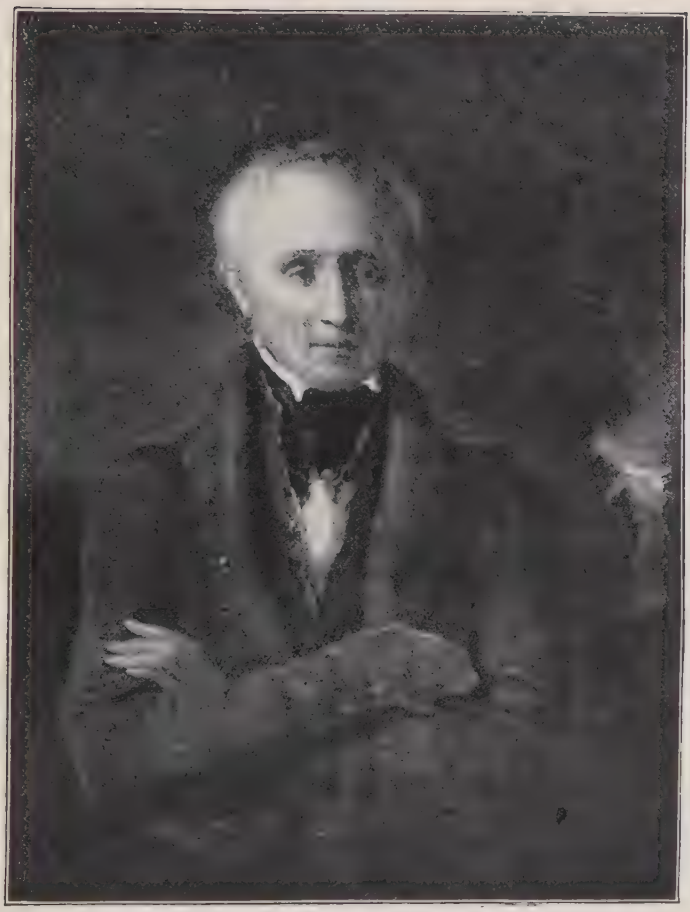
of witty caricature from "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." An outline of each of the poetical romances, "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," and "Lara." A critique of the poem "Fare Thee Well." Make a collection of choice extracts from the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold." The story of "Cain." A criticism of "Manfred." A review of the "Vision of Judgment." A critique of the "Hebrew Melodies." Illustrate the difference between Byron's and Wordsworth's attitude toward nature. Compare the poetical romances with Scott's "Marmion": was Scott right when he said, "Byron *bate* me"?

*"The Prisoner of Chillon" will be found among the selections of Part II.*

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

388. **A Parallel.**— In striking contrast with the restless, passionate life of Byron stands the peaceful, uneventful life of Wordsworth. Instead of furious, tormenting passions, there is a self-poised, peaceful life of contemplation. Byron imparted to the beautiful or sublime scenes of nature the colorings of his turbulent thoughts and violent emotions; Wordsworth brought to mountain, stream and flower the docility of a reverent and loving spirit. His soul was open to the lessons of the outward world, which to him was pervaded by an invisible presence. In his pride and misanthropy, Byron felt no sympathy with the sufferings and struggles of humanity. His censorious eye perceived only the foibles and frailties that lie on the surface. With a far nobler spirit and a keener insight, Wordsworth discerned beauty and grandeur in human life and aspired to be helpful to his fellow-men. While Byron trampled on the laws of morality, ruined his home and turned the joys of life to ashes, Wordsworth lived in the midst of quiet domestic happiness — humble indeed, but glorified by fidelity, friendship, and love. Byron died in early manhood enslaved by evil habits and oppressed with the emptiness of life; Wordsworth reached an honored old age, and passed away upheld with precious hopes. The one may be admired for his power and meteoric splendor; the other will be honored and loved for his upright character, his human sympathy, and his helpful teachings.

389. **Childhood.**— William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland County, April 7, 1770, of an ancient family. His violent and moody temper as a child filled his mother with anxiety about his future. He in no way distinguished himself at school, though some of the verses he then composed were well spoken of.



Engraved by J. Bomtrey after the painting by W. Boxall, London. Published 1832.

Wm Wordsworth

390. **Influence of Nature.**— At the age of seventeen he entered Cambridge, where he gave no promise of his future greatness. His genius developed slowly. It was not from books, but from nature, that he derived the greatest inspiration and help. The celebrated Lake District, in which he was born and in which his school-days and the greater part of his maturity were spent, is a region of varied and beautiful scenery. With its mountains, forests, and lakes, it is grander than the typical English landscape, yet without the overpowering sublimity of Switzerland. It was a region specially suited to awaken and develop the peculiar powers of Wordsworth. He moved among the natural beauties of the country with an ill-defined but exquisite pleasure. In his own words: —

> "The ever-living universe,
> Turn where I might, was opening out its glories;
> And the independent spirit of pure youth
> Called forth at every season new delights,
> Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er green fields."

391. **Period of Indecision.**— In 1791 Wordsworth took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and left the university without having decided upon a vocation. "He did not feel himself good enough for the church," he said years afterward; "he felt that his mind was not properly disciplined for that holy office, and that the struggle between his conscience and his impulses would have made life a torture." He was disinclined to the law; and though he fancied that he had talents for the profession of arms, he feared that he might fall a prey to disease in foreign lands. He passed some time in London without a definite aim and also without much profit. He felt out of place amidst the rush and din of the city. Like the "Farmer of Tilsbury Vale," whom he afterward described: —

> "In the throng of the town like a stranger is he,
> Like one whose own country's far over the sea;
> And nature, while through the great city he hies,
> Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise."

392. **Revolutionary Sympathies.**— After a few months he went to France for the purpose of learning the language. His sympathies, which had been with the revolutionists, were intensified by an acquaintance at Orleans with the republican general Beaupuis. Returning to Paris, Wordsworth contemplated placing himself at the head of the Girondist party — a step that would inevitably have brought him to the guillotine. From this danger he was saved by his friends, who, not in sympathy with his republicanism, stopped his allowance, and thus compelled him to return to England. The excesses into which the Revolution ran were a rude shock to him. He was driven to the verge of scepticism: —

> "Even the visible universe
> Fell under the dominion of a taste
> Less spiritual, with microscopic view
> Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral world."

But his thoughtful nature could not rest in unbelief. A sympathetic study of nature, the beautiful devotion of his sister Dorothy, and a deeper insight into the lives of men, restored his healthfulness and peace of mind. As he advanced in years, he gave up the ardent republican hopes of his youth, and settled down into a staid conservatism.

393. **First Volume.**— The first volume of Wordsworth is entitled "Lyrical Ballads." It was published in 1798, and contained, besides Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and several pieces that were ridiculed for triviality, "We Are Seven," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," and above all "Tintern Abbey," all of which contain the essential principles of Wordsworth's poetry. Indeed, the "Tintern Abbey" more than any other single poem contains the revelation that the poet had to make to the world. The following passage, besides presenting the poet's view of nature, is one of great beauty: —

> "And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

394. **Ridicule and Satire.**— Unfortunately the trivial pieces attracted most attention, and the work was received with coldness and ridicule. "The Idiot Boy" — a delightful poem to those who can feel the pathos of childish imbecility and the beauty of maternal love and solicitude — was the subject of one of the cruelest passages in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Speaking of Wordsworth, whom he denominates "a mild apostate from poetic rule," Byron continues: —

"Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of an idiot boy,
A moon-struck silly lad who lost his way,
And like his bard confounded night with day,
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the idiot in his glory,
Conceive the bard the hero of the story."

395. **In Germany.**— Immediately after the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" Wordsworth and his sister went to Germany in order to improve their imperfect acquaintance with the German language. They passed the winter at Goslar; but as they seem to have made no acquaintances, their means of advancement was confined to reading German books privately.

The winter was severe, and their comforts were few. Wordsworth says: "I slept in a room over a passage that was not ceiled. The people of the house used to say, rather unfeelingly, that they expected that I should be frozen to death some night." Notwithstanding these discomforts, his muse was active, and he produced some of his most charming and characteristic pieces, among which are "Lucy Gray," "Ruth," "Nutting," and the "Poet's Epitaph." It was here, too, that "The Prelude," the poetical autobiography of the author's mental growth, was begun. "'The Prelude,'" says a biogra-

pher, "is a book of good augury for human nature. We feel in reading it as if the stock of mankind were sound. The soul seems going on from strength to strength by the mere development of her inborn power."

396. **Poetical Canons.**— Wordsworth returned to England in 1799 and settled at Grasmere in the Lake District, in which he spent the rest of his life. The following year he published a new edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," containing many new pieces and the famous preface in which he laid down his poetical canons. These canons may be briefly stated as follows: 1. Subjects are to be taken from rustic or common life, "because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak plainer and more emphatic language." 2. The language of common life, purified from its defects, is to be adopted, because men of that station "hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, . . . being less under the action of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions." 3. There neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition."

397. **Elements of Truth.**— The most, perhaps, that can be said in favor of these principles is that, without being absolutely true, they contain elements of truth. Like Burns, Wordsworth has conferred a blessing on humanity in pointing out the beauty of commonplace objects and incidents. We cannot spare "We Are Seven," or "Michael," which ought to be one of our most popular poems. His naturalness of diction is to be commended. Yet it must be said that Wordsworth sometimes carries his principles to a ridiculous extent. When he hits upon phrases like "dear brother Jim," and objects like "skimmed milk" and —

> "A household tub, like one of those
> Which women use to wash their clothes,"

his greatest admirers are forced to grieve.

398. **Life in the Lake District.**— Wordsworth's life in the Lake District was characterized by great simplicity. There were no stirring events, no great changes. His resources were increased by the payment of an old debt due his father's estate. His marriage, in 1802, to Miss Mary Hutchinson, brought into his home a real helpmate. Though decidedly domestic in her turn, she was not without poetic feeling and appreciated her husband's genius.

399. **Plain Living and High Thinking.**— With true feminine tact she presided over the poet's home, and softened as far as possible the unconscious egotism into which his retirement and contemplation had betrayed him. Dorothy Wordsworth shared their home. The life of this happy family was an illustration of "plain living and high thinking." Much time was spent in the open air, and every foot of ground in the neighborhood was traversed by the poet and his sister. A large part of his verse was composed during these daily rambles. While extending a cordial welcome to congenial friends, — De Quincey, Coleridge, Wilson, Southey, and others, — he cared little for neighborhood gossip. To him it was a fruitless waste of time. As he tells us in the sonnets entitled "Personal Talk": —

> "Better than such discourse doth silence long,
> Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
> To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
> In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
> And listen to the flapping of the flame,
> Or kettle whispering its faint undersong."

This quiet, humble, reflective life is beautiful; yet it has its objectionable features. It leads to narrow and one-sided views of life. It is not the way in which to develop a strong or heroic character. Yet it was adapted to Wordsworth's genius and produced a rich fruitage.

400. **"The Happy Warrior."**—The first great sorrow that came into the poet's life was the death of his brother John, captain of an East Indiaman. His vessel was wrecked in 1805 and sank with the captain at his post of duty. He had sev-

eral years previously spent a few months at Grasmere, and was looking forward to the time when he might settle there for life. A strong attachment existed between him and his brother. The same year saw the death of Nelson at Trafalgar. The death of the hero brought grief to the national heart. Combining the traits of his brother John and Admiral Nelson, Wordsworth composed "The Happy Warrior," a poem of great dignity and weight — a veritable manual of greatness. Who is the happy warrior? He who owes, —

> "To virtue every triumph that he knows;
> Who, if he rise to station of command,
> Rises by open means; and there will stand
> On honorable terms, or else retire,
> And in himself possess his own desire;
> Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
> Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
> Like showers of manna, if they come at all."

401. **Notable Poems.**— Every year increased the number of notable poems. There are two or three that deserve especial mention as embodying peculiar views — to some extent Wordsworth's philosophy of life. In a little poem called "The Rainbow," he says: —

> "My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky:
> So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man;
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die!
> The child is father of the man;
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety."

Far more is here expressed than appears at first reading. "Wordsworth holds," to adopt the excellent interpretation by

Myers, "that the instincts and pleasures of a healthy childhood sufficiently indicate the lines on which our maturer character should be formed. The joy which began in the mere sense of existence should be maintained by hopeful faith; the simplicity which began in inexperience should be recovered by meditation; the love which originated in the family circle should expand itself over the race of men." In the "Ode to Duty," one of Wordsworth's noblest productions, we meet with this "genial sense of youth:"—

"Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security."

402. **"Ode on Immortality."**— In the "Ode on Immortality," in which we have perhaps the highest attainment of poetry in the nineteenth century, he makes use of the Platonic doctrine of the preëxistence of the soul to account for the glory that hovers over the visible world in childhood. As a child looks upon the various objects of earth and sky, he unconsciously invests them, the poet says, with the splendor of the spiritual world from which he has come. But as life advances, these recollections of a previous existence become fainter and fainter, and at last the world degenerates into a commonplace reality.' Now read these splendid lines:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;

The youth, who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

403. **At Rydal Mount.**— In 1813 Wordsworth removed to Rydal Mount, where he spent the rest of his life. With increasing family — three sons and two daughters had been born unto him — came increasing wants and expenditures. His good fortune did not desert him. He was appointed distributer of stamps for the county of Westmoreland — an office that brought him little labor, but five hundred pounds a year.

The following year he published "The Excursion," a tedious and prosaic poem relieved here and there with passages of surpassing beauty. It was coldly received, and proved a financial loss. Jeffrey began a famous review with the contemptuous sentence, "This will never do." Up to this time Wordsworth had been the subject of continuously unfavorable criticism. No other writer, perhaps, ever had so protracted a struggle to gain a proper recognition.

404. **Confidence in His Genius.**— But through all this long period of misrepresentation and detraction, Wordsworth did not lose confidence in himself. His genius was its own sufficient witness. He felt a pity for the ignorance of the world, but looked forward to a time when the merits of his poetry would be recognized. Writing to a friend, he says: "Let me confine myself to my object, which is to make you, my dear friend, as easy hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself upon their present reception. Of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? — to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves." What in

many a man would savor of egotism comes from the lips of Wordsworth with the calm dignity of conscious strength.

405. **Recognition and Honor.**— His hopes were not disappointed. The latter years of his life brought him great popularity and honor. In 1839 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law; three years later the government granted him a pension of three hundred pounds; and upon the death of Southey he became poet laureate. His pure and peaceful life came to an end April 23, 1850. "And surely of him, if of any one, we may think as of a man who was so in accord with nature, so at one with the very soul of things, that there can be no mansion of the universe which shall not be to him a home, no Governor who will not accept him among his servants, and satisfy him with love and peace."

406. **His Natural Gifts.**— Wordsworth's mind was evenly balanced; thought, imagination, and conscience all worked together in harmony. This fact gave sanity not only to his life, but also to his poetry. His was not, as some persons have supposed, a mild, gentle nature without energy. He had a strong will and deep feelings, but through stern self-discipline he had brought them under rational control. The power of his intellectual and emotional nature is shown in numberless passages, in which he reaches the sublimest heights of poetry — regions far beyond the attainment of any but mighty spirits. There is much that is commonplace in his poetry — great tracts of dulness; but in his moments of fully aroused imaginative energy, he is unsurpassed, perhaps, by any other English poet except Shakespeare.

407. **Keen Observation.**— Like other lovers of nature, Wordsworth had a keen eye and ear for its beauties. His observations are minute and accurate. Forms, colors, sounds, are all vividly caught and reproduced in his poetry. To take but a single illustration, we read in "A Night-Piece," dating from 1798, the following: —

> "The traveller looks up — the clouds are split
> Asunder,— and above his head he sees

The clear moon, and the glory of the heavens.
There, in a black-blue vault she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
Drive as she drives; how fast they wheel away,
Yet vanish not! — the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent; —still they roll along
Immeasurably distant; and the vault
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds."

408. **Spiritual Side of Nature.**— But Wordsworth was more than a mere observer. He was not satisfied to report the outward appearance of things, as were Scott, and, in a large measure, Byron. He looked upon nature as interpenetrated by a divine, conscious spirit that could speak to his soul. Beneath the outward beauties of the world he tried to catch its spiritual message. To him nature was a great teacher, surpassing the storehouses of human wisdom: —

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

"And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Knight, "Life of Wordsworth" (3 vols.), Symington, "Wordsworth, His Life and Works," Myers, "Life of Wordsworth" (Eng-

lish Men of Letters), Coleridge, "Biographia Literaria," De Quincey, "Literary Reminiscences," Lowell, "My Study Windows," Cranch, *Atlantic Monthly*, 45; 241, Whipple, *North American Review*, 59; 352.

The principles of Wordsworth's poetry as exemplified in "We are Seven," "Expostulation and Reply," and "The Tables Turned." Wordsworth's attitude to nature in "Tintern Abbey." The story of "Ruth." The poet's residence at Cambridge as portrayed in Book Third of "The Prelude." The influence of nature upon him, "The Prelude," Book First and Second. A review of the poem "Michael." A study of "The Happy Warrior." A critique of the "Ode to Duty." Read "At the Grave of Burns," the three poems "To the Daisy," "The Solitary Reaper," "She was a Phantom of Delight," "The Primrose of the Rock," "Yarrow Revisited": What Wordsworthian characteristics do they exemplify? The poetry of Wordsworth, De Quincey, "Literary Criticism"?

*The "Tintern Abbey" and "Intimations of Immortality" are given among the selections of Part II.*

## THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

409. **Noteworthy Characteristics.**— De Quincey was, like Pope, of insignificant stature, but of a singularly intelligent face. A noble brow rose over his thin, finely chiselled features, and his blue eyes glowed with an unfathomable depth. He was nervously shy, and, like Hawthorne, almost morbidly averse to every sort of publicity. His mental activity was prodigious, and at his best he deserves to rank as one of the most delightful English talkers. Both as a talker and writer he used "an awfu' sicht o' words," as a shrewd Scotch servant said of him; but they were so fastidiously chosen and so musically uttered as to be little less than charming. He was a unique personality; and beyond almost all other writers he has infused his character — idiosyncrasies and all — into his writings.

410. **Parentage.**— Thomas de Quincey was born in Manchester, the fifth of eight children, Aug. 15, 1785. His father was "a plain English merchant" of large means, esteemed for his great integrity and strongly attached to literary pursuits. "My mother," De Quincey says, "I may mention with honor, as still more highly gifted; for though unpretending to the name and honors of a *literary* woman, I shall presume to call her (what many literary women are not) an *intellectual* woman." Her letters are characterized by strong sense and idiomatic grace.

411. **At School.**— In 1796 De Quincey was placed in the public school of Bath, a town to which his mother had recently removed. He brought to his new surroundings an unusual amount of information gathered from miscellaneous reading. In Latin he was recognized as little short of a prodigy and was weekly "paraded for distinction at the supreme tribunal of the school." The result may easily be foreseen. Some of his jealous comrades inaugurated what he described

A photograph after painting by Archer.

Thomas De Quincey

as a state of "warfare at a public school." He was threatened with immediate "annihilation;" but fortunately for English literature, the threat was never carried out.

412. **Entry into the World.**— The year 1800 De Quincey designates as the period of his entry into the world. He was invited by Lord Westfort, a young friend of his own age, to accompany him on a visit to Ireland. The various experiences of the next few months lifted him to what he calls "premature manhood," for he was yet but fifteen years of age. He was invited to court entertainments; he passed a short time in "the nation of London." More than all, he met on a boat a young lady of great beauty and culture, who inspired him with a new and uplifting reverence for woman. This incident fixed, as he thought, a great era of change in his life. "Ever after, throughout the period of youth," he said, "I was jealous of my own demeanor, reserved and awe-struck, in the presence of woman; reverencing often not so much *them* as my own ideal of woman latent in them. For I carried about with me the idea, to which I often seemed to see an approximation, of —

> 'A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command.'"

413. **At the University.**— In December, 1803, De Quincey entered Worcester College, Oxford. He was connected with the university for five years, but finally left it without a degree. He led a life of great retirement. He calculates that for the first two years he spoke less than a hundred words. But his morbid seclusion and silence were not spent in idleness. He had an insatiable thirst for reading and books; and to increase his library he sorely stinted his wardrobe. He lamented the excessive devotion to Latin and Greek, and the utter neglect of English literature at the university. He stoutly maintained the superiority of modern over ancient literature. "We engage," he said, "to produce many scores of passages from Chaucer, not exceeding fifty to eighty lines, which contain more of picturesque simplicity, more tenderness, more fidelity to nature, more truth of character than can be matched in all the 'Iliad' or the 'Odyssey.'"

414. **A Victim of Opium.**— In 1808 he left Oxford, to which he professed to owe nothing. Of its vast riches he took nothing away. Once seeking relief from neuralgic pain, he resorted to laudanum; and, like Coleridge, he became henceforth an opium fiend. It never gained quite so complete a mastery over him as over his illustrious contemporary; but for more than fifty years, sometimes in enormous quantities, it remained a necessity with him. He became, in some measure, the apologist of opium, to which he addresses more than one eloquent but unpleasing apostrophe.

415. **At Grasmere.**— In November, 1809, De Quincey took up his residence at Grasmere, occupying the pretty cottage that Wordsworth had just left for Allan Bank. Here, first as a bachelor and afterward as a married man, he lived till his removal to Edinburgh in 1830. He devoted himself to study, particularly to German metaphysics, with great assiduity. He associated on terms of intimacy with all the other celebrities of the Lake District, including Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Wilson. For a time he was almost utterly prostrated from the use of opium. A quart of ruby-colored laudanum in a decanter and a book of German metaphysics by its side — these he mentions as sure indications of his being in the neighborhood.

416. **Life in the Lake District.**— In his "Literary Reminiscences," one of the most interesting volumes of his collected works, De Quincey dwells principally on this period of his life. Nowhere else do we find life in the Lake District so finely portrayed. The sketches of Coleridge and Wordsworth are extended and exquisite studies, though at times there is a suggestion of venom in his treatment of these great writers. His early reverence for Wordsworth, whose hospitality he frequently enjoyed, was little short of idolatry; but in later years, owing apparently to the poet's self-complacent unresponsiveness, De Quincey became estranged almost to the point of bitterness.

417. **"Confessions of an Opium Eater."**— The inherited means, which De Quincey had hitherto lived upon, were now exhausted. Under the stress of domestic necessities, he roused

himself, by a prodigious effort, from the intellectual torpor to which the opium habit had reduced him. In 1821 he began his literary career with his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," which appeared in the *London Magazine* anonymously. The "Confessions" were honestly autobiographical; and besides many interesting facts of his early life, they told of the growing power of the terrible drug, and described, in passages of almost incomparable splendor, the mighty visions that came to him waking and sleeping. The articles, both for their style and matter, attracted general attention, and opened to him the best magazines of the day. He wrote about one hundred and fifty articles, which taken together, with the exception of two or three unimportant books, constitute his literary remains.

418. **De Quincey and Carlyle.**— In 1824 he published an article on Goethe, based on Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister." The article was chiefly an onslaught on the great German, who was represented as a tiresome and immoral impostor. But the translator himself came in for a good share of criticism, his Scotticisms, his mistakes in German, and his awkward prose being dwelt upon. The review accidentally fell into the surly Scotchman's hands; and in his "Reminiscences," where he speaks of the matter, he more than quits the score with a sketch in *aqua fortis*. De Quincey, he says, "was a pretty little creature, full of wire-drawn ingenuities, bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride, with the finest silver-toned low voice, and most elaborate gently winding courtesies and ingenuities in conversation. . . . A bright, ready, and melodious talker, but in the end inconclusive and long-winded. One of the smallest man figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all. When he sate, you would have taken him by candlelight for the beautifullest little child; blue-eyed, sparkling face, had there not been something, too, which said, 'Eccovi — this child has been in hell.'"

419. **"Murder as a Fine Art."**— After 1826 his literary career is transferred from London to Edinburgh. Through the influence of Wilson, with whom he had roamed over the valleys and mountains of the Lake District, he became a con-

tributor to *Blackwood*. Besides articles on Lessing and Kant he published in 1827 his famous essay "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts." It is a piece of sustained wit and humor. He deals with murder as some critics deal with literature; he admits that morally it is not exactly to be approved; but "when tried by principles of taste, it turns out sometimes to be a very meritorious performance."

420. **Suffering and Struggle.**— In 1830 De Quincey moved his family to Edinburgh, and ten years later he occupied the cottage of Lasswade, a few miles out of the city. His life was now one of almost unintermitting suffering and struggle. In 1835 he lost his faithful wife Margaret, to whom he was deeply attached, and who, **throughout** the sore trials of her domestic life, had steadfastly maintained her character as a brave and gentle woman. His health was frequently frail, and at times he succumbed to his appetite for opium. He avoided society, and it was only with difficulty that he could be entrapped for a dinner party. But through it all he continued to produce, at the rate of half a dozen a year, that marvellous series of papers that have given him an imperishable place in English literature. Besides those already mentioned, the following are worthy of special attention: "Suspiria de Profundis," "The English Mail Coach," "Revolt of the Tartars," "On War," "Joan of Arc," "Style," "Rhetoric," "Language."

421. **Qualities of Style.**— De Quincey rejects the common opinion that style is the *dress* of thought. To him it is something far more profound. Adopting a happy phrase of Wordsworth's, he defines style as "the *incarnation* of thought." He bestowed exceeding care on his composition. He had an exquisite sense of the force of words and beauty of form. He had a singularly sensitive ear and took great pains, as he tells us, not only to avoid cacophony, but also to frame musical sentences. For precision in the use of language and for melody in the structure of his periods, De Quincey takes high rank among English writers. Less monotonous than Gibbon or Macaulay, his style varies, according to the changing thought, from the careless ease of colloquial forms to the sustained grandeur of impassioned eloquence. The Dream Fugue in

"The English Mail Coach" may be described as a prose poem.

422. **Range of Subjects.**— De Quincey did not begin his literary career until his mind was well stored with knowledge. His reading covered a wide field, including not only English literature and English history, but also Greek and Latin literature, German metaphysics, and a whole multitude of unusual and nondescript works. His well-kept library numbered more than five thousand volumes. His writings cover a wide range of subjects and are peculiarly rich in their allusions. History, nature, art, poetry, music, are all called upon to grace the substantial structure of his thought. His vocabulary is exceedingly copius; he not only drew on the native Saxon and Latin elements of our language, but ruthlessly lugged in Latin, Greek, French, German, or whatever other tongue furnished him with a fitting phrase.

423. **Literature of Knowledge and Power.**— To De Quincey we owe an interesting distinction in literature — one that is readily applicable to his own writings. "There is first," he says, "the literature of *knowledge*, and, secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is to *teach;* the function of the second is to *move*: the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* the affections of pleasure and sympathy." To this latter kind of literature belong those works of De Quincey — "The Confessions," "Suspiria," "English Mail Coach," "Murder as a Fine art," "Joan of Arc," and the "Autobiographical Sketches" and "Literary Reminiscences"— by which he will retain a permanent place among great English writers.

424. **Frequent Digressions.**— De Quincey can hardly be classed as a great thinker. He is ingenious and graceful rather than profound. He rarely submitted to the restraints of a strict logical method. His digressions are as frequent as those of Coleridge, but are held under better control: instead of running entirely away with him, they always return and sometimes felicitously, to the main subject in hand. He is conscious of his digressive style and sometimes makes humorous refer-

ence to it. In his essay 'On War," after being switched off for a couple of pages, he returns to the main line of thought with the remark: "This digression, now, on anecdotes, is what the learned call an *excursus,* and I am afraid too long by half — not strictly in proportion. But don't mind *that.* I'll make it all right by being too short upon something else at the next opportunity; and then nobody can complain."

425. **An Intellectual Life.**— De Quincey's life was pre-ëminently intellectual. "Without breach of truth or modesty," he says, "I may affirm that my life has been, on the whole, the life of a philosopher; from my birth I was made an intellectual creature; and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits and pleasures have been, even from my school-boy days." Even his irrepressible humor has an eminently intellectual flavor. De Quincey was not, like Carlyle, a great moral force in the world. While capable of deep affection, he was not subject to violent outbursts of indignation at the sight of evil. He did not set himself up as a reformer. "I am too much of a eudæmonist," he said; "I hanker too much after a state of happiness for myself and others." He sought refuge from the hard conflicts of the world in the retirement of his study. He tried to smooth the path of life by tireless courtesies of manner and speech. He possessed in an eminent degree "the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere persuasive, and nowhere emphatic."

426. **Closing Scene.**— His death, which occurred Dec. 8, 1859, was calm and beautiful. His mind seemed to revert to his early associations. At the last his heart asserted its supremacy over the intellect, and his last act was to throw up his arms and exclaim, as if with a cry of surprised recognition, "Sister, sister, sister!" Perhaps it was a vision of his dearly loved sister Elizabeth, dead nearly seventy years before, who had now come to lead him beyond the river.

## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Page, "De Quincey's Life and Writings," Masson, "Life of De Quincey" (English Men of Letters), De Quincey, "Literary Reminiscences," Lathrop, *Atlantic Monthly,* 40: 569, Japp, *Century Magazine,* 19: 853.

A study of De Quincey's style as exemplified in the selection given, Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," Part II. The story of "The Apparition of the Brocken" in the student's own words. What does it reveal as to the range of De Quincey's knowledge? A summary of his opinion of Oxford. See "Autobiographic Sketches." His estimate of Wordsworth in "Literary Reminiscences." A study of the wit and humor in the lecture "Murder considered as One of the Fine Arts." The story of the "Revolt of the Tartars." A review of "The English Mail-Coach." De Quincey's estimate of Joan of Arc. Some autobiographic incidents from the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater."

*"The Apparition of the Brocken" and "Savannah-la-Mar" are given among the selections of Part II.*

# VICTORIAN AGE.

## PRINCIPAL WRITERS.

Novelists. — Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton (1805–1873). Voluminous and popular novelist and dramatist; author of "Eugene Aram" (1831), "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1849), "Last of the Barons" (1843), "The Caxtons" (1849), "My Novel" (1853), etc. "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" are two of the best modern dramas.

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (1804–1881). Statesman and novelist; author of "Vivian Grey" (1827), "Coningsby" (1844), "Lothair" (1870), "Endymion" (1881), and many others.

Charles Kingsley (1819–1875). Clergyman, poet, and novelist; author of "Alton Locke" (1849), "Hypatia" (1853), "Westward Ho" (1855), "Hereward the Wake" (1866), etc.

Frederick Marryat (1792–1848). Novelist of nautical adventure, who is unsurpassed in his sphere. "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," and "Mr. Midshipman Easy" are perhaps his best. Other novels are "The Phantom Ship" (1839), "Masterman Ready" (1841), "The Privateersman" (1844), and many more.

Anthony Trollope (1815–1882). One of the most voluminous of all novelists; author of "The Warden" (1855), "Barchester Towers" (1857), "Framley Parsonage" (1860), "Can You Forgive Her" (1864), "Phineas Finn" (1869), etc.

Charles Reade (1814–1884). Author of "Peg Woffington" (1852), "It is Never Too Late to Mend" (1856), "The Cloister and the Hearth" (1861), etc.

Wilkie Collins (1824–1889). Author of numerous novels, among which are "The Woman in White" (1860), "No Name" (1862), "The Moonstone" (1868), "Man and Wife" (1870), etc. Some of his novels have been dramatized.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1845–1894). Novelist of the new romantic school; author of "Virginibus Puerisque" (1881), "Treasure Island" (1883), "Prince Otto" (1885), "Kidnapped" (1886), "The Master of Ballantrae" (1889), and "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Dinah Maria Craik (1826–1888). Author of many novels, pre-ëminent among which are "John Halifax, Gentleman" and "A Life for a Life" (1859). Others are "Mistress and Maid" (1863), "A Noble Life" (1866), "The Woman's Kingdom" (1869), etc.

Charles Dickens (1812–1870). Voluminous novelist, editor, and reformer. Author of "Pickwick Papers" (1836), "Oliver Twist" (1838), which portrays criminal life in London, "Nicholas Nickleby" (1838), written to expose the cruelties of certain Yorkshire schools, "Old Curiosity Shop" with its heroine Little Nell, "David Copperfield" (1850), which is largely autobiographical, and perhaps his best novel, and many others. (See Text.)

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1862). A novelist, editor, and poet of keen analytic and satirical power. His best works are "Vanity Fair" (1847), a novel without a hero, "Pendennis" (1848), "Henry Esmond" (1852), which is commonly regarded as his best work, "The Newcomes" (1855), and "The Virginians" (1859). His "English Humorists" is a delightful study of Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope, and Goldsmith. (See Text.)

Charlotte Bronté (1816–1855). A novelist of rare gifts but of limited range. Her best work is "Jane Eyre" (1847). Her other works are "Shirley" (1849), "Villette" (1853), and "The Professor," which was published after her death. Her novels are replete with autobiographic elements. (See Text.)

George Eliot (1819–1880). An essayist, poet, and novelist of keen psychological power. Author of "The Mill on the Floss" (1860), "Silas Marner" (1861), "Adam Bede" (1859), "Romola" (1863), "Middlemarch" (1872), and "Daniel Deronda" (1876). The greatest of all women novelists. **(See text.)**

Poetry. — Arthur Hugh Clough (1819–1861): "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" (1848) and "Depsychus" (1862). A poet of doubt, who "has neither the strength to believe nor the courage to disbelieve."

Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith") (1831–1892). Statesman, novelist, and poet; author of the following poetical works: "Clytemnestra" (1855), "The Wanderer" (1859), "Lucile" (1860), "Fables in Song," and several others.

William Morris (1834–1896). Novelist and poet. His principal poetical works are "The Defence of Guinevere" (1858), "The

Life and Death of Jason" (1867), "The Earthly Paradise" (1868–1871), "Love is Enough" (1873).

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–). Poet, dramatist, and critic; author of "Atalanta in Calydon: a Tragedy" (1865), "Poems and Ballads" (1866), "Siena: a Poem" (1868), "Songs Before Sunrise" (1871), "Poems and Ballads" (1878), "Songs of the Spring Tides" (1880), and many others.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882). Artist and poet; author of "The Blessed Damozel" (1848), "Sister Helen" (1851), "Early Italian Poets" (1861), "Poems" (1870–1882). Rossetti, Swinburne, and Morris are the chief representatives of the romantic spirit in the poetry of the Victorian Age.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–1861). A poetess of admirable gifts, wife of Robert Browning. — Author of "Sonnets from the Portuguese" — "the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare"—"Aurora Leigh," (1856), a novel in verse, and of many excellent lyrics. (See Text.)

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888). A poet and essayist of refined taste and style. "Sohrab and Rustum" and "Balder" are his chief narrative poems. Characteristic lyrics are "Resignation," "A Question," "The Future," "The Grande Chartreuse," "Human Life," "In Utrumque Paratus," etc. Among his prose works are "Essays in Criticism," "Culture and Anarchy," "Literature and Dogma," and "Discourses in America," consisting of three lectures. (See Text.)

Henry Austin Dobson (1840–). Poet and critic; author of "Vignettes in Rhyme" (1873), "Proverbs in Porcelain" (1877), "At the Sign of the Lyre" (1885), etc.

Andrew Lang (1844–). Poet and prose writer; author of "Ballads in Blue China" (1881), "Rhymes à la Mode" (1884), "Ballads of Books" (1888). Among his prose writings are "Custom and Myth" (1884) and "Myth, Ritual, and Religion" (1887).

Edwin Arnold (1832–1904). Sanskrit scholar, editor, and poet; author of "The Light of Asia" (1878), "Pearls of the Faith" (1882), "The Song Celestial" (1885), and "The Light of the World" (1891).

William Watson (1844–). Poet, and author of "The Prince's Quest" (1880), "Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems" (1889), and "Collected Poems" (1898).

History. — George Grote (1794–1871). Member of Parliament, an extreme Liberal in politics, and author of an excellent "History of Greece" (1846–1856), and intended as an antidote to Mitford.

Connop Thirlwall (1797–1875). Bishop of St. David's, and author of a "History of Greece" (1835–1847), likewise written from a Liberal point of view. This work, as well as that by Grote, is standard.

Henry Hart Milman (1791–1868). Dean of St. Paul's, and author of a "History of the Jews" (1829), "History of Latin Christianity" (1854). In addition to his excellent histories, he edited Gibbon, and published a few poems.

James A. Froude (1818–1894). Essayist and historian; author of a "History of England" (1856–1869), "The English in Ireland" (1871–1874), "Short Studies on Great Subjects" (1867), "Life of Carlyle" (1884). One of the most interesting of historians, but sometimes inaccurate.

Edwin Augustus Freeman (1823–1892). A voluminous historian; author of "A History of Architecture" (1849), "History of the Saracens" (1856), "History of the Norman Conquest" (1867–1879), "Growth of the English Constitution" (1872), and many other works, all distinguished for careful statement.

W. E. H. Lecky (1838–1903). Philosophic historian; author of "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" (1861), "History of Rationalism in Europe" (1865), "History of European Morals" (1869), and a "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" (1878–1890).

John Richard Green (1837–1883). Clergyman, and author of "Short History of the English People" (1874), "History of the English People" (1878–1880), a work in four volumes, and "The Making of England" (1882). All are admirable works.

Thomas Arnold (1795–1842). Clergyman, head-master of Rugby, and author of five volumes of sermons, an edition of Thucydides, and a "History of Rome" in three volumes.

Sir Archibald Alison (1792–1867). Lawyer and historian; author of "History of Europe" (1839–1859), "Life of the Duke of Marlborough" (1847), etc. His "History of Europe" is interesting rather than profound.

Science and Philosophy. — Charles Darwin (1809–1882). Eminent naturalist; author of "Journal of Researches' (1839–1845),

"Origin of Species" (1859), "Descent of Man" (1871), etc. His writings have exerted an immense influence on modern thought.

Herbert Spencer (1820–1903). The ablest of evolutionist philosophers; author of "Principles of Psychology" (1855), "First Principles" (1862), "Principles of Biology" (1867), "Principles of Psychology" (1872), "The Study of Sociology" (1872), etc.

Thomas Henry Huxley (1825–1895). Biologist, lecturer, and essayist; author of "Oceanic Hydrozoa" (1859), "Man's Place in Nature" (1863), "Lay Sermons" (1870), "Introduction to the Classification of Animals" (1877), "Science, Culture, and Other Essays" (1882), etc. He has done much to popularize scientific knowledge.

John Stuart Mill (1806–1873). Editor, essayist, and philosopher; author of a "System of Logic" (1843), "Political Economy" (1848), "Representative Government" (1860), "Subjection of Women" (1869), "Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy" (1865), etc.

Sir William Hamilton (1788–1856). One of the ablest Scotch metaphysicians; author of "Discussions in Philosophy, Literature, and Education" (1853), "Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic," published after his death.

Hugh Miller (1802–1856). Geologist and able writer; author of "Old Red Sandstone" (1841), "Footprints of the Creator," "My Schools and Schoolmasters," and "Testimony of the Rocks," the last being an attempt to reconcile geology and Genesis.

John Ruskin (1819–1900). A versatile man of genius, who was an artist, art critic, author, lecturer, and reformer. Among his writings may be mentioned "Praeterita," a delightful autobiography, "Modern Painters" (1843–1860) in defense of the English artist Turner, "The King of the Golden River," a fine fairy tale, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" (1849), "The Stones of Venice" (1851–1853), "Sesame and Lilies," the most popular of his works, and "The Crown of Wild Olive," consisting of three lectures. (See Text.)

## GREAT REPRESENTATIVE WRITERS.

Thomas Babington Macaulay. Thomas Carlyle.
Robert Browning. Alfred Tennyson.

## VIII.

## THE VICTORIAN AGE.

(1832—1906.)

428. **Human Progress.**— It may be safely claimed that upon the whole there has been no grander age in the history of the world. It may lack, as some are disposed to claim, the æsthetic culture of the Age of Pericles, the great martial spirit of Ancient Rome, the lofty ideals of the age of chivalry. But as we compare the conditions of the present day with those of any period of the past, who can doubt the fact of human progress? The world has grown into a liberty, intelligence, happiness, and morality unknown at any previous time. To be sure, the golden age has not been reached; that lies, and perhaps far distant, in the future. Many evils in society, in the state, and in the church need to be corrected. But the advancement during the present century, and particularly during the reign of Queen Victoria, has been marvellously rapid.

429. **An Age of Invention.**— If we think of the wonderful improvements in the mechanic arts, we recognize this period as an age of invention. Within a few decades are comprised more numerous and more important inventions than are found in many preceding centuries taken together. Social and industrial life has been thoroughly revolutionized. Think of the wonders accomplished by steam! It has supplied a new motive power, accelerated travel, and built up manufacturing inland towns and cities. Electricity is at present accomplishing scarcely less. It carries our messages, lights our cities, and runs our street railways. The capacity of the printing-press has been vastly increased. While the sewing-machine has taken the place of the needle in the house, the reaper and the mowing-machine have supplanted the sickle and the scythe in the field. The breech-loading and repeating rifle has driven out the muzzle-loading flint-lock.

430. **Scientific Investigation.**— The present period is an age of scientific investigation and progress. The Baconian spirit prevails; and investigation — systematic, minute, and prolonged — has taken the place of empty speculation. In the presence of rapid changes, tradition has lost much of its power; and with their growing intelligence men are less willing to be guided by mere authority. Careful and patient toilers are at work in every department of learning; and nature, questioned as never before, is gradually yielding up her secrets. All the natural sciences — physics, zoölogy, botany, geology, chemistry, physiology, astronomy — have been wonderfully expanded; Faraday, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer, and others are honored names in natural science.

431. **Theory of Evolution.**— The same patient methods of investigation are applied to the study of the mind, the origin of man, the history of the past. The theory of evolution, sometimes with greater or less modification, has been generally accepted, and, like the law of gravitation or the Copernican system, has greatly changed our views of nature and of history. Many old beliefs have been modified or destroyed; but the general result has been to give us greater breadth of thought and a clearer insight into the laws of God.

432. **A Practical Age.**— This is pre-eminently a practical age, aiming at visible results. The vast resources, which science and invention have placed at our command, are applied in various ways to the comfort and well-being of man. The material wealth of every country is being developed; and daring explorers, supported by private enterprise or royal bounty, are sent to examine unknown regions. Every effort is put forth to make living less costly and more comfortable. No doubt, as is pointed out sometimes, this practical tendency goes too far, subjecting æsthetic and spiritual interests to material ends. The ideal is, in too great a degree, banished from life. But, in spite of these facts, the practical tendency of our age deserves to be considered one of its many claims to superiority.

433. **Educational Advancement.**— It is an age of educational advancement. In England as elsewhere, schools of every class have been multiplied, and education has been

brought within the reach of the common people. The methods of instruction are more nearly conformed to the nature of the child, and the subjects of study are designed to fit the pupil for the duties of practical life. In higher education the change is no less remarkable; the traditional curriculum, consisting largely of Latin and Greek, has been greatly expanded, and subjects of immediate practical importance — the modern languages, natural and political science, the mother tongue, and history — receive increased attention. Women now have the advantages of higher education, either in separate or in co-educational colleges.

434. **Periodical Press.**— Intelligence was never so generally diffused. The periodical press exerts an immense influence. Great dailies spread before the people every morning the news of the world. Monthly magazines and reviews, unsurpassed in tasteful form and literary excellence, have been greatly multiplied. They powerfully stimulate literary activity, while cultivating the taste, intelligence, and character of the people. They are often the original vehicles, not only for what is best in fiction, poetry, and criticism, but also for what is most interesting in science and history.

435. **International Relations.**— The present is an age of close international relations. Submarine cables and fleet steamers bring the various nations of the earth together. They are united by commercial interests. They share in common social, industrial, scientific, and literary interests; and what is true of England in these particulars is substantially true of America or, in a less degree, of France, or of Germany. Christendom has become more homogeneous; culture is more cosmopolitan. With a clearer knowledge of one another, and with common interests fostered by commerce, the nations of the earth have developed kindlier feelings. From time to time they unite in great expositions of their choicest products, and settle minor differences by diplomacy or arbitration.

436. **Political Progress.**— It is a time of political progress. The democratic principles, announced and defended in America and France at the close of the eighteenth century, have become generally diffused. It is now commonly recognized that govern-

ments exist, not for sovereigns or favored classes, but for the people. New reform bills have greatly extended the right of suffrage in England, the elective franchise being extended, in certain cases, even to women. The science of government is better understood, and legislative enactments have become more intelligent and equitable. The public administration has become purer. If bribery, self-aggrandizement, and dishonesty still exist, these evils are much less frequent than in former ages. Public men live in the light and are held accountable at the bar of public opinion.

437. **Social Progress.**— The present period is an era of social progress. The increased facilities of production have greatly cheapened the necessaries of life. Wages have generally increased; and the poor, as well as the rich, live better than ever before. Women enjoy greater advantages. But, at the same time, there is great social unrest. Many believe that the existing economic conditions are not final. Wasteful wealth sometimes exists by the side of starving poverty. Gigantic combinations of capital, which often abuse their power to wrong the people, are commonly recognized as a serious evil. Great attention is given to the study of economic and sociological questions, which are treated, not only in scientific, but also in fictitious, works.

438. **Religious Advancement.**— The religious advancement of the period under consideration is specially noteworthy. The conflict between dogma and science, which at times has been sharp, has not been prejudicial to Christianity. Superstition has become a thing of the past, and the emphasis of religious teaching is now centered upon fundamental and practical truths. The Gospel is looked upon as a rule of life for the present world, and Christ is becoming more and more the conscious ideal of men. The ascetic spirit has given place to an active spirit, which finds the highest service of God in bravely meeting the duties of everyday life. The asperities of religious sects are softening; Jews as well as Roman Catholics are admitted to Parliament; religious tests are abolished at Oxford and Cambridge; Dissenters, since 1880, have had the right to bury in the public churchyards with their own re-

ligious services. The Evangelical Alliance and the Young Men's Christian Association are the practical manifestation of the general tendency toward closer union and coöperation among Christian people.

439. **Practical Benevolence.**— In harmony with the practical tendencies of the age, religion has become more benevolent in its activities. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are appreciated as never before. The church is active in missionary work at home and abroad. It is prominent in every work that seeks to relieve the unfortunate and reclaim the lost. The treatment of the unfortunate and the criminal classes is more humane. The insane are no longer chained in loathsome cells, the unfortunate debtor is not thrown into jail, the petty criminal is not hanged. The church seeks to bring a pure and benevolent spirit to the settlement of the great social and political problems of the day.

440. **Creative and Diffusive Literature.**— The foregoing survey of present conditions, as they exist in England and elsewhere, enables us to understand more fully the literary character of the Victorian Age. It will be recognized that this period has been exceedingly favorable to general literature. The rich and varied life of the English people has been reflected in their writing. If we seek to characterize this period on its literary side, we may designate it as *creative* and *diffusive*. New fields of thought have been opened up; new questions have been brought before society; and the interests of life — social, religious, industrial, scientific — have been enormously multiplied. Never before, if we except the drama, was English literature so rich and so varied. In style there has been a return to nature; at the same time there has been an artistic finish, particularly in prose, unknown in previous eras.

441. **Essay Writing.**— With the establishment of many periodicals, essay writing has attained a new importance and excellence. In the days of Addison and Johnson, the essay was devoted chiefly to brief discussions of light social and moral topics. The great critics of the Age of Scott were usually ponderous. But at present, in the form of popular reviews and magazine articles, the essay deals with every sub-

the poetic imagery inherited from Greece and Rome has been swept away by the progress of science, poetry itself has gained in variety and depth. It treats with equal facility the present and the past. It voices the manifold interests and aspirations of the age — social, political scientific, religious. Never before did the stream of poetry have such volume and power; and if sometimes, as in Clough and Matthew Arnold, it has been lacking in faith and cheer, it has in the main borne to men a message of hope, courage, and truth.

448. **New Poetic Forms.**— While in large measure realistic, poetry has not cast aside its ideal character. Modern progress in culture has placed it on a high vantage ground — far in advance of all the preceding ages; and from this new position its penetrating vision pierces farther into the realms of unexplored and undiscovered truth. With its present expansion in thought and feeling, poetry has naturally assumed new forms. While in dramatic poetry there is a humiliating decay in comparison with the Elizabethan era, yet in lyric, narrative, and didactic poetry we find almost unrivalled excellence. With naturalness of form and expression, there is a careful and conscientious workmanship not found in previous periods.

In addition to the great writers selected for special study in this period, there are other distinguished names scarcely less worthy of mention. Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Matthew Arnold, and John Ruskin — all these have felt the inspiration of genius, and made lasting contributions to English literature.

449. **Charlotte Brontë.**— In her novels, which have been mentioned in the preceding list of writers, Charlotte Brontë has portrayed her own character with great clearness. Forced by solitude and suffering to prolonged introspection, she acquired a rare self-knowledge. She gazed steadily into the tragic depths of the human soul. She had but a limited acquaintance with literature and society. Her genius was singularly restricted in its materials. Hence her work is largely autobiographical; it is her experience as contemplated in the light of a strong imagination. "Jane Eyre," "Lucy Snowe," and even "The Professor" are Charlotte Brontë herself. She was of

delicate mould; and whether she experienced joy or sorrow, it was in an intense degree. What has been said of her last work "Villette" may be justly applied to all her writings: "Out of the dull record of humble woes, marked by no startling episodes, adorned by few of the flowers of poetry, she created such a heart history as remains to this day without a rival in the school of English fiction to which it belongs."

450. **A Sad Life.**— There are few lives that have been so sad. Her history, it has been suggested, ought to be written in tears. Death early robbed her of a mother's care. Her school life, as depicted in the early chapters of "Jane Eyre," was characterized by harsh treatment, insufficient food, and enforced exposure to wet and cold. The dissipated habits of a loved and talented brother brought a constant care and humiliating sorrow. Her life as a governess was scarcely better than a prolonged torture to her sensitive nature. Her efforts to establish a school were an ignominious failure. Yet, in the midst of this clouded existence, her spirit continued to burn with quenchless fire; and out of her bitter trials she wrought a series of works which, by their beauty and depth and power, have gained a permanent place in our literature.

451. **Critique.**— Her style exhibits a direct and masculine vigor that places Miss Brontë among the masters of English prose. The leading characters, far from an ideal perfection, are portrayed with a deeply impressive realism. Some of the scenes of "Jane Eyre" are intensely dramatic, and the reader is carried forward with eager interest to the close. Unconventional in form and sentiment, its originality gave rise to some carping criticism; and in the preface to the second edition, which was speedily called for, the author took occasion to remind her readers that "Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns." Though not without faults of conception, of taste, and of ignorance, "Jane Eyre" stands as one of the great impressive books of the nineteenth century.

452. **George Eliot.**— George Eliot — her real name was

Mary Ann Evans — did not begin to write novels, on which her fame chiefly depends, till she had reached the full maturity of her intellectual powers. She was thirty-eight when her first story was published. Gifted with a large and penetrating mind, she was a profound student of the human soul; and few other writers, even among the very greatest, have sounded lower depths. She was deeply impressed by the ethical significance of life, and everywhere discerned the same tragedy of hunger and labor, sin and suffering, love and death. She portrayed ordinary life in its deeper thought and feeling; and her method, to express it in a single phrase, was that of *psychologic realism.*

453. **Distinguished Friends.**— She early showed an inclination to write; and after a trip to the Continent in 1849, she became associate editor of the *Westminster Review.* Her connection with this periodical, to which she contributed some able essays, brought her into contact with some of the ablest advanced thinkers of her time. Among her friends she numbered Carlyle, Harriet Martineau, Lewes, Herbert Spencer, and others. A still deeper attachment sprang up between her and George H. Lewes, a man of bright and genial nature, whose wife had abandoned him. When he found it impossible to secure a divorce, George Eliot entered into a conjugal relation with him without the usual sanction of church and state. This bold and irregular step cost her the respect and confidence of many friends. But apart from its unfortunate irregularity, the union turned out singularly helpful and happy; and in the confidence and encouragement of her husband, George Eliot found a much needed stimulus in her work.

454. **"Scenes from Clerical Life."**— The time had now come for her to enter upon a wider literary career, and to exemplify her profound conceptions of the novelist's art. In the fall of 1856 she wrote "Amos Barton," the first story in "Scenes of Clerical Life." The scenery, incidents, and characters were taken from her childhood recollections.

In "Scenes from Clerical Life" we discover the distinguishing features of George Eliot's work. Lacking in dramatic power, she aimed at a truthful portrayal of character rather than an exciting train of incidents. She is a novelist of the soul, as Dick-

ens is of manners. The prevailing tone of her work is one of sadness. Weakness, error, and sin are allowed, as in actual life, to bring forth failure and suffering. The background of her own nature was shrouded in gloom. Though her sceptical opinions are carefully repressed, they cast a shadow over her work; and with one or two exceptions we are apt to rise from a perusal of any of her books with a feeling of depression.

455. **"Adam Bede."**— In writing fiction George Eliot had at last found her vocation, and in this fact she experienced a satisfaction unknown before. Scarcely were the "Scenes from Clerical Life" finished, when George Eliot nerved herself for a stronger flight. She set to work on "Adam Bede" late in 1857, continued it during a pleasant sojourn of some months in Germany, and completed it in England in November, 1858. It was published the following year, and rarely has any book created so great a sensation in the literary world. Charles Reade pronounced it "the finest thing since Shakespeare"; Charles Buxton quoted it in Parliament; Herbert Spencer said that he felt the better for reading it. No fewer than eighteen thousand copies were sold the first year, and George Eliot suddenly found herself in the forefront of English novelists.

456. **Two Notable Books.**— Her next book, completed and published in 1860, was "The Mill on the Floss." It contains a larger autobiographic element than any of her other works; for Maggie is a youthful portrait of George Eliot herself, while Tom Tulliver is her brother Isaac. "Silas Marner", which appeared the following year, is, perhaps, the most artistic of all our author's works. Not so lengthy as her other novels, it is more rapid in movement and symmetrical in form. For the first time in her writings, imagination takes the place of reminiscence. Though serious, as are all her books, it is less depressing than most of them. It is lighted up with many a touch of humor, and ends with wedding bells. The transformation in Silas Marner's character, through his love for the little waif that had stolen into his cottage, is something that is beautiful in itself and full of promise for humanity.

457. **Other Works.**—"Romola," which appeared in 1863, is one of the greatest of historical novels. It was wrought with

incredible toil. "I began it a young woman", George Eliot said; "I finished it an old woman." It reproduces with wonderful power the stirring scenes and interests of Florence at the close of the fifteenth century. Romola is no less noble in soul than beautiful in person; and the ideals she cherished may be regarded as those of George Eliot herself. The poem of "The Spanish Gypsy" was published in 1868; but, though it was received with favor at the time, it is rather tedious now. "Middlemarch" was published in 1872 and "Daniel Deronda" in 1876. The rank these works hold among her writings is a disputed point; but the fact seems to be that, with less of popular interest, they exhibit greater depth and breadth of thought. There are not a few who regard "Middlemarch" as the greatest of her works. In "Daniel Deronda" she shows her sympathy with the Jews, to whom, she maintained, the Western people, who have adopted Christianity, owe a peculiar debt. But however great these books may be, their depth and seriousness will prevent them from being general favorites.

458. **Nobleness of Aim.**— In her life she made grave mistakes, and suffered much; but in all her trials of body and soul, she never lost her nobility of purpose nor her sympathy with burdened, struggling humanity. The deep purpose of her life she has beautifully expressed in one of her poems: —

"May I be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

459. **William Makepeace Thackeray.**— Many parallels have been drawn between Thackeray and Dickens, the two greatest novelists of their day. Both attained great popularity; yet in character, methods of work, and attitude toward life, they were very different. In place of Thackeray's almost femi-

nine timidity, Dickens had a virile self-confidence and determination. In place of Thackeray's distrust of himself and the world, Dickens had an invincible confidence in both. In place of Thackeray's irresolution and unsystematic methods of work, Dickens was resolute and regular in a marked degree. In place of Thackeray's satirical attitude, which made him dwell chiefly on the shams and foibles of life, Dickens dwelt chiefly on the good to be found in human nature, even in its most degraded forms. Of the two, it is needless to say that Dickens has been the more popular; but it would be rash to say that he was the greater intellect or better artist.

460. **A Prince of Realists.**— In constructing a work of fiction, the novelist may adopt any one of three methods: he may describe what is romantic or extravagant in character and incident; he may depict ideal or poetic personages and conditions; or he may adhere strictly to reality, portraying men and events as they actually exist. Thackeray adopted the last method and may be justly regarded as the prince of English realists. At the same time, he did not aim to portray life in its fulness; and with his intense dislike of sham and villainy, he made the false and sinful side of society most prominent in his works. In "Vanity Fair" he warns his readers that he is "going to tell a tale of harrowing villainy." To many persons it is depressing. We can easily understand why Thackeray's children used to say to him, "Papa, why don't you write books like Mr. Dickens?" But after a large acquaintance with life has taught us something of its shams and villainies, "Vanity Fair" becomes a delightful book, holding the mirror up to the darker side of society.

461. **Poetic Skill.**— Though Thackeray can hardly be regarded as a poet, he was a versifier of uncommon skill. Like his prose works, his poems are mostly humorous and satirical; but at the same time there is an undertone of seriousness and pathos running through them. The "Sorrows of Werther," a satirt on Goethe's romance of the same name, is well known: —

"Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter."

"The End of the Play" is one of the best of his more serious poems, breathing a pathetic sadness. "The Cane-Bottomed Chair" was the author's favorite ballad; but in no other poem has he put so much of his feeling in regard to life as in "Vanitas Vanitatum": —

"O vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

"Though thrice a thousand years have past,
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it, —

"Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of folly, fortune, glory, ruin."

462. **Charles Dickens.**— Dickens was fortunate in coming upon the stage at an opportune moment. The brilliant Victorian Age had scarcely begun. Shelley, Keats, Byron, Coleridge, Lamb, were names of the past; and that mighty constellation of Victorian writers — Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, Browning, and others — was just appearing above the horizon. In the realm of fiction particularly, there was a void. Scott had lain in his tomb five years; and in spite of the partial success of Bulwer and Disraeli, no one had been found worthy to take his place. At such a time did Dickens appear upon the scene to become for many years the acknowledged prince of novelists.

463. **Parentage.**— Charles Dickens, the second in a family of eight children, was born in Portsea, Feb. 7, 1812. His father

was at that time a government clerk connected with the Portsmouth dockyard. He was, according to his son's testimony, industrious and conscientious in the discharge of business, and "as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world." But thrift was not one of his virtues. With an increasing family and accumulating debts, he moved to London when his son was two years old, and not long afterward to Chatham. His wife was a woman of some accomplishments, but without much practical wisdom and force of character.

The experiences of the family at this period and after their return to London have been immortalized in "David Copperfield." To have a complete record, it is only necessary to substitute John Dickens for the easy-going Mr. Micawber. Even the "Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies" is not a fiction; but unfortunately for the welfare of the family no pupils ever came, and the house was visited only by a growing number of inexorable creditors. At last the elder Dickens was thrown into the Marshalsea prison for debt, where he moralized in much the same strain as Micawber. With tears he conjured his son "to take warning by his fate, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year for his income, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen chillings and sixpence he would be happy, but that if he spent twenty pounds one he would be miserable."

464. **"Pickwick."**— The success of "Pickwick," which was published in 1836, established the reputation of Dickens and confirmed him in a literary career of astonishing fruitfulness. It was the most popular novel of its day. It has remained one of its author's most popular books. In several particulars it illustrates his peculiar methods and powers. Though possessed of no small degree of dramatic talent, Dickens does not often make use of elaborate plots. He is preëminently a novelist of incident. He places before us graphic scenes rather than profound studies. His characters are vividly drawn, but generally with the exaggeration of caricature. He has a dominant but kindly sense of humor, which, less refined than that of a Lamb or Irving, is exhibited most frequently in absurd characters and ridiculous situations. Besides all this, there is found in

"Pickwick" an abounding and contagious vitality, which constitutes one of the great charms of the book.

465. **Critique.**— As a novelist, Dickens followed a large and diffuse method. He lacked the severe self-restraint that belongs to the classic spirit. His scenes and characters are almost exclusively confined to the lower half of society; and when he has attempted to portray a higher type of manhood and womanhood, he has generally failed. But these and other defects are so heavily counterbalanced by prevailing excellences that we can afford to ignore them. In spite of caricature, many of his characters are genuine creations, whose doings and sayings are quoted with the tacit assumption that they are familiar to every one. Who can forget Pickwick, or Mr. Micawber, or Bill Sikes, or a score of others? Dickens is always pure and true in his moral feeling. He never confounds vice and virtue, nor loses sight of the great truth that "the wages of sin is death." He had a wide human sympathy, which discovered, even in the lowest outcast, some remaining spark of goodness. "This humane kinship with the vulgar and the common," says Frederic Harrison, "this magic which strikes poetry out of the dust of the streets, and discovers the traces of beauty and joy in the most monotonous of lives, is, in the true and best sense of the term, Christ-like, with a message and gospel of hope."

466. **Elizabeth Barrett Browning.**— The nineteenth century produced many female writers of high excellence. They are represented in almost all departments of literature, but notably in poetry and fiction. This result has been brought about by the larger culture which is now open to women. They have risen to the demands of a larger sphere of thought and action. Among our great female writers, Mrs. Browning occupies a foremost place. She is beyond question the greatest poetess of England, and, as many believe, of the world. What other poetess deserves a place beside her? In genuineness of inspiration and in vigor of thought she stands above all her sister singers.

467. **Indomitable Energy.**— Her life was not without great trials. Most persons would have been crushed by them. But, as part of her endowment of genius, she had an indomitable energy; and, as often happens, her sufferings but deepened and

ennobled her character. She experienced and believed, what another poet has said: —

"These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

Suffering gave depth of insight and emotion to her song. But better than her poetry, with all its excellence, was the brave, pure, noble womanhood that stood behind it.

468. **Her Fame Established.**— In 1844 she published two volumes of poetry that established her fame on a permanent basis. They contain some of her most popular poems. "A Vision of Poets," which contains a brief characterization of the principal Greek, Roman, Italian, French, and English bards, abounds in deep thought. The moral of the poem, which the author herself had learned by experience, is contained in the last stanza: —

"'Glory to God — to God!' he saith,
*Knowledge by suffering entereth,*
*And life is perfected by death.*"

"The Romaunt of the Page" and the "Rhyme of the Duchess May" are ballads of deathless love. "The Dead Pan" is a noble song, which recognizes the fact of human progress: —

"Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth,
And those debonair romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus' chariot course is run:
Look up, poets, to the sun!
Pan, Pan is dead."

"The Sleep," with its refrain,—

"He giveth his beloved sleep,"—

is a poem of sweet comforting power. But the most popular of all was the romantic, unconventional "Lady Geraldine's

Courtship." It was hastily written to swell the first volume to the requisite number of pages, the last hundred and forty-seven lines being written in a single day. In spite of Lady Geraldine's infatuation, the hero seems wanting in true manliness of feeling and conduct.

469. **"Sonnets from the Portuguese."**— The volumes in question led to an acquaintance with Robert Browning, whom she married two years later in 1846.

In one of her letters she has told the story of her courtship and marriage, in a straightforward way; but the deepest and truest record of her inner life during that period is found in her "Sonnets from the Portuguese." They were not written for the public; and it was not till some months after her marriage that they were shown to her husband. He at once pronounced them "the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare." They embody Mrs. Browning's best work, and rank in the very forefront of English love poems. The first of the series is regarded by Stedman as the best sonnet in our language; its dramatic form and womanly pathos make it a poem of moving power.

470. **"Aurora Leigh."**—"Aurora Leigh" is a novel in verse; but it moves on a high plane of thought and feeling. It was published in 1856; and so rapid was its sale that a second edition was called for in a fortnight. Beyond any other of her works "Aurora Leigh" presents her thoughts on art and life. She had a high conception of the poet's office. She calls poets —

> "The only truth-tellers now left to God,
> The only speakers of essential truth,
> Opposed to relative, comparative,
> And temporal truths; the only holders by
> His sun-skirts, through conventional gray glooms;
> The only teachers who instruct mankind,
> From just a shadow on a charnell-wall,
> To find man's veritable stature out,
> Erect, sublime — the measure of a man."

Here is her conception of art: —

"What is art
But life upon the larger scale, the higher,
When, graduating up in a spiral line
Of still expanding and ascending gyres,
It pushes toward the intense significance
Of all things, hungry for the Infinite?
Art's life; and when we live, we suffer and toil."

These extracts must suffice to illustrate the thought and manner of the poem. The story itself is unconventional, but somehow the leading characters and incidents fail to awaken anything like breathless interest.

471. **Characteristics.**— Mrs. Browning's poetry is the sincere utterance of her soul. The nobility of her nature and the extent and refinement of her culture lift it above the commonplace in thought and expression. Conforming her practice to her theory, she let the spirit of each piece determine its form. She handles with ease difficult stanzaic forms. She was a patient, conscientious worker; and her defective rhymes, which critics have magnified, were less the result of carelessness than of an unfortunate theory, which was to give greater freedom to English versification. In her earlier poems there is, perhaps, a measure of diffuseness; and throughout her literary career she remained romantic rather than classic in her genius and art. But in spite of all defects, she justly merits Stedman's eulogy as "the most inspired woman of all who have composed in ancient or modern tongues, or flourished in any land or time."

472. **Matthew Arnold.**— The literary career of Matthew Arnold began in 1849 with "The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems," which were followed three years later by "Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems." In 1853 he published a volume of "Poems," made up principally from his previous works. He had a high conception of the nature of poetry, which he defined as "a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty." He

did not believe, as Macaulay and Nordau have held, that poetry would disappear with the full maturity of our race. On the contrary, he maintained that "the future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay." While insisting on beauty of form, he laid particular stress on truth and value of substance. In one of his sonnets he says that the poet's muse should be —

> "Young, gay,
> Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground
> Of thought and of austerity within."

473. **Rank as a Poet.**— We cannot assign him a very high rank as a poet — considerably lower, indeed, than he imagined he deserved. His poems are lacking in the quality of spontaneity or inevitableness. Few of them have the stamp of melodious perfection. They frequently exhibit subtlety of thought and delicacy of feeling; but the conscious, restrained effort is nearly always discernible. His narrative poems, particularly "Sohrab and Rustum" and "Balder," reflect, in their clearness and dignity of style, the poet's studies in Homer. Both are admirable poems.

474. **Tone of Sadness.**— The prevailing tone of his poetry is sad. He had a strong sense of fate and sorrow in human life. In the little poem "A Question," the sad and tragic side of life finds beautiful expression: —

> "Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows
> Like the wave;
> Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men.
> Love lends life a little grace,
> A few sad smiles; and then
> Both are laid in one cold place, —
> In the grave."

The poet felt keenly the unsettled conditions and beliefs of our epoch of change and transition. In "The Grande Chartreuse" we read: —

"Achilles ponders in his tent,
The kings of modern thought are dumb;
Silent they are, though not content,
And wait to see the future come.
They have the grief men had of yore,
But they contend and cry no more."

475. **Function of Criticism.**— In 1865 appeared his "Essays in Criticism," a volume chiefly noted for its first chapter on the function of criticism. Arnold was more than a mere literary artist; beneath all his writings, however urbane in manner, there is a serious purpose. He made criticism mean much more than the inglorious art of finding fault or of displaying the critic's learning. "Its business is," he says, "simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas." Or, as he more briefly defines it elsewhere, criticism is "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." This places criticism on a high plane, and makes of the competent critic an inspiring teacher and guide.

476. **Secret of His Popularity.**— A list of Arnold's principal works has been given on a preceding page.

As we review the leading points in Arnold's criticism, on which his fame must chiefly rest, we are impressed with his limitations. His attainments were neither of the widest nor profoundest. What, then, has been the secret of his popularity? First of all his style, though a little too self-conscious and overrefined, is winning and lucid. There is never any difficulty in understanding what he is driving at, and he labels his principal points with a telling word or phrase. Besides this, he preserved at all times an unruffled sweetness of temper. Even in his most refined cruelty he exhibits a charming urbanity. But most of all, he had a real message to the English people. He earnestly exhorted them to mingle with the pursuit of gain the sweetness and light of genuine culture. The self-confidence or dogmatism often apparent in his manner did not rise from an offensive egotism. The explanation is to be

found in his preface to "St. Paul and Protestantism." In what he wrote he believed himself to be an organ for that mighty collective tendency which we call the spirit of the age. Whoever looks upon himself in this light, necessarily speaks "as one having authority."

477. **John Ruskin.**— The restless genius of John Ruskin has led him into many fields of thought. He has been an artist, art critic, author, moralist, sociologist, reformer. He has not been equally great in all these spheres of activity, but he has everywhere been animated by the same valiant and unselfish love of truth. His opinions are not always safe or consistent, and many of his social ideas are strangely impracticable; but whatever he has said or advocated, has come from the depths of a heroic sincerity.

478. **Resemblance to Carlyle.**— In their ardor for truth and righteousness there was a warm sympathy between Ruskin and Carlyle. Their admiration was mutual. Ruskin called Carlyle master; and Carlyle in return lauds Ruskin's divine ardor against unrighteousness. In a letter to Emerson, the sage of Chelsea writes: "There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as those fierce lightning bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have." Yet there is a marked difference between these two great teachers. The feminine tenderness and inextinguishable hopefulness of Ruskin stand in marked contrast with the viking fierceness and intolerant pessimism of Carlyle.

John Ruskin was born in London, Feb. 8, 1819. His death occurred at Brantwood, Jan. 20, 1900. His father, a wine-merchant, united to a sound, practical judgment an unusual artistic and literary taste. He painted in water-colors; and after the business cares of the day were over, he was accustomed to read aloud to the family the standard English authors. The legend on his tomb says: "He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is to all who keep it dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the uttermost, and taught to speak the

truth, says this of him." Ruskin's mother was a pious, practical, aspiring woman, who ruled her household with diligent strictness. Both parents were Scotch, and transmitted to their son the courage and enthusiasm characteristic of the Celtic temperament.

479. **Art Critic.**— Ruskin began his career as a critic of art in 1842. His attainments were extraordinary for a young man of twenty-three. Stimulated by Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship," he was ready to attempt a noteworthy achievement in art. An occasion was not lacking. Turner had been attacked as untrue to nature; and with a truly chivalrous spirit, the young enthusiast championed the cause of his master. The result was the "Modern Painters," the first volume of which appeared early in 1843.

The work created a storm. It boldly attacked popular favorites; it set at defiance the conventional principles of art; it preached fidelity to nature, not only in its outward forms, but in its invisible spirit. It was confident and intolerant in tone. Yet it was written with such fulness of knowledge and such eloquence of description that, in spite of its iconoclastic audacity, it was widely read. It was attacked, but not refuted. Before the fifth and last volume appeared, seventeen years later, the "Modern Painters" had profoundly influenced popular taste, in large measure hushed the hostile criticism of Turner, and in fact created a new era in the art criticism of England.

480. **"The Seven Lamps."**— In 1849 appeared one of his most popular works, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture." It points out the close relation between morality and art, and is a noble plea for sincerity and truth. "However mean or inconsiderable the act," he says, "there is something in the well doing of it which has fellowship with the noblest forms of manly virtue; and the truth, decision, and temperance, which we reverently regard as honorable conditions of the spiritual being, have a representative or derivative influence over the works of the hand, the movements of the frame, and the action of the intellect." Though extreme sometimes in the application of his principles, he is always admirable in his zeal for truth.

481. **"Sesame and Lilies."**— The most popular of all Ruskin's works is "Sesame and Lilies," published in 1864. It consists of three lectures on reading, woman's education, and the mystery of life. These lectures were written with great earnestness, and are filled with sage counsel and noble thought. In them Ruskin gave of his best. In the last, which is pervaded by a pathetic sadness, he declares the purpose of life to be service. "The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible," he says, "is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. Helpful action, observe! for there is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure — forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power."

482. **Estimate of His Work.**— In forming an estimate of his work, it must be admitted that Ruskin had too much ardor to be a judicious critic. He has sometimes allowed his affections or his prejudices to sway his judgment; he has sometimes taken extreme and untenable positions. His vivid imagination has showed only what he wanted to see. While holding many advanced or radical ideas, he has been essentially a Tory and conservative. He had a romantic sympathy with the Middle Ages. He had an unreasonable prejudice against America; and his love of art and nature made him unfriendly to the commercial and manufacturing developments of the century.

But whatever faults or limitations may be discovered in Ruskin, he stands as one of the great figures of English literature in the Victorian Age. His rich gifts were unselfishly devoted, in many ways, to the uplifting and advancement of his fellow-men. Nearly the whole of his inherited fortune of a million dollars was spent in benevolent enterprises and in charity. In a style unsurpassed in richness of diction and eloquence of form, he bravely upheld what he regarded as truth, not only in art, but also in the lives of men.

## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

The eruption of Vesuvius in "The Last Days of Pompeii." The social conditions of Alexandria as portrayed in Kingsley's "Hypatia." The character of "Mr. Midshipman Easy" in Marryat's novel. A review of "The Cloister and the Hearth" of Charles Reade. The story of Stevenson's "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." A character study of Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman." The Yorkshire schools as portrayed in Dickens' "Nickolas Nickleby." The autobiographical elements in "David Copperfield," Foster's "Life of Dickens," Ward's "Life of Dickens" (English Men of Letters), Marzial's "Life of Dickens" (Great Writers Series). An outline of "A Christmas Carol." The character of Little Nell in "Old Curiosity Shop." The character of Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair." A review of Thackeray's poetry. Selected paragraphs from his "English Humorists." A character study from "Henry Esmond," Trollope's "Life of Thackeray" (English Men of Letters), Merivale and Marzial's "Life of Thackeray" (Great Writers Series). A critique of Bronté's "Jane Eyre." The autobiographic elements in her "Shirley" and "Villette," Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Bronté," Birrell's "Charlotte Bronté."

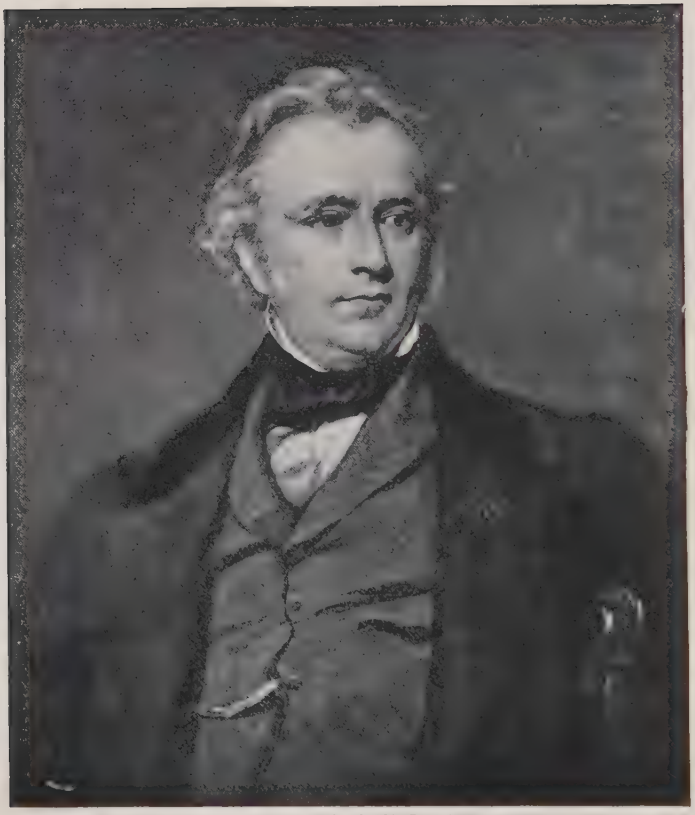
Cross, "George Eliot's Life," Browning, "Life of George Eliot" (Great Writers Series), Brown, "Ethics of George Eliot," Lanier, "The English Novel."

A comparison of George Eliot's style with that of Macaulay and De Quincey. A study of her lyrical poems, particularly the songs in "The Spanish Gypsy." Her estimate of the poet Young in "Worldliness and Other Worldliness." The story of "Silas Marner." The autobiographic elements in "The Mill on the Floss." A review of "Adam Bede." The character of Savonarola as portrayed in "Romola." Lanier's estimate of George Eliot in his "The English Novel."

A study of Lord Lytton's "Lucile." A review of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh." Noteworthy passages from the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." A study of her lyrical poems. The story of Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." A critique of his best lyrics. What does he mean by the terms "Philistine," "Barbarian," "Hebraism," and "Hellenism"? See "Culture and Anarchy."

What is Arnold's estimate of Emerson? See "Discourses in America."

An outline of Ruskin's "King of the Golden River." Splendid descriptive passages from "Modern Painters." What are the "Seven Lamps of Architecture"? His attitude toward Work as shown in the "Crown of Wild Olive." What does Ruskin mean by King's Treasures in "Sesame and Lilies"? Ruskin's attitude toward woman as set forth in Lecture II of "Sesame and Lilies." The eccentricities of genius as illustrated in Ruskin, Collingwood's "Life of John Ruskin" and Ruskin's "Praeterita."



Engraved by James Faed in 1854 after the painting by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.

T. B. Macaulay

## THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

483. **Popularity.**— Macaulay does not belong to the writers who have been obliged to appeal from their own generation to a more discerning posterity. From the time he leaped into prominence by his essay on "Milton" at the age of twenty-five, he has been immensely popular. No other English writer except, perhaps, some of the great novelists, has been more widely read. Though nearly half a century has passed since his death, there is scarcely an abatement of popular interest in his works. His "History of England," his "Essays," and his "Lays of Ancient Rome" find a place in our cheap editions of standard works. In many homes they take their place by the side of the Bible and Shakespeare.

484. **Fortunate Parentage.**— Macaulay counted his age by the years of the century, having been born Oct. 25, 1800, in Leicestershire. He was blessed in his parentage. His father Zachary Macaulay, of Scotch Presbyterian ancestry, was a man of strong character. Though sparing of words, he thought deeply; and he persisted in whatever he undertook with the tenacity of a stern sense of duty. He displayed a reformer's zeal for the abolition of slavery in the British dominions. Macaulay's mother, of Quaker descent, supplied the tenderness and grace that might otherwise have been lacking in the home. She was a mild, affectionate woman; but, at the same time, she had the firmness and the good sense to hold her son in the line of duty and high achievement.

485. **Childish Precocity.**— In his childhood Macaulay was regarded as nothing less than a prodigy. He acquired knowledge with astonishing ease and possessed an extraordinary power in casting it into literary form. At eight years he knew Scott's "Marmion" by heart. He produced history, epics, hymns, with surprising facility. But whatever joy these

promises of future eminence may have awakened in his mother's breast, she took care not to stimulate his vanity. When he was thirteen, she gave him this sensible advice: "I know you write with great ease to yourself, and would rather write ten poems than prune one. All your pieces are much mended after a little reflection; therefore, take your solitary walks and think over each separate thing. Spare not time or trouble, and render each piece as perfect as you can."

486. **At the University.**— In 1818 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He exhibited an intense repugnance to mathematics. "Oh, for words to express my abomination of that science," he wrote to his mother, "if a name sacred to the useful and embellishing arts may be applied to the perception and recollection of certain properties in numbers and figures!" His dominant taste was for literature. While making excellent attainments in the ancient classics, he extended his reading over a wide field of modern literature. Poetry and fiction especially delighted him. His disposition was amiable and generous; and among his large circle of friends he exercised an almost sovereign sway through his brilliant power of conversation. With his large stores of knowledge and great command of language, he naturally took high rank as a debater. His various writings of this period show that his literary faculties matured early, and that his distinctive style was a natural gift.

487. **Essay on Milton.**— In 1825 he began his long series of contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* with his elaborate and well-known essay on "Milton." Though it contained, as he afterward said, "scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved," it almost took England by storm. It revealed the presence of a new force in literature. It introduced him with great *éclat* to the literary and social circles of the metropolis, where his genial nature and brilliant talk increased his popularity. At this period he was described by Henry Crabb Robinson as a man "overflowing with words, and not poor in thought."

488. **In Parliament.**— He entered the legal profession in 1826, but he had no liking for law, and got little practice. But

his talents were generally recognized, and a wider career soon opened to him. In 1830 he entered Parliament and speedily took a foremost place. As a Whig, he warmly supported the Reform Bill of 1832. His first speech created little less than a sensation; and afterward, says Gladstone, "whenever he rose to speak, it was a summons like a trumpet-call to fill the benches." His perspicuous thought, his copious diction, and his vigorous utterance all gave him great power as a speaker. He was a hard worker, and throughout his political career he exhibited not only an incorruptible integrity, but also a self-sacrificing devotion to the welfare of his country. During this laborious period, in the spare moments gained by early rising, he wrote some of his best-known essays, among which are "Moore's Life of Lord Byron," "Samuel Johnson," "John Hampden," and "Lord Burleigh."

489. **An Insatiable Reader.**— In 1834 Macaulay sailed for India as legal adviser to the Supreme Council. It was a sacrifice to leave his native country and well-earned fame; but his new office, which paid a salary of ten thousand pounds, brought him the means to provide better for those dependent upon him. He spent the long voyage in reading. "Except at meals," he said, "I hardly exchanged a word with any human being. I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, and English." He was always an insatiable reader; history, travels, novels, poetry — he devoured them all with but little discrimination. He possessed the uncommon faculty of "riding post" through an author; and frequently mastered a volume during a morning's walk. As often happens with far less vigorous minds, books were allowed to take the place of reflection. To use the words of Gladstone, "He was always conversing or recollecting or reading or composing; but reflecting, never."

490. **Work in India.**— Macaulay was a man of strong personality, of great good sense, and of indefatigable industry. In Calcutta, as in London, he accomplished, apart from his special office, a large amount of valuable work. As chairman of the Committee of Public Instruction, he exerted a decisive influence on the educational policy of India. Instead of en-

couraging Oriental learning, he maintained that "the great object of the British government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India." During his four years' stay in India he wrote only two articles for the *Edinburgh Review;* but one of these was the famous essay on "Bacon." He returned to England in 1838.

491. **A Tour in Italy.**— A few months after his return he made a tour in Italy. His familiarity with Latin and Italian literature prepared him to enjoy in rich measure the historic associations of the country. He was sensitive to architectural beauty, and St. Peter's made a deep impression on him. "I really could have cried with pleasure," he wrote. He used this journey to verify the local coloring of his "Lays of Ancient Rome." "I then went to the river," he wrote again, "to the spot where the old Pons Sublicius stood, and looked about to see how my 'Horatius' agreed with the topography. Pretty well; but his house must be on Mount Palatine, for he could never see Mount Coelius from the spot where he fought." Accordingly, we read in the poem, —

> "But he saw on Palatinus
> The white porch of his home;
> And he spake to the noble river
> That rolls by the towers of Rome."

492. **The Essays.**— On his return to England, Macaulay was again elected to Parliament. Though political interests, to a greater or less degree, engaged his attention all his life, we turn to a consideration of his literary achievements. And first in time, and if the popular estimate is to be taken, first in importance, are the "Essays." The chief of these appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* between 1825 and 1844. They cover a wide field and may be divided into two principal groups — historical and critical. In English history we have the essays on "Burleigh," "Hallam," "Hampden," "Temple," "Mackintosh," "Walpole," "Chatham," "Clive," and "Warren Hastings," which taken together give a tolerably complete view of the period between Elizabeth and George III. Among the

essays treating of continental history, "Machiavelli," "Mirabeau," "Frederic," and above all "Von Ranke," deserve special mention. The critical essays include, as will be seen, a considerable number of the most prominent English writers: "Addison," "Bacon," "Bunyan," "Byron," "Dryden," "Johnson," and "Milton."

These "Essays" were produced in the vigor of early manhood, and most of them under the stress of a busy political life. Instead of constituting Macaulay's main vocation, they were little more than recreations. He wrote, to use his own expression, because his head was full. While lacking in critical acumen, judicial fairness, and indisputable accuracy, they display astonishing resources of diction, unequalled clearness of thought, and a masterful knowledge of history. Any absence of delicacy in touch is amply compensated by a spacious canvas and unstinted color. Macaulay may be fairly styled the Rubens of essayists.

493. **Qualities of Style.**— His style, about which so much has been said, is preeminently rhetorical and declamatory. It is better adapted to oral discourse than that of any other English author. It is essentially the same style that appears in his eloquent parliamentary speeches. It abounds in repetitions for the sake of clearness; in tremendous emphasis of statement; in a luxuriant expansion and illustration of ideas. Though natural to him, it has the appearance of being artificial. It surrenders its flexibility to the demands of a uniform rhetorical movement. It lacks the freedom and melody of the best forms of prose; and in spite of its striking antitheses and its agreeable succession of long and short sentences, there is an unvaried sameness of tone that at length grows tiresome. While in Macaulay's hands it was capable of splendid results, it is not a style to be blindly imitated.

His mind was quick, direct, and vigorous in its operations. It soon caught the main outlines of a subject. With a few prominent points before him, Macaulay proceeded to fill in his picture from the ample resources of his memory and imagination. There is an absence of gentle gradation and subdued tints. But whatever may be lacking in fine discrimination and

exquisite delicacy, there is always an unfailing lucidity and impressive power.

494. **Partisan Attitude.**— These considerations throw light on a serious and acknowledged failing. Macaulay is generally a partisan. While he was thoroughly honest at heart, and while he would have scorned to do any one intentional wrong, yet the clearness and impetuosity of his mental processes sometimes hurried him to unwarranted conclusions. He was deficient in judicial calmness and reserve. Hence, however interesting his treatment, and however imposing his assertions, it must be confessed that his conclusions are not always decisive and final.

495. **Facts Rather than Principles.**— Macaulay lacked philosophic depth, but was sensitive to dramatic situation. He delighted in facts rather than in principles. He preferred to describe events rather than to trace their underlying causes. It may be doubted whether he appreciated the subtle feeling of the finest poetry. In his literary criticism we miss a luminous interpretation of exquisite passages. He frankly admitted that criticisms like Goethe's "Hamlet" or Lessing's "Laocoon" were at once his admiration and despair.

496. **"Lays of Ancient Rome."**— Macaulay was not a poet, yet he published a slender volume of poems that have kept their place as a popular favorite. These are the "Lays of Ancient Rome," which were published in 1842. In the preface the author tells us that he speaks, not in his own person, but in the person of ancient minstrels, who know only what a Roman citizen, born four or five hundred years before the Christian era, may be supposed to have known, and who are in no wise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation. In this way the legends of Horatius defending the bridge, of the battle of Regillus, of the slaying of Virginia, and of the prophecy of Capys are treated. Macaulay frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to the old English ballad, to Scott, and above all to Homer. He reproduces the heroic spirit, and especially the patriotic devotion of the ancient Roman, in a manner deeply impressive.

497. **Method as a Historian.**— As a historian Macaulay

is distinctly modern in his aims and methods. Instead of accepting traditional or legendary views, he goes to the original sources of information. Whatever fault may be found with some of his conclusions, his painstaking research is universally acknowledged. He shared the democratic tendency of his age, and in his "History" he attaches importance, not simply to the fate of princes, but also to the life of the common people. "It will be my endeavor," he says in the first chapter of the "History of England," "to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, and public amusements."

498. **"History of England."**—The "History of England," completed in 1855, exhibits the same general characteristics exemplified in the "Essays." Its style is rhetorical, pellucid, and strong. It abounds in admirable descriptions of persons, places, and events. It has been styled, not unjustly, a veritable portrait gallery. To use his own language, it invests "with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory; calls up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and garb; shows us over their houses, seats us at their tables, rummages their old-fashioned wardrobes, explains the uses of their ponderous furniture." But, at the same time, it frequently shows a partisan bias. In the multitude of details it sacrifices a true perspective; and throughout it all there is a singular lack of philosophic spirit.

499. **Closing Years.**— The closing years of Macaulay's life are not free from pathos. He had been a strong man physically, broad-shouldered and stout-limbed. He was blessed with a superabounding energy and spirit that made him the life of every company. But at last, in 1852, he was suddenly stricken with heart disease, which was soon followed by an incurable asthma. Thus to be shorn of his strength was a cruel blow. "I became," he says, "twenty years older in a week."

500. **Sterling Worth.**— But his sterling worth never showed itself to better advantage than in the trials of broken health. He sustained his sufferings with a cheerful fortitude. He was faithful in every duty, whether public or private. He never lost his tender consideration for those about him. He faced death calmly, thinking chiefly of the sorrow of those whom he loved. The end came December 28, 1859, and a few days later he was laid to rest in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. "Absolutely without literary affectation," to borrow the words of Justin McCarthy, "undepressed by early poverty, unspoiled by later and almost unequalled success, he was an independent, quiet, self-relying man, who, in all his noon of fame, found most happiness in the companionship and the sympathy of those he loved, and who, from first to last, was loved most tenderly by those who knew him best."

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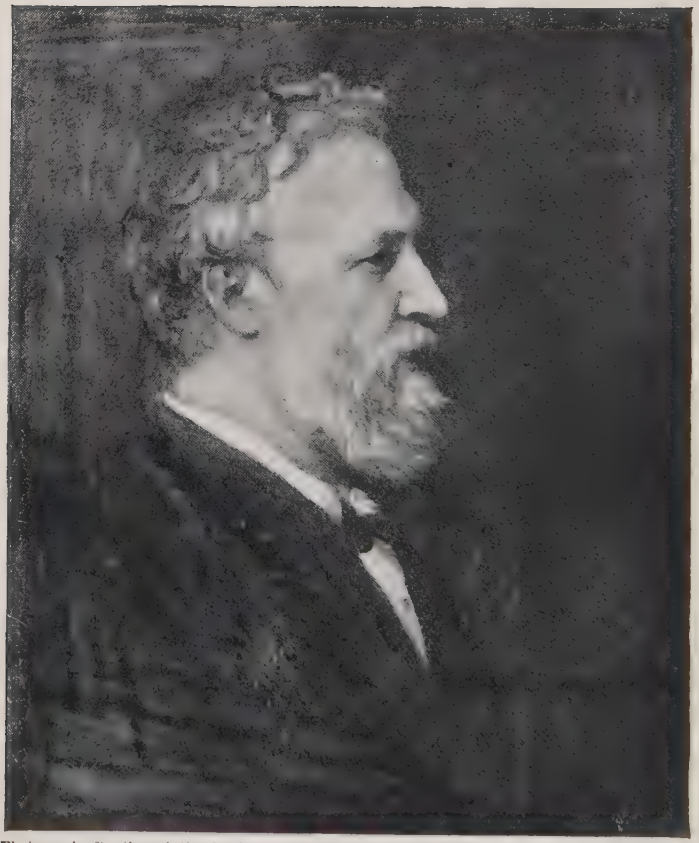
## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Trevelyan, "Life and Letters of Macaulay," Morison, "Life of Macaulay" (English Men of Letters), Arnold "Mixed Essays," McCarthy, "History of Our Own Times," Harrison, "Early Victorian Literature."

A comparison of Macaulay's and De Quincey's style, Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," Part II. The partisan spirit of Macaulay as exemplified in his sketch of Boswell in the "Essay on Samuel Johnson." Select one or more brilliant passages from the "Essay on Von Ranke." What was Macaulay's estimate of Milton? A summary of his views on historical writing as presented in his "Essay on History." A study of "Horatius" in the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Several character sketches from the "History of England."

*"The Trial of Warren Hastings" will be found among the selections of Part II.*



Photograph after the painting by G. F. Watts.

Robert Browning.

## ROBERT BROWNING.

501. **Originality.**— Robert Browning was strikingly original in his poetry and paid the penalty of originality. He developed a new vein in English literature; he set himself to explore the mysterious workings of the soul. He descended to greater depths than our poetical literature had before reached. Finding the conventional style of poetry unsuited to his purpose, he invented new forms. He devised the dramatic monologue, in which various states of the soul, in relation to outward circumstances, are powerfully portrayed. But this departure from conventional form did not at once find popular favor. Indeed, the public seemed for a time to resent this innovation; and so, like many other great original characters, he was slow in gaining recognition. Almost a half century of abundant labors elapsed before he reached what not a few regard as a foremost place among English poets.

502. **Parentage.**— Robert Browning was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, May 7, 1812. His father was a man of vigorous constitution and scholarly taste; and for rare books he had, it is said, "the scent of a hound and the snap of a bulldog." With a passion for reading, he was strangely indifferent to what are known as "creature comforts"; and his daughter declared that the announcement "There will be no dinner today," would only have elicited the placid reply, "All right, my dear, it is of no consequence." Browning's mother was described by Carlyle as "the true type of a Scottish gentlewoman"; and another said that she had no need to go to heaven, because she made it wherever she was. But she transmitted to her son a nervous constitution which, however helpful to his poetic sensibilities, added to his physical discomfort in the latter years of his life.

503. **Period of Unrest.**— His youthful period was one of

singular unrest. For a time he passed under the influence of Shelley and imbibed some of the radical tenets of "Queen Mab." Instead of attending one of the great public schools, he studied at home under private instructors. He acquired a good knowledge of French, and enriched his store of information by copious miscellaneous reading. For a short time he attended London University, but omitted logic and mathematics from his course of study. He gave himself seriously to the study of music, in which, as is apparent from his works, he made unusual attainments. In his eighteenth year he determined to adopt poetry as his vocation, a choice which was willingly acquiesced in by his father. As a preliminary step to this calling, he read and digested the whole of Johnson's "Dictionary"—a fact that in a measure explains his almost unequalled mastery of the resources of our language.

504. **"Pauline."**— In 1833 Browning published his first poem "Pauline." Though in after years he spoke of it slightingly, it was a remarkable production for a young man who had not yet attained his majority. To a few discerning readers, among them John Stuart Mill, it gave promise of great things. Both in its melody and imagery it contains a perceptible echo of Shelley; but at the same time it reveals not a few of the author's distinguishing characteristics. The poem at first appeared anonymously; and it is a remarkable tribute to its excellence that D. G. Rossetti, meeting with it the first time in the British Museum, made a full copy of it. The poem is largely autobiographical and contains many fine passages.

505. **"Paracelsus."**— In 1835 he published his poem "Paracelsus," which shows a marked advance in maturity of thought and style as compared with "Pauline." It is a free, imaginative treatment of the historic Paracelsus, who flourished as a famous alchemist and physician at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Somewhat like Goethe's "Faust," the poem presents to us the eager aspirations, the daring efforts, and the ultimate failure of a soul in the pursuit of superhuman knowledge. In the preface to the first edition, the author states the fundamental principle of his dramatic pieces. "Instead of having recourse," he says, "to an external machinery of incidents

to create and evolve the crisis I desire to produce, I have ventured to display somewhat minutely the mood itself in its rise and progress, and have suffered the agency by which it is influenced and determined, to be generally discernible in its effects alone, and subordinate throughout, if not altogether excluded." This principle is so pervasive in Browning's poetry that it should be clearly understood.

506. **"Sordello."**— In 1840 appeared "Sordello," a poem of six thousand lines, on which the poet had been working for several years. It illustrates his fondness for mediæval themes; and though he made elaborate researches to furnish him a background, the principal interest of the poem is in the development of soul life. It presents Browning's peculiarities — his psychological analysis, his rapid movement of thought, and his sudden transitions — in their most exaggerated form. It is obscure to an unsual degree and never can be popular beyond a very narrow circle. It has been variously judged by distinguished critics. Stedman pronounces it "a fault throughout . . . an unattractive prodigy," while Gosse professes to be able to "find a thousand reasons why 'Sordello' ought to be one of the most readable of books." The great majority of readers will agree with Stedman, and regret that the author's attempt to rewrite it in a more intelligible manner was a failure.

507. **"Bells and Pomegranates."**— With "Sordello" the poet completed the first stage of his development. Up to this time his work had been a reflection of his own experience. In some measure "Paracelsus" and "Sordello" stood for Browning. But with the "Bells and Pomegranates" series, which appeared between 1841 and 1846, he entered into a broader sympathy with human life. He outgrew the trammels of self. "Bells and Pomegranates," a title signifying an alternation of poetry with thought, contains some of his choicest productions. The first of the series is the beautiful drama of "Pippa Passes," which consists of four scenes, with prologue, interludes, and epilogue. Its heroine is "a little black-eyed, pretty, singing Felippa, gay silk-winding girl," whose artless singing on a holi-

day marks a turning-point in the troubled lives of those whom she fondly imagines to be "Asolo's four happiest ones."

508. **"My Last Duchess."**— There is no other poem in all Browning's works that better illustrates his dramatic monologue than "My Last Duchess." For this reason, as well as for its artistic excellence, it deserves special attention. The speaker is a nobleman of aristocratic pride and high culture, but at the same time of a cold and selfish nature. He was a connoisseur in art. He had married a young and beautiful lady, whose love and cheerfulness filled the palace with sunshine: —

> "She had
> A heart — how shall I say? — too easily made glad,
> Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
> She looked on, and her looks went everywhere."

The proud and unfeeling duke looked on this sweet lightheartedness as unbecoming her station; and, accordingly, he commanded her to assume an artificial and haughty dignity. The result was, that joy, and hope, and love, were crushed out of her life, and she died of a broken heart: —

> "Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
> Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
> Much the same smile? This grew; I gave command;
> Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
> As if alive."

The duke had entered into negotiations for the daughter of a count and has received the latter's agent to settle the details of dowry. While showing him through the palace, the duke stops before the picture of his last wife, and here the poem begins: —

> "That's my last duchess painted on the wall,
> Looking as if she were alive."

The poem is a tragedy in sixty lines; but in place of external actions, we have a revelation of character and states of the soul.

509. **Fundamental Ideas.**— Some of Browning's fundamental ideas are found in "Bells and Pomegranates." He looked upon human life as a struggle, in which the soul is to climb upwards, through successive attainments, toward divine perfection. In his drama "Luria," he says: —

> "How inexhaustibly the spirit grows!
> One object, she seemed erewhile born to reach
> With her whole energies and die content, —
> So like a wall at the earth's edge it stood,
> With naught beyond to live for, — is that reached? —
> Already are new undreamed energies
> Outgrowing under, and extending farther
> To a new object; there's another world!"

Among the other pieces of the "Bells and Pomegranates" series which deserve mention, are "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," written to amuse the little son of the actor Macready, and "Saul," which ranks high among Browning's poems.

510. **Marriage.**— In 1846 Browning married Miss Elizabeth Barrett, to whom he had been drawn by her poetic gifts. She was an invalid and his senior by six years. Owing to anticipated opposition on both sides, the marriage was secret; and shortly after the ceremony the happy couple started to Italy, where, with short intervals, they lived till the death of Mrs. Browning in 1861. There was deep intellectual and spiritual sympathy between them; and with self-sacrifice on his part, and resignation on hers, the union, in spite of her continued invalid condition, was one of rare beauty and happiness.

511. **"Men and Women."**— In 1855 appeared "Men and Women" in two volumes, a work that, upon the whole, represents the highest achievement of Browning's genius. "Evelyn Hope," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "By the Fireside," "Strange Medical Experiences of Karshish," "The Last Ride Together," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Andrea del Sarto," "Old Pictures in Florence," "In a Balcony," "Cleon," and others are notable poems. In their variety and depth they reveal the many-sidedness of the poet's gifts. In several of these poems

we have Browning's views of art. He does not believe in the heresy of "art for art's sake." He recognizes the all-pervasive presence of Deity in nature; and it is the office of art to lead us toward the fulness of divine truth and beauty. The artist should have clearer vision than other men, and reveal to us the beauty that would otherwise pass unnoticed. Mere skill in craftsmanship is not enough to constitute a great artist; he must also have the uplifting power of a lofty purpose: —

> "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's heaven for?"

These are the truths impressively presented in "Andrea del Sarto," the faultless painter.

512. **"Dramatis Personae."**— In 1864 he published "Dramatis Personæ," which contains several poems of marked excellence. Among these are "Abt Vogler," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and "A Death in the Desert." In the first we find an expression of the poet's belief that all the good we hope or dream in this life — the ideals we cherish — will hereafter be realized. "On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round:"—

> "All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
> Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty nor good nor power,
> Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
> When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
> The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
> The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
> Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
> Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by."

513. **"The Ring and the Book."**— The fame of Browning was now well established. A younger generation, untrammelled by conventional prejudices, found delight and profit in his works. In 1867 he was honored by Oxford with the degree of A.M., and a few months later he was made honorary fellow of Balliol College. In 1868 appeared "The Ring and the Book," a poem of twenty-one thousand lines. It has been pronounced

"the most precious and profound spiritual treasure that England has produced since the days of Shakespeare." While it is not necessary to accept this enthusiastic estimate, it is unquestionably a great poem. Of its twelve long cantos, "Pompilia" and "the Pope" are the best; the former is a simple narrative of the tragedy, the latter a fine soliloquy.

514. **Fondness for Greek.**— Browning was passionately fond of the Greek language and literature, and in the period under consideration he made three transcripts from the Greek tragedians. These were "Balaustion's Adventure," containing a version of the "Alcestis" of Euripides, "Aristophanes' Apology," containing the "Herakles" of Euripides, and "The Agamemnon" of Æschylus. They reach a high degree of excellence, and in the first two the dramas of Euripides receive an additional interest from their setting. It is remarkable that Browning, with his great fondness for Greek literature, refused to regard even its best writers as models of style.

515. **A Peculiarity of Method.**— In "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," a thin disguise for Napoleon III., we have a defence of the policy of expediency. This poem illustrates a peculiarity of Browning's method. In defending a principle or course of action which the poet at heart regards as false, the hero of the piece is made to present truths of the weightiest import. This is true in "Bishop Blougram's Apology," and especially in "Fifine at the Fair." In the latter poem, while defending inconstancy in love, the speaker deals with some of the deepest problems of philosophy and life. Take this passage, for example:—

> "I search but cannot see
> What purpose serves the soul that strives, or world it tries
> Conclusions with, unless the fruit of victories
> Stay, one and all, stored up and guaranteed its own
> Forever, by some mode whereby shall be made known
> The gain of every life. Death reads the title clear—
> What each soul for itself conquered from out things here."

516. **Closing Years.**— In its essential features the character of Browning might be inferred from the preceding survey

of his life and writings. His poetry was the honest expression of his thought and feeling. In the unfriendly reception his works long met with, he showed the strength of conscious genius. With something of the sublime confidence of Wordsworth, he pitied the ignorance of his critics and counted on future recognition. As he grew older, he had a large circle of devoted friends; he was particularly drawn to noble women, who repaid him in admiration and affection. Though of a modest, retiring nature — so much so that he could never make a public speech — he was often a brilliant talker. He bestowed much labor on the revision of his poems. "People accuse me," he said, "of not taking pains! I take nothing but pains." In his later years he worked regularly, and counted that day as lost in which he had not written something. In his political and social views he was an avowed liberal and sympathized especially with the movement for the emancipation of women. His last years brought increasing physical infirmity, and he died at the home of his son in Venice, Dec. 12, 1889. A few days later, his body was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

517. **A Great Teacher.**— Like Tennyson, Browning was a great teacher, a prophet for his people. He taught the reality of invisible things. The age needed his message. For many years there has been a strong drift in the direction of what is visible and perishable. To many life has seemed a hard and hopeless struggle — a brief period of toil and suffering, which ends at last in darkness. In the midst of these wrong and depressing tendencies, Browning appeared with a voice of courage and hope. He preached God, and righteousness, and immortality, not in the language of cant, but with the freshness and vigor of one conscious of a divine mission.

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Orr (Mrs.), "Life and Letters of Browning," Sharp, "Life of Browning" (Great Writers Series), Stedman, "Victorian Poets,"

Alexander, "Introduction to Browning," Cooke, "Browning Guide Book," Corson, "Introduction to Browning."

. A study of the diction and versification of the selections given, Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," Part III. A critique of the following poems: "Incident of the French Camp," "The Last Ride Together," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Prospice," "Confessions," "Abt Vogler," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Pheidippides," "The Flight of the Duchess."

The story of the two dramas "Luria" and "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon."

Character studies of Andrea del Sarto and his wife Lucrezia. An analysis of "Cleon." A review of "An Epistle containing the Strange Medical Experiences of Karshish, the Arab Physician." A study of "A Death in the Desert."

In the study of all these poems, the use of the Introductions mentioned above is earnestly recommended. These little works will give the student a clear insight into the spirit and method of Browning, after which he will go forward with satisfaction and delight in the perusal of this great poet and teacher.

*"The Lost* ***Leader,"*** *"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Evelyn Hope," "Home-Thoughts from Abroad," "My Last Duchess," and "Hervé Riel" are given among the selections of Part II.*

## THOMAS CARLYLE.

518. **Faith in Heredity.**— Carlyle had strong faith in the principle of heredity. In his famous Edinburgh address, he says: "There is a great deal more in genealogy than is generally believed at present. I never heard tell of any clever man that came of entirely stupid people." In his own biographical writings he gives prominence to ancestry and in his "Reminiscences," he pays an affectionate tribute to his parents, from whom, as he points out, he inherited his leading physical and mental characteristics. Along with extraordinary mental vigor, his father, who was a mason, spoke in a style bold, glowing, and picturesque. His mother possessed the sturdy sense and forceful uprightness that made her a worthy companion of her husband. They lived in humble circumstances at Ecclefechan, Scotland, where their gifted son was born Dec. 4, 1795.

519. **At the University.**— It was the wish of his father that he should study for the ministry; and, accordingly, in 1809, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh. He made the journey of nearly a hundred miles on foot. Not many details of his university career have been preserved. He studied diligently, lived in comparative seclusion, and devoted a considerable part of his time to miscellaneous reading. From the chaos of the library he fished up "more books perhaps than had been known to the keepers thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid." Like Bacon, Milton, and a few other illustrious English authors, he found fault with the subjects of study and methods of instruction. In the autobiographical part of "Sartor," he says, with humorous exaggeration: "It is my painful duty to say that, out of England and Spain, ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered universities." He completed his studies in 1814; and while none of his professors seem to have discovered his ability, his intimate associates, with greater discernment, foretold his future eminence.

Photograph after the painting by G. F. Watts.

Thomas Carlyle

520. **Dislike of Teaching.**— After leaving the university, Carlyle taught for two years an Annan, and afterward, for the same length of time, at Kirkcaldy. He was faithful in his pedagogical labors; but because he preferred his books to the visitation of his patrons, he acquired a reputation for unsociability. But pedagogy was not his vocation. His native dislike to teaching soon grew into a settled abhorrence. "At the end," to use his own words, "my solitary, desperate conclusion was fixed: that I, for my own part, would prefer to perish in the ditch, if necessary, rather than continue living by such a trade, and peremptorily gave it up accordingly." At Kirkcaldy he had his first romance, which appears in idealized form in "Sartor."

521. **Doubt and Unbelief.**—Carlyle had not yet found his work. His inability to subscribe to the creeds of the church led him to give up the ministry. In 1818 he went to Edinburgh, where he taught a few private pupils and, at the same time, studied law. Dyspepsia, which remained a plague throughout life, began to torment him, and to tinge his thought with gloom. He fell into a state of doubt and unbelief, which in "Sartor" he describes as "The Everlasting No." "We see him quite shut out from hope; looking, not into the golden Orient, but vaguely, all around, into a dim, copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado." In his gloom and discouragement, he thought for a time, as did Burns, Coleridge, and Southey, of emigrating to America.

522. **"The Everlasting Yea."**— From this state of doubt and unbelief, which he calls his temptation in the wilderness, he finally passed into a permanent condition of faith. "This is *The Everlasting Yea,* wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him." This experience, which was a kind of regeneration, was the great turning-point in Carlyle's life. It made him henceforth a positive force for truth and righteousness. Nature seemed to him as the vesture of God; life was filled with significance; duty became sacred; and an infinite love and pity took possession of his heart. He now had his divine commission as teacher; and with the courage and fidelity of a Hebrew prophet, he delivered his message.

523. **Literary Career.**— He gave up the study of law; and

after a series of tentative efforts, not unattended with discouragements, he finally embarked upon the literary career, for which nature evidently intended him. His first work was the contribution of sixteen articles, mostly biographical, to the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." He translated Legendre's "Geometry" from the French — a task in which his superior mathematical gifts stood him in great stead. But far more important was his work in German, the influence of which on his style, his thought, and the intellectual life of England can hardly be overestimated. He made himself the best German scholar in the British Isles and did more than any other writer to acquaint the English people with the treasures of German literature. He made translations from Fouqué, Tieck, Hoffman, Richter, Schiller, and, above all, Goethe. His "Life of Schiller" appeared in 1823 and Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" in 1824. During these years he was tutor to Charles Buller (afterward a distinguished member of Parliament) at a salary of two hundred pounds.

525. **Marriage.**— In 1826, after a courtship which lasted through several years and which was not free from storms, Carlyle married Jane Baillie Welsh, a woman who, above him in birth, was scarcely his inferior in intellect. Though there was genuine affection on both sides, the union was not ideally happy. With all her charming graces "Jeannie" had a sharp tongue; and in sarcasm she was a match for her gifted husband. Occasion was not lacking. With an intense devotion to his work, Carlyle sacrificed his friends as completely as himself. The honeymoon was scarcely over till he buried himself in his studies; and throughout the forty years of his married life he in a large measure sacrificed domestic comfort and companionship to his literary pursuits and ambitions.

Patience was not one of "Jeannie's" virtues, and it is significant that she wrote to a young friend, "My dear, whatever you do, never marry a man of genius." But in spite of all discord and complaints, she exhibited a beautiful devotion; and when she died in 1866, she was not undeserving of the noble tribute her grief-stricken husband paid her: "My noble one! I say deliberately her part in the stern battle, and except my-

self none knows how stern, was brighter and braver than my own. Thanks, darling, for your shining words and acts, which were continual in my eyes, and in no other mortal's. Worthless I was of your divinity, wrapt in your perpetual love of me and pride in me, in defiance of all men and things. Oh, was it not beautiful!"

526. **Great Essays.**— After his marriage Carlyle took up his residence for a time in Edinburgh, where he enjoyed the friendship of Sir William Hamilton, Sir David Brewster, De Quincey, whose unfavorable review of "Wilhelm Meister" had been forgiven, and, above all, of Jeffrey, who took a deep interest in the struggling author. Jeffrey opened to him the *Edinburgh Review*, in which appeared in 1827 "Richter" and "The State of German Literature." These were the first of a splendid series of historical and critical reviews, which came out in the leading periodicals of the day, and which made him, with the possible exception of Macaulay, the foremost essayist of the century. He toiled tremendously at the tasks he undertook; and his essays are characterized by exhaustive research, deep philosophical insight, rare independence of judgment, and a passionate energy of expression. Among the essays especially noteworthy, if a distinction may be made where all attain a high degree of excellence, are "Goethe," "Burns," "Voltaire," "Signs of the Times," "Novalis," "Characteristics," "Boswell's Life of Johnson," and "Sir Walter Scott."

527. **"Sartor Resartus."**— In 1828 Carlyle moved to Craigenputtoch — the Hill of the Hawks — where the next six years of his life were spent in great seclusion. Craigenputtoch was a remote farm in Dumfriesshire, of which the best that can be said is, that it was not "the dreariest spot in the British dominions." It was here that in 1831 he wrote "Sartor Resartus"— The Tailor Patched. It is the first book in which his strong personality found complete expression. Under the character of Teufelsdroeckh, he pours forth, sometimes in the highest form of prose-poetry, his deepest thoughts on individual and social life. While it might be styled a treatise on things in general, its one great purpose is to teach the important lesson of discriminating between appearances and realities. It is echoed

in Tennyson and Emerson. Though Carlyle afterward modified some of his views, "Sartor" contains substantially the great prophetic message he had for the world.

528. **Change of Popular Sentiment.**— As his wife finished reading the last pages, she said, "It is a work of genius, dear." Her judgment, which rarely erred in literary matters, has been abundantly sustained. Carlyle had done his best and naturally regarded the result with favor. But the London publishers were slow to discover its merits. Its daring originality shocked the conventional taste of the time, and, to the great chagrin of the author, he could not get it published for two years. When at length it appeared serially in *Fraser's Magazine,* it was almost universally decried for what was called its obscure and barbarous style. There were only two people, Carlyle said, who found in it anything worth reading,— Emerson and an Irish priest. But he lived to see a change — one of the most remarkable in the annals of English literature. Before his death "Sartor Resartus" had become one of the most popular and most influential books of the century. It is noteworthy that its excellence was first recognized in America.

529. **Style.**— Much has been said about Carlyle's style, which first appears in its fully developed form in "Sartor." Sterling, in an interesting letter quoted by Carlyle himself, points out its leading peculiarities,— its barbarous words, its abuse of compounds, its license of invention, and its German constructions. Certainly it is different from that of any other English writer, and has justly called for the designation "Carlylese." But whatever may be its peculiarities, there can be no doubt that it was his natural method of utterance and that it was an instrument of tremendous power. It originated, as Froude tells us, "in the old farm-house at Annandale. The humor of it came from his mother. The form was his father's common mode of speech, and had been adopted by himself for its brevity and emphasis." Its rugged form — its "nodulosities and angularities"— was exactly suited to his rugged character. Its words fairly shriek from the pages. It is exceedingly concrete (Carlyle hated abstractions), and abounds in remote allusions, from which arises its principal obscurity.

530. **"French Revolution."**— In 1834 Carlyle left the dreary farm of Craigenputtoch to live in London. His limited means enforced the strictest economy; but his modest home became a centre for the gathering of the best literary talent of the metropolis. The first years of his London residence, from 1834 to 1837, he devoted to the "French Revolution," a subject that had long occupied his attention. It is less a history than prose epic. In place of conventional details, it abounds in graphic pictures, tragic incidents, and tumultuous feeling. It lacks only metrical form to take rank with the "Iliad." Carlyle was a preacher rather than artist. The "French Revolution" was written to impress upon his age, which he believed to be full of shams, hypocrisies, and injustice, his great fundamental principle that God governs this universe in justice, and that all wrong-doing will, sooner or later, be followed by retribution.

The first volume, the manuscript of which had been accidentally destroyed while in the hands of John Stuart Mill, was rewritten with heroic spirit. "What they will do with this book," he said to his wife, "none knows, my lass; but they have not had for two hundred years any book that came more truly from a man's very heart, and so let them trample it under foot and hoof as they see best." "They will not trample that," she answered cheerily, and she was right. While its unsparing independence of spirit displeased various classes and parties, its unmistakable freshness and power were immediately recognized. It placed Carlyle's reputation as a writer upon a solid foundation. Dickens carried it with him in his travels; Thackeray gave it an enthusiastic review; Southey read it no fewer than six times.

531. **Courses of Lectures.**— But the "French Revolution," while adding immensely to his fame, did not at once replenish his purse. Through the kindly solicitation of some friends, among whom was Harriet Martineau, he was induced to deliver a course of lectures. His reputation made it easy to secure a select and intelligent audience at a pound apiece. Without the graces of an accomplished orator, his wide range of knowledge and rare command of language made him a

speaker of impressive power. His voice was harsh; his gestures were abrupt and angular; and worst of all, he had a habit of distorting his features as if suffering great physical pain.

In all he delivered four courses of lectures, which brought him the comfortable sum of eight hundred pounds, and relieved his domestic needs. He delivered his last and best course in 1840 on "Heroes and Hero-Worship." These lectures were shortly afterward published in book form, and make one of his most interesting volumes. Its underlying principle is the belief that all human progress is due to the small number of supremely gifted men, whom God sends into the world at favored epochs.

532. **"Past and Present."**— His next notable work, "Past and Present," had a political aim. It was inspired by the disturbances of 1842 — a period of financial depression and social unrest. The odious Corn Laws had made bread dear; and while the noble and the wealthy were living in ease and extravagance, thousands of workingmen, without employment, were on the point of starvation. The social condition of England in a measure exhibited the evils which had precipitated the French Revolution. Carlyle was filled with indignation and alarm. "We seem to me near the anarchies," he wrote to his wife. It was these circumstances that called forth the burning words of "Past and Present"— once more a mighty plea for truth, duty, justice. "Foolish men imagine," he exclaimed, "that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice but an accidental one, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death! In the centre of the world-whirlwind, verily now as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God. The great soul of the world is *just*." It sold rapidly, and exerted no small influence, not only on the thought of the time, but also on subsequent legislation.

533. **"Cromwell's Letters and Speeches."**— In 1845 appeared "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," which had cost Carlyle five years of tedious and painful toil, and which is regarded by Froude as the most important contribution to English history made in the century. To Carlyle the great Protector

was a hero, whose sincerity and truth deserved to be held up as an impressive lesson in an age when "conviction and veracity were giving place to hollow cant and formulism." It permanently rescued the name of Cromwell from the obloquy which political and ecclesiastical conservatism had heaped upon it. "With his own right hand, alone and by a single stroke," says Frederic Harrison, "he completely reversed the judgment of the English nation about their greatest man. The whole weight of church, monarchy, aristocracy, fashion, literature, and wit had for two centuries combined to falsify history and distort the character of the noblest of English statesmen. And a simple man of letters, by one book, at once and forever reversed this sentence, silenced the allied forces of calumny and rancour, and placed Oliver for all future time as the greatest hero of the Protestant movement."

534. **"Frederick the Great."**— Many interesting details of Carlyle's life at this period — his friendships with the noble and the great, his journeys at home and abroad, the eloquent appeals of his political pamphlets — are necessarily passed over. He produced one more monumental work, "Frederick the Great." The most elaborate of all his works, it cost him thirteen years of almost incredible toil. During this period he withdrew almost entirely from society, and, on the best authority, "made entire devastation of any satisfactory semblance of home life or home happiness." The first two volumes appeared in 1858, the third in 1862, the fourth in 1864, and the last in 1865. Of all his works this had the swiftest success, three editions being quickly exhausted. It was at once translated into German, and in Germany it met with the warmest appreciation. Henceforth there was no one to challenge Carlyle's right to a place among the greatest of English writers.

535. **University Rector.**— After a long struggle against poverty, indifference, neglect, depreciation, Carlyle finally achieved a permanent triumph. Even former opponents now recognized his worth. Scotland, which had long been indifferent or hostile to her gifted son, hastened to do him honor. In 1865 he was elected over Disraeli to succeed Gladstone as rector of Edinburgh University, and the following year he de-

livered his Inaugural Address, which was enthusiastically received, not only by the students, but also by the people of Great Britain. As Tyndall telegraphed Mrs. Carlyle, who was specially solicitous about her husband's success, it was "a perfect triumph." But alas! the satisfaction of it all was to be of short duration. Three weeks later, while Carlyle was still in Scotland, he received a telegram announcing the sudden death of his wife. He never recovered from the blow.

536. **Deepening Gloom.**— The closing years of his life were like a clouded evening sky, which, with deepening gloom, shows now and then a momentary rift of sunshine. His bereavement, at one fell stroke, stripped him of his Titanic strength. He undertook no other great work. Though he had the sustaining affection of admiring friends and disciples, he came to feel more and more, as death took away one after another of those who had been dear to him, that he was a lonely wanderer in the world. His one "expensive luxury was charity"; for in spite of the sternness of his manner, and the harshness of some of his teaching, he had a kindly heart. The poor and helpless never appealed to him in vain. In the period of deep depression following the death of his wife, he wrote his "Reminiscences," a pathetic record of supreme affection and ineradicable remorse. What a depth of penitence is to be found in the following admonition, evidently based on the recognition of his own irremediable mistakes: "Cherish what is dearest while you have it near you, and wait not till it is far away. Blind and deaf that we are; oh, think, if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust clouds and dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late!" Though his physical strength gradually faded away, his mind retained its native vigor to the last. He died Feb. 4, 1881; and, as he had desired, his body was laid to rest in the rural churchyard at Ecclefechan.

537. **Love of Truth.**— And now, what of the man and his message? That he had his weakness and limitations, has already been made apparent; but that he was a "blatant impostor" or a "shallow dogmatist," is what no unprejudiced

mind will believe. The foundation of his character was a rugged honesty — an unselfish love of truth. Throughout his life, in spite of dyspeptic irritability and violence, he was a bold assailant of wrong and a fearless champion of truth and righteousness. With the courage of a Hebrew prophet, he resolutely put aside every selfish consideration in the faithful proclamation of his message. In all his writings he labored in the utmost sincerity.

538. **His Message.**— In its essential features, Carlyle's was a great life. No other writer left a deeper impress on the Victorian Age. In spite of weaknesses and errors, the weight of his life was on the side of righteousness. As he quaintly wrote in one of his letters, "I've had but one thing to say from beginnin' to end o' my books, and that was, that there's no other reliance for this world or any other but just the Truth, and if men did not want to be damned to all eternity, they had best give up lyin' and all kinds o' falsehood; that the world was far gone already through lyin', and that there's no hope for it, save just so far as men find out and believe the Truth, and match their lives to it."

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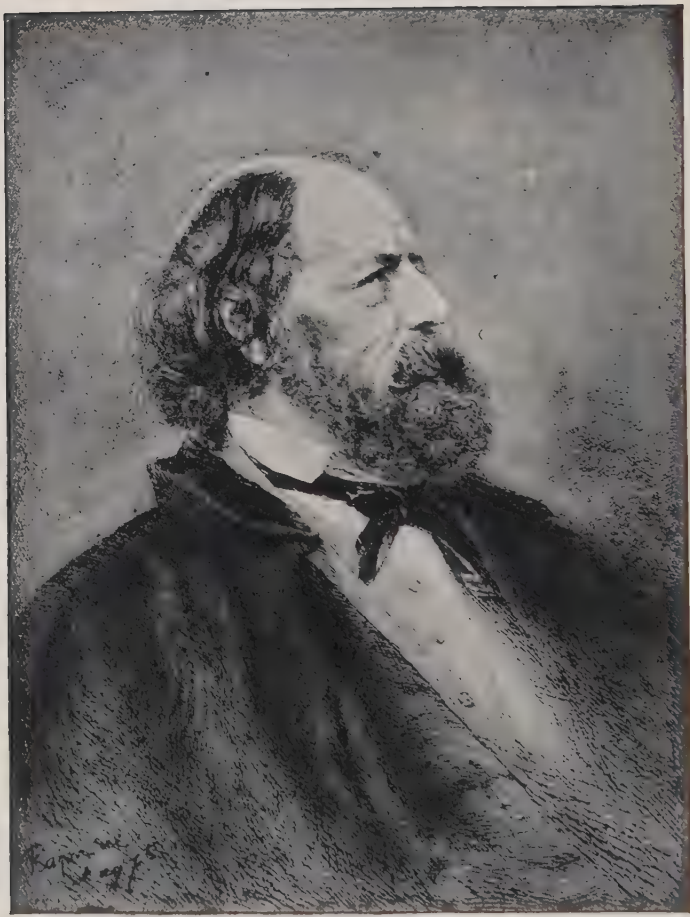
## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Froude, "Life of Carlyle," Nichol, "Life of Carlyle" (English Men of Letters), Garnett, "Life of Carlyle" (Great Writers Series), Carlyle, "Reminiscences," Mead, "The Philosophy of Carlyle," Harrison, "Early Victorian Literature."

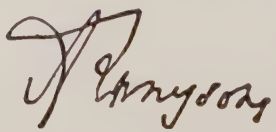
An analysis of Carlyle's style in the selection of Part II. His views of pedagogy, "Sartor Resartus," Bk. II, Ch. 3. Glimpses of an early romance, "Sartor Resartus," Bk. II, Ch. 5. The character of *The Everlasting No*, "Sartor," Bk. II, Ch. 7. The nature of *The Everlasting Yea*, "Sartor," Bk. II, Ch. 9. A study of the hero as poet, "Heroes and Hero-Worship," Lect. III. The hero as priest, "Hero-Worship," Lect. IV. The hero as a man of letters, "Hero-Worship," Lect. V. A summary of Carlyle's view of Burns, "Miscellaneous Essays." His estimate of Sir Walter Scott, "Miscellaneous Essays." A synopsis of the "Inaugural Address."

Carlyle's views of Mammonism, "Past and Present," Bk. III, Ch. 2. What does he mean by the "gospel of dilettantism"? "Past and Present," Bk. III, Ch. 3. What are his views of work? "Past and Present," Bk. III, Ch. 11.

*A chapter from "Past and Present" entitled Happy will be found among the selections of Part II.*



At the age of 70. Etched from life by Paul Rajon. Copyrighted in 1885 by Frederick Keppel & Co., New York, London, and Paris.



## ALFRED TENNYSON.

539. **Pre-eminence.**— For the greater part of the Victorian period Alfred Tennyson stood at the head of English poetry. His extraordinary poetic genius was supported by broad scholarship. He absorbed the deepest and best thought of his age; and instead of mere passing fancies, his poetry embodies a depth of thought and feeling that gives it inexhaustible richness. Viewed from an artistic standpoint, his work is exquisite. He surpassed Pope in perfection of form; he equalled Wordsworth in natural expression; he excelled both Scott and Byron in romantic narrative; and he wrote the only great epic poem since the days of Milton.

540. **Consecration to His Art.**— Few poets have been more fortunate than Tennyson. His life was one of easy competence. In the retirement of a cultivated home, and in a narrow circle of congenial friends, he steadily pursued his vocation. Never did a poet consecrate himself more entirely to his art. He wrote no prose. He did not entangle himself in business, which has fettered many a brilliant genius. He encumbered himself with no public office, by which his poetic labors might have been broken. His career, like an English river, quietly flowed on among fertile hills and blooming meadows.

"From his boyhood," his son tells us, "he had felt the magic of Merlin — that spirit of poetry — which bade him know his power and follow throughout his work a pure and high ideal, with a simple and single devotedness and a desire to ennoble the life of the world, and which helped him through doubts and difficulties to 'endure as seeing Him who is invisible.'" In "Merlin and the Gleam," the poet has given us his literary history.

541. **Youthful Period.**— The principal events in the life

of Tennyson are the publication of his successive volumes. He was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, in 1809, the son of a clergyman, and the third of twelve children. It was a gifted family, which Leigh Hunt called "a nest of nightingales." After a careful training in the parsonage under his father, Alfred was sent, with two brothers, to Trinity College, Cambridge. His appearance was impressive, indicating at the same time strength and refinement. He was genial, joyous, and full of humor, though suffering at intervals from despondency. He was a diligent student, with a taste not only for the classics, but also for natural science. He took a lively interest in the political questions of the day, and, while opposed to radical or revolutionary measures, was an advocate of freedom. In "In Memoriam" there is a pleasing reminiscence of his college days, beginning: —

"I passed beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro' the town;
And saw the tumult of the halls;

"And heard once more in College fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazoned on the panes."

The bent of his mind early showed itself; and in 1827, in connection with his brother Charles, he sent forth, as yet an undergraduate, a volume entitled "Poems, by Two Brothers." As in the case of Byron, this first volume gave no token of genius. The poetry was correct but unreadably dull.

542. **Opening of His Literary Career.**— In 1829, in competition with Arthur Hallam, Tennyson won a medal with his prize poem on the subject of "Timbuctoo." This work contained some faint intimations of his latent powers. His literary career really opened in 1830 with a volume of "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." With much that was faulty and immature — suppressed by the author in subsequent editions of his works —

this volume announced the presence of a genuine poet. He did not, however, receive the recognition he deserved. Christopher North, in *Blackwood's Magazine,* mingled censure and praise — his censure being of the positive kind then in vogue.

Among the pleasing lyrics in this volume are "Lilian," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," and especially "Mariana." In "The Poet" Tennyson lays down his conception of the poetic character. The poet is preëminently a seer, whose message of truth, flying over the earth, brings freedom and wisdom to men: —

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

"He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul,
The marvel of the everlasting will
An open scroll."

543. **The Volume of 1832.**— At this period the poet's muse was very active. In 1832 appeared another volume, which exhibited more fully his poetic gifts and made a notable contribution to English verse. He easily took his place at the head of the younger race of singers. His lyrical power, his mastery of musical rhythm, his charm of felicitous expression, and his exquisite handling of form and color are everywhere apparent. His breadth of sympathy is shown by his successful treatment of ancient, mediæval, and modern themes. The "May Queen," with its tender pathos, at once touched the popular heart. In "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" the nobility of character is presented in proud contrast with the nobility of birth: —

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

In "The Lotus Eaters," how exquisitely the sound is wedded to the sense: —

> "In the afternoon they came unto a land,
> In which it always seemèd afternoon.
> All around the coast the languid air did swoon,
> Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
> Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
> And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
> Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem."

544. **Blessedness of Love.**— This volume of 1832 introduces us to one of the fundamental elements of Tennyson's poetry. It is the blessedness of love in all its simple, everyday forms. He teaches us that the human heart was made for love; and whenever, for any reason, love is shut out of life, indescribable loneliness and sorrow are the inevitable result. This is the truth presented in "The Palace of Art," an allegory wrought out with exceeding care: —

> "And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
> Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
> Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
> Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
> Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears
> Of angels to the perfect shape of man."

The uplifting and sanctifying power of Love is beautifully expressed in the "Idyls of the King": —

> "Indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought and amiable words,
> And courtliness and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

545. **Silence and Study.**— For the next ten years Tennyson published nothing except a few pieces in periodicals.

Perhaps he had been discouraged by the want of appreciation on the part of professional critics. But he was by no means driven from his art. This intervening period he devoted to diligent study, enlarging his intellectual range and perfecting himself in artistic expression. History, science, language, theology — all were assiduously pursued. He was a careful student of English poetry. He admired Wordsworth, whom he called "the dear old fellow." He had a strong appreciation of the elevation and power of Milton, and thought that "Lycidas" was "a test of any reader's poetic instinct." He believed that "Keats, with his high spiritual vision, would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of us all." Shakespeare's sonnets seemed to him scarcely inferior to his dramas. This long interim was one of congenial labor and happiness, and the future seemed full of promise: —

"Hope, a poising eagle burnt
Above the unrisen morrow."

546. **Visits to London.**— From time to time he went to London, where he delighted in the "central roar." He loved to walk in the busiest streets, to look at the city from the bridges of the Thames, and to stroll into the Abbey and St. Paul's. He belonged to the Sterling Club, and among the prominent literary men he met were Carlyle, Rogers, Thackeray, Dickens, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Campbell. As at college he showed an eager interest in the scientific and economic questions of the day. His talk turned chiefly on politics, philosophy, and religion. His face was turned to the future, —

"Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field."

547. **A New Volume.**— Tennyson ripened into maturity, and in 1842 appeared a new volume, in which are found many of his choicest pieces. He was no longer simply a master of delicate fancy and lyrical harmony; he had become also a

thinker and teacher. Here appears his first work in connection with the legend of Arthur and the Round Table. Milton and Dryden had both thought of the Arthurian cycle as the subject of an epic poem. It was reserved for Tennyson to realize the idea; and so well has he done his work that we may congratulate ourselves that the older poets left the field unoccupied. Listen to the forceful beginning of the "Morte d'Arthur": —

> "So all day long the noise of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the winter sea."

Where can we find a more graphic touch than the description of the flinging of Arthur's sword? —

> "*The great brand*
> *Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,*
> And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
> Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
> Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
> By night, with noises of the northern sea."

"Dora" has the charm of a Hebrew idyl — a poem that can hardly be read without tears. "Locksley Hall," a story of disappointed love, is known to all, and many of its lines have passed into daily use: —

> "Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

"Godiva" is a story of heroic self-sacrifice, with many an exquisite passage. As the heroine returned to the palace, —

> "All at once,
> With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
> Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers."

Indeed, almost every poem deserves particular mention.

548. **Secret of its Charm.**— This volume placed Tennyson in the forefront of English poets. What is the secret of his

charm? Apart from the exquisite finish of his poetry, in which, perhaps, he has never been excelled, his productions show the indefinable but manifest touch of genius. In thought, imagination, and expression he soars far beyond the reach of common singers. But more that that: his poetry is the honest utterance of a sincere and noble nature. There is nothing factitious; he gives faithful utterance to the truth and beauty he discovers in nature and human life. Unlike the productions of Browning, Tennyson's poetry is characterized by a chaste simplicity and clearness. In place of dealing with the violent and tragic passions of life, he confines himself within the boundaries of ordinary experience — the great primal affections and interests — which he invests with the beauty or pathos of a highly gifted nature. It is these facts that have given him so strong a hold upon the popular heart.

549. **"The Princess."**— In 1847 appeared the "Princess." The author called it "A Medley"; and such it is, composed of mediæval and modern elements. Half jest, and half earnest, it yet reaches a serious solution of the vexed problem of woman's education: —

"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as a man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years must they liker grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling threws that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

The romantic story is delightfully told; and the songs interspersed among the several parts are, perhaps, the finest in our language. Where can we match the "Bugle Song"? —

"The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:

The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

550. **Conservative Sympathies.**— The sympathies of Tennyson were largely conservative, especially as he grew older. The lawlessness of Shelley and Byron was intolerable to him. He indeed recognized the existing evils of society, but he looked for a remedy, not through any radical break with the established order of society, but in its gradual development into better things. Except the question of woman's place in the social order, he does not deal fully and progressively with any of the problems connected with the democratic movement of the age. He had no sympathy with the French Revolution, and Paris seemed to him —

"The red fool-fury of the Seine."

He had no confidence in democracy in its present state of ignorance. "I do not the least mind," he said, "if England, when the people are less ignorant and more experienced in self-government, eventually *becomes a democracy*. But violent, selfish, unreasoning democracy would bring expensive bureaucracy and the iron rule of a Cromwell."

551. **"In Memoriam."**— In 1850 appeared "In Memoriam," the best elegiac poem ever written, and one that will perhaps never have a rival. It is written in memory of Arthur Hallam, a bosom friend of Tennyson's and a young man of rich gifts of mind and heart. A bright career seemed open to him; but while travelling in Germany for his health, he suddenly died at Vienna, in 1833. The poet's heart was wrung with grief; and under the weight of bereavement, he set himself resolutely to a consideration of the great mysteries of life, death, God, providence, eternal life. He does not deal with these subjects like a theologian or philosopher; but rising above the plane of the understanding, he finds his answers in the cravings of the heart and the intuitions of the spirit.

552. **Modern Thought.**— No other poem is so filled with the thought and feeling peculiar to our age. It rejects the seductive materialism of recent scientific thought; it is larger and less dogmatic than our creeds. With reverent heart the poet finds comfort at last in the "strong Son of God": —

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

553. **Love of Nature.**— Tennyson's love of nature, which was scarcely inferior to that of Wordsworth, was associated with the prevading presence of God. "Everywhere throughout the universe," to quote from his son's "Memoir," "he saw the glory and greatness of God, and the science of nature was particularly dear to him. Every new fact which came within his range was carefully weighed. As he exulted in the wilder aspects of nature and revelled in the thunderstorm, so he felt a joy in her orderliness; he felt a rest in her steadfastness, patient progress, and hopefulness." The human soul, which mysteriously comes from the universal being of God — draws "from out the boundless deep"— returns to Him in death, and thus becomes more intimately a part of nature. In this belief Tennyson sings of his departed friend in words of deep mystic beauty: —

"Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair."

554. **"Maud, and Other Poems."**— In 1855 appeared "Maud, and Other Poems." The principal poem in this volume

has much divided critical opinion, but it is safe to say that it falls below his usual high achievement. The meaning of the poem, as explained by the poet himself, is the reclaiming power of love: "It is the story of a man who has a morbid nature, with a touch of inherited insanity, and very selfish. The poem is to show what loves does for him. The war is only an episode. You must remember that it is not I myself speaking. It is this man with the strain of madness in his blood, and the memory of a great trouble and wrong that has put him out with the world." [1]

"The Brook" is a charming idyl, containing a delicious, rippling inter-lyric: —

> "I come from haunts of coot and hern.
> I make a sudden sally,
> And sparkle out among the fern,
> To bicker down a valley."

555. **"Idyls of the King."**— Whatever doubts touching the poet's genius may have been started by "Maud," they were forever cleared away in 1859 by the appearance of the "Idyls of the King." These poems were received with enthusiasm. Consisting at first of only four — Enid, Vivien, Elaine, and Guinevere — the poet afterard wrought in the same field, until his ten idyls constitute a great epic poem. "Nave and transept, aisle after aisle," to use the language of Stedman, "the Gothic minister has extended, until, with the addition of a cloister here and a chapel yonder, the structure stands complete." These "Idyls" belong to the mountain summits of song. Brave knights, lovely women, mediæval splendor, undying devotion, and heart-breaking tragedies are all portrayed with the richest poetic art and feeling. Unlike the "Iliad" or "Paradise Lost," which appeal to us largely through their grandeur, the "Idyls of the King" possess a deep human interest, leaving no tender or heroic sentiment of our nature untouched.

556. **"Enoch Arden."**— In 1864 appeared "Enoch Arden," a work of great beauty. It depicts with deep pathos the hero-

[1] *Century Magazine*, February, 1893.

ism to be found in humble life. Beauty, pathos, heroism — these are qualities that give it high rank, and have made it perhaps the most popular of all Tennyson's writings. Human nature is portrayed at its best; and like all our author's poetry, "Enoch Arden" unconsciously begets faith in man and makes us hopeful of the future of our race.

557. **The Closing Scene.**— Of Tennyson's other works we cannot speak. It is enough to say that they add nothing to his fame.

The quiet beauty of his death formed a fitting close to his long and uneventful career. On the evening of the 6th of October, 1892, the soul of the great poet passed away. The prayer he had breathed two years before in the little poem, "Crossing the Bar," was answered: —

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

"For tho' from out our bourn of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

He was entombed by the side of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, while two continents lamented his death.

558. **Enduring Fame.**— Whatever changes of taste or fashion may hereafter come in poetry, surely we are justified in

believing that Tennyson will continue to hold a high rank. His work is too true in thought, feeling, and execution to pass away. It will abide as a perpetual source of pleasure and strength. While tenderly sensitive to beauty, he possessed profound ethical feeling and spiritual insight. Keenly sympathetic with the restless search after truth characteristic of our time, he avoided its vagaries and dangers, and continued a trustworthy teacher, inspiring confidence in man, hope in the future, and faith in God. In the words of Longfellow's beautiful sonnet: —

"Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art."

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## FOR FURTHER READING AND STUDY.

Tennyson, "Alfred Lord Tennyson: a Memoir by his Son," Waugh, "Alfred Lord Tennyson," Jenning, "Lord Tennyson," Brooke, "Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life," Van Dyke, "Poetry of Tennyson," Horton, "Alfred Lord Tennyson," Stedman, "Victorian Poets."

A study of Tennyson's diction in the selections of Part II. His treatment of nature in the same poems. A character study of Dora. The contrast between "The Lotos-Eaters" and "Ulysses." The story of "Godiva." A study of "A Dream of Fair Woman." What is the meaning of "The Palace of Art"? A review of the ballad of "Edward Gray." The story of "Enoch Arden." A comparison of "Locksley Hall" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." A collection of fine passages from "In Memoriam." The story of "Elaine."

*"Break, break, break," "The Bugle Song," "Tears, Idle Tears," "Dora," "Ulysses," and the "Morte D'Arthur" will be found among the selections of Part II.*

# PART SECOND

CONSISTING OF

## ANNOTATED SELECTIONS

ILLUSTRATING

THE SUCCESSIVE PERIODS AND PRINCIPAL AUTHORS

OF

## ENGLISH LITERATURE

## SELECTION FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.

(500–1066.)

### THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

Athelstan King,
Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and
Baron of Barons,
He with his brother,
Edmund Atheling,
Gaining a lifelong
Glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge
There by Brunanburh,
Brake the shield-wall,
Hewed the linden-wood,
Hacked the battle-shield,
Sons of Edward with hammered brands.

Theirs was a greatness
Got from their grandsires —
Their's that so often in
Strife with their enemies
Struck for their hoards and their hearths and their homes.

Bowed the spoiler,
Bent the Scotsman,
Fell the ship-crews,
Doomed to the death.
All the field with blood of the fighters
Flowed, from when first the great
Sun-star of morning-tide,
Lamp of the Lord God,
Lord everlasting,

Glode over earth till the glorious creature
Sank to his setting.

There lay many a man
Marred by the javelin,
Men of the Northland
Shot over shield.
There was the Scotsman
Weary of war.

We the West-Saxons,
Long as the daylight
Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that we hated.
Grimly with swords that were sharp from the grind-
stone,
Fiercely we hacked at the flyers before us

Mighty the Mercian,
Hard was his hand-play,
Sparing not any of
Those that with Anlaf,
Warriors over the
Weltering waters
Borne in the bark's-bosom,
Drew to this island —
Doomed to the death.

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-stroke,
Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf
Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

Then the Norse leader,
Dire was his need of it,
Few were his following,
Fled to his war-ship;
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king in it,
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

Also the crafty one,
Constantinus,
Crept to his North again,
Hoar-headed hero!
Slender warrant had
*He* to be proud of
The welcome of war-knives —
He that was reft of his
Folk and his friends that had
Fallen in conflict,
Leaving his son too
Lost in the carnage,
Mangled to morsels,
A youngster in war!

Slender reason had
*He* to be glad of
The clash of the war-glaive —
Traitor and trickster
And spurner of treaties —
He nor had Anlaf
With armies so broken
A reason for bragging
That they had the better
In perils of battle
On places of slaughter —
The struggle of standards,
The rush of the javelins,
The crash of the charges,
The wielding of weapons —
The play that they played with
The children of Edward.

Then with their nailed prows
Parted the Norsemen, a
Blood-reddened relic of
Javelins over
The jarring breaker, the deep-sea billow,
Shaping their way toward Dyflen[1] again,
Shamed in their souls.

[1] Dublin.

Also the brethren,
King and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own West-Saxonland,
Glad of the war.

Many a carcase they left to be carrion,
Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin —
Left for the white-tailed eagle to tear it, and
Left for the horny-nibbed raven to rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge —
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories —
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshmen, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

## NOTES TO THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

This poem is given under the year 937 in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." The site of Brunanburh is unknown. Athelstan, son of Edward and grandson of Alfred the Great, was King of the West-Saxons and Mercians, and came to exercise sovereignty over all England. He was succeeded by his brother Edmund in 940.

Constantine was king of the Scots. "After having sworn allegiance to Athelstan," says Tennyson, "he allied himself with

the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading England was defeated by Athelstan and his brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunanburh in the year 937." Anlaf was the son-in-law of Constantine.

The translation here given is that of Alfred Tennyson. It admirably preserves the form and spirit of the original, and is at the same time rigidly literal. The original is given in Crow's "Maldon and Brunanburh." For the sake of comparison an interlinear translation of the opening lines is here given:

| | |
|---|---|
| Her Athelstan cyning | eorla drihten, |
| *Here Athelstan king,* | *of earl's lord,* |
| beorna beahgifa | and his brothor eac, |
| *of heroes bracelet-giver,* | *and his brother eke,* |
| Eadmund aetheling | ealdorlangne tir |
| *Edmund prince* | *life long glory* |
| geslogan aet saecce | sweorda ecgum |
| *gained in battle* | *of swords with edges* |
| ymbe Brunnanburh. | |
| *Around Brunanburh.* | |

It will be noticed that the short lines of the translation represent half lines of the Anglo-Saxon. Each half line has two accented syllables, the number of unaccented ones being indeterminate. The alliteration of the translation, which the student should carefully note, skilfully imitates the original.

Let the student answer the following questions:

Is the poem based on reflection or observation? What characteristics of Anglo-Saxon poetry does it exemplify? What lines show that the poet had an eye for natural grandeur? Also for color? To what class of poetry does the poem belong? What is its prevailing tone or spirit?

(1066—1400.)

## CHAUCER'S PROLOGUE.

WHAN that Aprille with his schowres swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breethe
Enspired hath in every holte and heethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in here corages: —
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, kouthe in sondry londes:
And specially, from every schires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seeke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.
Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nyne and twenty in a compainye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle
In felaweschipe, and pilgryms were thei alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And schortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
That I was of here felaweschipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whil I have tyme and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of eche of hem, so as it semede me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I first bygynne.
A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.
Ful worthi was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he riden, noman ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne,
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bygonne
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade atte siege hadde he be
Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarie.
At Lieys was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Greete see
At many a noble arive hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for oure feith at Tramassene
In lystes thries, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke worthi knight hadde ben also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye:
And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He nevere yit no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray perfight gentil knight.

But for to tellen you of his array,
His hors was good, but he ne was nought gay.
Of fustyan he werede a gepoun
Al bysmotered with his habergeoun.
For he was late ycome from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.
With him ther was his sone, a yong SQUYER,
A lovyere, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delyvere, and gret of strengthe.
And he hadde ben somtyme in chivachie,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardie,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrowded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.
Syngynge he was, or floytynge, al the day;
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.
Schort was his goune, with sleeves longe and wyde.
Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He cowde songes make, and wel endite,
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and write.
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep nomore than doth a nightyngale.
Curteys he was, lowely, and servysable,
And carf byforn his fader at the table.
A YEMAN hadde he and servauntz nomoo
At that tyme, for him luste ryde soo;
And he was clad in coote and hood of grene.
A shef of pocok arwes brighte and kene
Under his belte he bar ful thriftily.
Wel cowde he dresse his takel yemanly;
His arwes drowpede nought with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bar a mighty bowe.
A not-heed hadde he with a broun visage.
Of woode-craft well cowde he al the usage.

Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
And by his side a swerd and bokeler,
And on that other side a gay daggere,
Harneysed wel, and scharp as poynt of spere;
A Cristofre on his brest of silver schene.
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene;
A forster was he sothly, as I gesse.
Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy;
Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy;
And sche was cleped madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel sche sang the servise divyne,
Entuned in hire nose ful semely;
And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle;
Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe.
Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe,
That no drope ne fille uppon hire breste.
In curteisie was set ful moche hire leste.
Hire overlippe wypede sche so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of greece, whan sche dronken hadde hire draughte.
Ful semely after hire mete sche raughte,
And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amyable of port,
And peynede hire to countrefete cheere
Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde sche, that she fedde
With rosted flessh, or mylk and wastel breed.
But sore wepte sche if oon of hem were deed,

Or if men smot it with a yerde smerte:
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wympel i-pynched was;
Hire nose tretys; hire eyen greye as glas;
Hire mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed;
But sikerly sche hadde a fair forheed.
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For hardily sche was not undergrowe.
Ful fetys was hire cloke, as I was waar.
Of smal coral aboute hire arm sche baar
A peire of bedes gauded al with grene;
And theron heng a broch of gold ful schene,
On which was first i-write a crowned A,
And after *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another NONNE with hire hadde sche,
That was hire chapeleyne, and PRESTES thre.
A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrie,
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deynté hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rood, men mighte his bridel heere
Gynglen in a whistlyng wynd as cleere,
And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle.
Ther as this lord was kepere of the selle,
The reule of seynt Maure or of seint Beneyt,
Bycause that it was old and somdel streyt,
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the space.
He gaf not of that text a pulled hen,
That seith, that hunters been noon holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is reccheles
Is likned to a fissch that is waterles;
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
But thilke text held he not worth an oystre.
And I seide his opinioun was good.
What schulde he studie, and make himselven wood,
Uppon a book in cloystre alway to powre,
Or swynke with his handes, and laboure,

As Austyn byt? How schal the world be served?
Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
Therfore he was a pricasour aright;
Greyhoundes he hadde as swifte as fowel in flight;
Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saugh his sleves purfiled atte honde
With grys, and that the fyneste of a londe.
And for to festne his hood under his chynne
He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pynne:
A love-knotte in the grettere ende ther was.
His heed was balled, that schon as eny glas,
And eek his face as he hadde ben anoynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;
His eyen steepe, and rollyng in his heede,
That stemede as a forneys of a leede;
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estate.
Now certeinly he was a fair prelate;
He was not pale as a for-pyned goost.
A fat swan lovede he best of eny roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

A FRERE ther was, a wantown and a merye,
A lymytour, a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure is noon that can
So moche of daliaunce and fair langage.
He hadde i-mad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wymmen, at his owne cost.
Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns over-al in his cuntre,
And eek with worthi wommen of the toun:
For he hadde power of confessioun,
As seyde himself, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful sweetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
He was an esy man to geve penaunce
Ther as he wiste han a good pitaunce;

For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel i-schrive.
For if he gaf, he dorste make avaunt,
He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therfore in stede of wepyng and preyeres,
Men moot give silver to the poure freres.
His typet was ay farsed ful of knyfes
And pynnes, for to give faire wyfes.
And certeynli he hadde a mery noote;
Wel couthe he synge and pleyen on a rote.
Of yeddynges he bar utterly the prys.
His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys.
Therto he strong was as a champioun.
He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
And everych hostiler and tappestere,
Bet then a lazer, or a beggestere,
For unto swich a worthi man as he
Acordede not, as by his faculté,
To han with sike lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is not honest, it may not avaunce,
For to delen with no swich a poraille,
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And overal, ther as profyt schulde arise,
Curteys he was, and lowely of servyse.
Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggere in his hous,
For though a widewe hadde noght oo schoo,
So plesaunt was his *in principio*,
Yet wolde he have a ferthing or he wente.
His purchas was wel bettre than his rente.
And rage he couthe as it were right a whelpe,
In love-dayes couthe he mochel helpe.
For ther he was not lik a cloysterer,
With thredbare cope as is a poure scoler,
But he was lik a maister or a pope.
Of double worstede was his semy-cope,

That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lipsede, for his wantownesse,
To make his Englissch swete upon his tunge;
And in his harpyng, whan that he hadde sunge,
His eyghen twynkled in his heed aright,
As don the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthi lymytour was cleped Huberd.
A MARCHAUNT was ther with a forked berd,
In motteleye, and high on horse he sat,
Uppon his heed a Flaundrisch bevere hat;
His botes clapsed faire and fetysly.
His resons he spak ful solempnely,
Sownynge alway thencres of his wynnynge.
He wolde the see were kept for eny thinge
Betwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
Wel couthe he in eschaunge scheeldes selle.
This worthi man ful wel his wit bisette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So estatly was he of governaunce,
With his bargayns, and with his chevysaunce.
For sothe he was a worthi man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I not how men him calle.
A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe i-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But lokede holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yit no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For him was levere have at his beddes heede
Twenty bookes, i-clad in blak or reede,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Then robes riche, or fithele, or gay sawtrie.
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his frendes hente,
On bookes and on lernyng he it spente,

And busily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that gaf him wherwith to scoleye.
Of studie took he most cure and most heede.
Not oo word spak he more than was neede,
And that was seid in forme and reverence
And schort and quyk, and ful of heye sentence.
Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wold he lerne, and gladly teche.
A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, war and wys,
That often hadde ben atte parvys,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discret he was, and of gret reverence:
He semede such, his wordes weren so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patente, and by pleyn commissioun;
For his science, and for his heih renoun,
Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
So gret a purchasour was nowher noon.
Al was fee symple to him in effecte,
His purchasyng mighte nought ben enfecte.
Nowher so besy a man as he ther nas,
And yit he seemede besier than he was.
In termes hadde he caas and domes alle,
That fro the tyme of Kyng William were falle.
Therto he couthe endite, and make a thing,
Ther couthe no wight pynche at his writyng;
And every statute couthe he pleyn by roote.
He rood but hoomly in a medlé coote,
Gird with a seynt of silk, with barres smale;
Of his array telle I no lenger tale.
A FRANKELEYN was in his compainye;
Whit was his berde, as is the dayesye.
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
Wel lovede he by the morwe a sop in wyn.
To lyven in delite was al his wone,
For he was Epicurus owne sone,
That heeld opynyoun that pleyn delyt
Was verraily felicité perfyt.

An houshaldere, and that a gret, was he;
Seynt Julian he was in his countré.
His breed, his ale, was alway after oon;
A bettre envyned man was nowher noon.
Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,
Of flessch and fissch, and that so plenteuous,
Hit snewede in his hous of mete and drynke,
Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke.
After the sondry sesouns of the yeer,
So chaungede he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a brem and many a luce in stewe.
Woo was his cook, but-if his sauce were
Poynaunt and scharp, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire.
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the schire.
An anlas and a gipser al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whit as morne mylk.
A schirreve hadde he ben, and a countour;
Was nowher such a worthi vavasour.

An HABERDASSHERE and a CARPENTER,
A WEBBE, a DEYERE, and a TAPICER,
And they were clothed alle in oo lyveré,
Of a solempne and a gret fraternité.
Ful fressh and newe here gere apiked was;
Here knyfes were i-chaped nat with bras,
But al with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Here gurdles and here pouches every del.
Wel semede ech of hem a fair burgeys,
To sitten in a geldehalle on a deys.
Everych for the wisdom that he can,
Was schaply for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadde they inough and rente,
And eek here wyfes wolde it wel assente;
And elles certeyn were thei to blame.
It is ful fair to ben yclept *Madame,*

And to gon to vigilies al byfore,
And han a mantel riallyche i-bore.
A Cook thei hadde with hem for the nones,
To boylle chyknes with the mary bones,
And poudre-marchaunt tart, and galyngale.
Wel cowde he knowe a draughte of Londone ale.
He cowde roste, and sethe, and broille, and frie,
Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his schyne a mormal hadde he,
For blankmanger that made he with the beste.
A Schipman was ther, wonyng fer by weste:
For ought I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood upon a rouncy, as he couthe,
In a gowne of faldyng to the kne.
A daggere hangyng on a laas hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hoote somer hadde maad his hew al broun;
And certeinly he was a good felawe.
Ful many a draughte of wyn hadde he ydrawe
From Burdeux-ward, whil that the chapman sleep.
Of nyce conscience took he no keep.
If that he faughte, and hadde the heigher hand,
By water he sente hem hoom to every land.
But of his craft to rekne wel his tydes,
His stremes and his daungers him bisides,
His herbergh and his mone, his lodemenage,
Ther was non such from Hulle to Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd ben schake.
He knew wel alle the havenes, as thei were,
From Gootlond to the cape of Fynystere,
And every cryke in Bretayne and in Spayne;
His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.
With us ther was a Doctour of Phisik,
In al this world ne was ther non him lyk
To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
For he was grounded in astronomye.

He kepte his pacient wonderly wel
In houres by his magik naturel.
Wel cowde he fortunen the ascendent
Of his ymages for his pacient.
He knew the cause of every maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold, or moyste, or drye,
And where engendred, and of what humour;
He was a verrey parfight practisour.
The cause i-knowe, and of his harm the roote,
Anon he gaf the syke man his boote.
Ful redy hadde he his apotecaries,
To sende him dragges, and his letuaries,
For ech of hem made other for to wynne;
Here frendschipe nas not newe to begynne.
Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,
And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus;
Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
Serapyon, Razis, and Avycen;
Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluité,
But of gret norisching and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
Lined with taffata and with sendal.
And yit he was but esy of dispence;
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therfore he lovede gold in special.
A good WIF was ther of byside BATHE,
But sche was somdel deef, and that was skathe.
Of cloth-makyng she hadde such an haunt,
Sche passede hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offryng byforn hire schulde goon,
And if ther dide certeyn so wroth was sche,
That sche was out of alle charité.

Hire keverchefs ful fyne weren of grounde;
I durste swere they weygheden ten pounde
That on a Sonday were upon hire heed.
Hire hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streyte y-teyd, and schoos ful moyste and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
Sche was a worthy womman al hire lyfe,
Housbondes at chirche dore sche hadde fyfe,
Withouten other compainye in youthe;
But therof needeth nought to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde sche ben at Jerusalem;
Sche hadde passed many a straunge streem;
At Rome sche hadde ben, and at Boloyne,
In Galice at seynt Jame, and at Coloyne.
Sche cowde moche of wandryng by the weye.
Gat-tothed was sche, sothly for to seye.
Uppon an amblere esily sche sat,
Ywympled wel, and on hire heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
A foot-mantel aboute hire hipes large,
And on hire feet a paire of spores scharpe.
In felaweschipe wel cowde sche lawghe and carpe.
Of remedyes of love sche knew parchaunce,
For of that art sche couthe the olde daunce.
A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poure PERSOUN of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.
Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes,
But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
Unto his poure parisschens aboute,
Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.

Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thonder,
In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parissche, moche and lite,
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample to his scheep he gaf,
That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,
Out of the gospel he the wordes caughte,
And this figure he addede eek therto,
That if gold ruste, what schal yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste;
And schame it is, if that a prest take kepe,
A [foule] schepherde and a clene schepe;
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to give,
By his clennesse, how that his scheep schulde lyve.
He sette not his benefice to hyre,
And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscarye;
He was a schepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nought despitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was his busynesse:
But it were eny persone obstinat,
What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbe scharply for the nones.
A bettre preest, I trowe, ther nowher non is.
He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makede him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.

With him ther was a PLOUGHMAN, was his brother.
That hadde i-lad of dong ful many a fother,
A trewe swynkere and a good was he,
Lyvynge in pees and perfight charitee.
God lovede he best with al his hoole herte
At alle tymes, though him gamede or smerte,
And thanne his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresshe, and therto dyke and delve,
For Cristes sake, with every poure wight,
Withouten hyre, if it laye in his might.
His tythes payede he ful faire and wel,
Bothe of his owne swynk and his catel.
In a tabard he rood upon a mere.
Ther was also a Reeve and a Mellere,
A Sompnour and a Pardoner also,
A Maunciple, and my self, ther were no mo.
The MELLERE was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of boones;
That prevede wel, for overal ther he cam,
At wrastlynge he wolde have alwey the ram.
He was schort schuldred, brood, a thikke knarre,
Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed.
His berd as ony sowe or fox was reed,
And therto brood, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A werte, and theron stood a tuft of heres,
Reede as the berstles of a sowes eeres.
His nose-thurles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler baar he by his side,
His mouth as wyde was as a gret forneys.
He was a janglere and a golyardeys,
And that was most of synne and harlotries.
Wel cowde he stele corn, and tollen thries;
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold pardé.
A whit cote and a blew hood werede he.
A baggepipe wel cowde he blowe and sowne,
And therwithal he broughte us out of towne.

A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take exemple
For to be wyse in beyying of vitaille.
For whether that he payde, or took by taille,
Algate he waytede so in his achate,
That he was ay biforn and in good state.
Now is not that of God a ful fair grace,
That such a lewed mannes wit schal pace
The wisdom of an heep of lernede men?
Of maystres hadde he moo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious;
Of which ther were a doseyne in that house,
Worthi to ben stiwardes of rente and lond
Of any lord that is in Engelond,
To make him lyve by his propre good,
In honour detteles, but-if he were wood,
Or lyve as scarsly as hym list desire;
And able for to helpen al a schire
In any caas that mighte falle or happe;
And yit this maunciple sette here aller cappe.

The REEVE was a sklendre colerik man,
His berd was schave as neigh as evere he can.
His heer was by his eres ful round i-shorn.
His top was docked lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe wern his legges, and ful lene,
Y-lik a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
Wel cowde he kepe a gerner and a bynne:
Ther was non auditour cowde on him wynne.
Wel wiste he by the droughte, and by the reyn,
The yeeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.
His lordes scheep, his neet, his dayerie,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrie,
Was holly in this reeves governynge,
And by his covenaunt gaf the rekenynge,
Syn that his lord was twenti yeer of age;
Ther couthe no man bringe him in arrerage.
Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
That he ne knew his sleighte and his covyne;

They were adrad of him, as of the dethe.
His wonyng was ful fair upon an hethe,
With grene trees i-schadwed was his place.
He cowde bettre than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was astored prively,
His lord wel couthe he plese subtilly,
To geve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote, and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mester;
He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
This reeve sat upon a ful good stot,
That was al pomely gray, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers uppon he hade,
And by his side he bar a rusty blade.
Of Northfolk was this reeve of which I telle,
Byside a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.
Tukked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And evere he rood the hyndreste of the route.
A SOMPNOUR was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynes face,
For sawceflem he was, with eyghen narwe.
And [quyk] he was, and [chirped], as a sparwe,
With skalled browes blake, and piled berd;
Of his visage children weren aferd.
Ther nas quyksilver, litarge, ne bremstoon,
Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon,
Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
That him mighte helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sittyng on his cheekes.
Wel lovede he garleek, onyouns, and ek leekes,
And for to drinke strong wyn reed as blood.
Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, tuo or thre,
That he hadde lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herde it al the day;
And eek ye knowen wel, how that a jay

Can clepen Watte, as wel as can the pope.
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crye.
He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;
A bettre felawe schulde men noght fynde.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn
A good felawe to have his concubyn
A twelf moneth, and excuse him atte fulle:
And prively a fynch eek cowde he pulle.
And if he fond owher a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to han non awe
In such caas of the archedeknes curs,
But-if a mannes soule were in his purs;
For in his purs he scholde y-punysscheđ be.
"Purs is the archedeknes helle," quod he.
But well I woot he lyede right in dede;
Of cursyng oghte ech gulty man him drede;
For curse wol slee right as assoillyng saveth;
And also war him of a *significavit*.
In daunger hadde he at his owne gise
The yonge gurles of the diocise,
And knew here counseil, and was al here reed.
A garland hadde he set upon his heed,
As gret as it were for an ale-stake;
A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.
With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER
Of Rouncivale, his frend and his comper,
That streyt was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful lowde he sange, 'Com hider, love, to me.'
This sompnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was nevere trompe of half so gret a soun,
This pardoner hadde heer as yelwe as wex,
But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex;
By unces hynge his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his schuldres overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons on and oon,
But hood, for jolitee, ne werede he noon,

For it was trussed up in his walet.
Him thoughte he rood al of the newe get,
Dischevele, sauf his cappe, he rood al bare.
Suche glaryng eyghen hadde he as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sowed upon his cappe.
His walet lay byforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.
A voys he hadde as smal as eny goot.
No berd hadde he, ne nevere scholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late i-schave;
I trowe he were a geldyng or a mere.
But of his craft, fro Berwyk into Ware,
Ne was ther such another pardoner.
For in his male he hadde a pilwebeer,
Which that, he seide, was oure lady veyl:
He seide, he hadde a gobet of the seyl
That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
Uppon the see, til Jhesu Crist him hente.
He hadde a croys of latoun ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these reliques, whan that he fond
A poure persoun dwellyng uppon lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the persoun gat in monthes tweye.
And thus with feyned flaterie and japes,
He made the persoun and the people his apes.
But trewely to tellen atte laste,
He was in churche a noble ecclesiaste.
Wel cowde he rede a lessoun or a storye,
But altherbest he sang an offertorie;
For wel he wyste, whan that song was songe,
He moste preche, and wel affyle his tonge,
To wynne silver, as he right wel cowde;
Therefore he sang ful meriely and lowde.
Now have I told you schortly in a clause
Thestat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was this compainye
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,

That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we bare us in that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrie alight;
And after wol I telle of oure viage,
And al the remenaunt of oure pilgrimage.
But first I pray you of your curteisie,
That ye ne rette it nat my vileinye,
Though that I pleynly speke in this matere,
To telle you here wordes and here cheere;
Ne though I speke here wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen also wel as I,
Whoso schal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as neigh as evere he can,
Everych word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he nevere so rudelyche and large;
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or fynde wordes newe.
He may not spare, although he were his brother;
He moot as wel seyn oo word as another.
Crist spak himself ful broode in holy writ,
And wel ye woote no vileinye is it.
Eek Plato seith, whoso that can him rede,
The wordes mote be cosyn to the dede.
Also I praye you to forgeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in here degre
Here in this tale, as that thei schulde stonde;
My wit is schort, ye may wel understonde.
Greet cheere made oure host us everchon,
And to the souper sette he us anon;
And servede us with vitaille atte beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drynke us leste.
A semely man oure hoost he was withalle
For to han been a marschal in an halle;
A large man he was with eyghen stepe,
A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wys and wel i-taught,
And of manhede him lakkede right naught.

Eek therto he was right a mery man,
And after soper playen he bygan,
And spak of myrthe amonges othre thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekenynges;
And sayde thus: "Lo, lordynges, trewely
Ye ben to me right welcome hertely:
For by my trouthe, if that I schal not lye,
I saugh nought this yeer so mery a companye
At oones in this herbergh as is now.
Fayn wolde I don yow mirthe, wiste I how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bythought,
To doon you eese, and it schal coste nought.
Ye goon to Caunterbury; God you speede,
The blisful martir quyte you youre meede!
And wel I woot, as ye gon by the weye,
Ye schapen yow to talen and to pleye;
For trewely confort ne mirthe is noon
To ryde by the weye domb as a stoon;
And therfore wol I maken you disport,
As I seyde erst, and don you som confort.
And if yow liketh alle by oon assent
Now for to standen at my juggement,
And for to werken as I schal you seye,
To morwe, whan ye riden by the weye,
Now by my fader soule that is deed,
But ye be merye, I wol geve myn heed.
Hold up youre hond withoute more speche."
Oure counseil was not longe for to seche;
Us thoughte it nas nat worth to make it wys,
And grauntede him withoute more avys,
And bad him seie his verdite, as him leste.
"Lordynges," quoth he, "now herkneth for the beste;
But taketh it not, I praye you, in desdeyn;
This is the poynt, to speken schort and pleyn,
That ech of yow to schorte with oure weie,
In this viage, schal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterburi-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he schal tellen othere tuo,

Of aventures that whilom han bifalle.
And which of yow that bereth him best of alle,
That is to seyn, that telleth in this caas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Schal han a soper at oure alther cost
Here in this place sittynge by this post,
Whan that we come ageyn from Caunterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery,
I wol myselven gladly with you ryde,
Right at myn owen cost, and be youre gyde.
And whoso wole my juggement withseie
Schal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anoon, withouten wordes moo,
And I wole erely schape me therfore."
This thing was graunted, and oure othes swore
With ful glad herte, and prayden him also
That he wold vouchesauf for to doon so,
And that he wolde ben oure governour,
And of oure tales jugge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certeyn prys;
And we wolde rewled ben at his devys,
In heygh and lowe; and thus by oon assent
We been acorded to his juggement.
And thereupon the wyn was fet anoon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echoon,
Withouten eny lenger taryinge.
A morwe whan the day bigan to sprynge,
Up roos oure host, and was oure alther cok,
And gadrede us togidre alle in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pass,
Unto the waterynge of seint Thomas.
And there oure host bigan his hors areste,
And seyde; "Lordes, herkneth if yow leste.
Ye woote youre forward, and I it you recorde.
If even-song and morwe-song accorde,
Lat se now who schal telle first a tale.
As evere moot I drinke wyn or ale,

Whoso be rebel to my juggement
Schal paye for al that by the weye is spent.
Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twynne;
He which that hath the schorteste schal bygynne."
"Sire knight," quoth he, "my maister and my lord
Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.
Cometh ner," quoth he, "my lady prioresse;
And ye, sir clerk, lat be youre schamefastnesse,
Ne studieth nat; ley hand to, every man."
Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And schortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The soth is this, the cut fil to the knight,
Of which ful blithe and glad was every wight;
And telle he moste his tale as was resoun,
By forward and by composicioun,
As ye han herd; what needeth wordes moo?
And whan this goode man seigh that it was so,
As he that wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his fre assent,
He seyde: "Syn I schal bygynne the game,
What, welcome be thou cut, a Goddes name:
Now lat us ryde and herkneth what I seye."
And with that word we riden forth oure weye;
And he bigan with right a merie chere
His tale anon, and seide in this manere.

## NOTES TO CHAUCER'S PROLOGUE.

(*The numbers refer to lines.*)

THE language of Chaucer exhibits the fusion of Teutonic and French elements. Dropping most of the Anglo-Saxon inflections, it passes from a synthetic to an analytic condition, in which the relations of words are expressed, not by different terminations, but by separate words. It is essentially modern, but the following peculiarities are to be noted. The plural of nouns is usually formed by the ending *es*, which is pronounced as a distinct syllable; but in words of more than one syllable, the ending is *s*. Instead of *es*, we sometimes meet with *is* and *us*. Some nouns which originally ended in *an* have *en* or *n;* as *asschen*, ashes; *been*, bees; *eyen*, eyes. The possessive or genitive case, singular and plural, is usually formed by ading *es;* as, his *lordes* werre (wars); *foxes* tales. But *en* is sometimes used in the plural; as, his *eyen* sight. The dative case singular ends in *e;* as, *holte, bedde*. The adjective is inflected. After demonstrative and possessive adjectives and the definite article the adjective takes the ending *e;* as, the *yonge* sonne; his *halfe* cours. But in adjectives of more than one syllable this *e* is usually dropped. The plural of adjectives is formed by adding *e;* as, *smale* fowles. But adjectives of more than one syllable, and all adjectives in the predicate, omit the *e*. The comparative is formed by the addition of *er*, though the Anglo-Saxon form *re* is found in a few words; as, *derre*, dearer; *ferre*, farther. The personal pronouns are as follows: —

| | SINGULAR. | PLURAL. |
|---|---|---|
| *Nom.* | I, ich, ik | we |
| *Poss.* | min (myn), mi (my) | our, oure |
| *Obj.* | me | us |
| *Nom.* | thou (thow, tow) | ye |
| *Poss.* | thin (thyn), thi (thy) | your, youre |
| *Obj.* | the, thee | yow, you |

| *Masculine.* | *Feminine.* | *Neuter.* | *All Genders.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Nom.* he | she, sche | hit, it, yt | thei, they |
| *Poss.* his | hire, hir | his | here, her, hi |
| *Obj.* him | hire, hir, here | hit, it, yt | hem |

The present indicative plural of verbs ends in *en* or *e;* as, we *loven* or *love*. The infinitive ends in *en* or *e;* as, *speken, speke*, to speak. The present participle usually ends in *yng* or *ynge*. The past participle of strong verbs ends in *en* or *e*, and (as well as the

past participle of weak verbs) is often preceded by the prefix *y* or *i*, answering to the Anglo-Saxon and modern German *ge*; as, *ironne*, *yclept*. The following negative forms deserve attention: *nam*, am not; *nys*, is not; *nas*, was not; *nere*, were not; *nath*, hath not; *nadde*, had not; *nylle*, will not; *nolde*, would not; *nat*, *not*, *noot*, knows not. Adverbs are formed from adjectives by adding *e*; as, *brighte*, brightly; *deepe*, deeply.

The vowel sounds are closely akin to French and German. They may be indicated as follows: *a* long = *a* in *father*; *a* short = *a* in *aha*. *E* long = *a* in *date*; *e* short = *e* in *bed*. *I* long = *ee* in *sleep*; *i* short = *i* in *pin*. *O* long = *o* in *note*; *o* short = *o* in *not*. *U* long = French *u* or German *ü*; *u* short = *u* in *full*. *Ai*, *ei* = *ei* in *veil*. *Au*, *aw* = *ow* in *now*. *Ou*, *ow* = *ou* in *tour*.

Versification.— The prevailing metre in the "Canterbury Tales" is iambic pentameter in rhyming couplets. Occasionally there are eleven syllables in a line, and sometimes only nine. Short, unemphatic syllables are often slurred over; as,—

"Sche gad | *ereth* flour | es par | ty white | and rede."

Words from the French usually retain their native pronunciation; that is, are accented on the last syllable. Final *e* is usually sounded as a distinct syllable except before *h*, a following vowel, in the personal pronouns *oure*, *youre*, *hire*, *here*, and in many polysyllables. The *ed* of the past indicative and past participle, and the *es* of the plural and of the genitive, form separate syllables.

In exemplification of the foregoing rules, the opening lines of the "Prologue" are here divided into their component iambics: —

"Whan that | April | le, with | his schow | res swoote
The drought | of Marche | hath per | ced to | the roote,
And ba | thed eve | ry veyne | in swich | licour,
Of which | vertue | engen | dred is | the flour;
Whan Ze | phirus | eek with | his swe | te breethe
Enspi | red hath | in eve | ry holte | and heethe
The ten | dre crop | pes, and | the yon | ge sonne
Hath in | the Ram | his hal | fe cours | i-ronne,
And sma | le fow | les ma | ken me | lodie,
That sle | pen al | the night | with o | pen eye,
So pri | keth hem | nature | in here | corages: —
Thanne lon | gen folk | to gon | on pil | grimages,
And pal | mers for | to see | ken straun | ge strondes,
To fer | ne hal | wes, couthe | in son | dry londes;
And spe | cially | from eve | ry schi | res ende
Of En | gelond | to Caunt | erbury | they wende,
The ho | ly blis | ful mar | tir for | to seeke,
That hem | hath holp | en whan | that they | were seeke."

1. *Whan that* = when. A frequent phrase in Chaucer. — *Swoote* = sweet. The final *e* is the sign of the plural.

2. *Marche.* Final *e* is silent before words beginning with *h* or a vowel. *Roote.* The *e* denotes the dative.

3. *Swich* = such. A. S. *swilc*, such; from *swa*, so, and *lic*, like.

4. *Vertue* = power. Retains French accent on the last syllable.

5. *Eek* = also. — *Swete.* The final *e* denotes the definite declension with the possessive *his*. — *Breethe.* Final *e* for the dative. So with *holte* and *heeth* in the following line. *Holt* = wood, grove.

7. *Yonge sonne.* The final *e* of *yonge* for the definite declension with *the.* The sun is called young, because it has not long entered upon its annual course.

8. *Ram.* The first constellation of the Zodiac, corresponding to the latter part of March and the first half of April. It is the part in April that the sun has run. — *I-ronne*, p. p. of *ronne*, to run. The prefixes *i* and *y* usually denote the past participle, and correspond to the A. S. *ge.* Cf. modern German.

9. *Smale.* Final *e* denoting the plural. — *Maken* is a plural form, as also *slepen* in the following line.

11. *Priketh* = inciteth, prompteth. — *Hem*, *here.* See list of pronouns under Chaucer's "Diction." — *Corages* = hearts, spirits. French *courage*, from Lat. *cor*, heart.

12. *To gon* = to go.

13. *Palmers* = persons bearing palm-branches in token of having been to the Holy Land. — *Straunge strondes* = strange strands or foreign shores.

14. *Ferne halwes*, *kouthe* = old, or distant saints known, etc. *Kouthe*, from the A. S. *cunnan*, to know. Cf. uncouth.

16. *Wende* = go. The past tense is *wente*, English *went.*

17. *The holy blisful martir*, Thomas à Becket. Read a sketch of his life.

18. *Holpen*, p. p. *helpen*, to help.

19. *Byfel* = it befell or chanced; an impers. verb.

20. *Tabard* = a sleeveless jacket or coat, formerly worn by nobles in war. It was the sign of a well-known inn in Southwark, London.

25. *By aventure i-falle* = by adventure, or chance fallen, etc.

29. *Esed atte beste* = accommodated in the best manner. *Atte*, contraction for the A. S. *at tham* = at the.

31. *Everychon* = every one.

34. *Ther as I yow devyse* = where I describe to you. *Ther as* = where.

35. *Natheless* = nevertheless. A. S. *na the laes* = not the less.

36. *Or that* = ere that. *Or*, from A. S. *aer*, before, soon. *Pace* = pass.

37. *Me thinketh* = it seems to me. *Me* is the dative after the impers. verb *it thinketh*. From the A. S. *thyncan*, to seem; quite distinct from *thencan*, to think.

45. *Chyvalrye* = chivalry. Old French *chevalerie*, from *cheval*, a horse; Latin, *caballus*.

47. *Werre* = wars.

48. *Noman ferre* = no man farther. *Ferre*, comp. of *fer*, far.

49. *Hethenesse* = heathendom. Like many other knights of his age, he had served as a volunteer under foreign princes.

51. *Alisaundre* = Alexandria. It was taken in 1365 by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus.

52. *He hadde the bord bygonne*. An obscure expression. Perhaps he had been placed at the head of the table (bord) by way of distinction; or *bord* may be the Low Ger. *boort* = joust, tournament.

53. *Aboven alle nacioums*. He took precedence over the representatives of all other nations at the Prussian court. *Pruce* = Prussia. It was not unusual for English knights to serve in Prussia, with the Knights of the Teutonic order, who were constantly warring with their heathen neighbors in *Lettowe* (Lithuania) and in *Ruce* (Russia).

54. *Reysed* = made an expedition. A. S. *raesan*, to rush, attack. Cf. Ger. *reisen*, to travel.

56. *Gernade* = Granada. The city of Algezir was taken from the Moorish king of Granada in 1344.

57. *Belmarie* and *Tramassene* (line 62) were Moorish kingdoms in Africa.

58. *Lieys*, in Armenia, was taken from the Turks by Pierre de Lusignan about 1367, and *Satalie* (Attalia) by the same prince about 1352.

59. *Greete sea*. Great sea is a name applied to that part of the Mediterranean lying between the Greek islands and the coast of Syria. See Numbers xxxiv. 6.

60. *Arive* = arrival or disembarkation of troops; here a hostile landing probably. — *Be* = been. In the next line the form is *ben*.

63. *Lystes* = lists, the ground enclosed for a tournament.

64. *Ilke* = same. A. S. *ylc*, same. Cf. "of that ilk."

65. *Palatye* = Palathia, in Anatolia or Asia Minor.

67. *Sovereyn prys* = highest praise.

68. *Worthy* = brave, bold.

70. *Vileinye* = villany, foul language.

71. *No maner wight* = no manner of wight or person.

72. *Perfight* = perfect.

74. *Ne . . . nought.* A double negative form. Cf. French *ne . . . pas. Nought* = A. S. *na*, no, not, and *wiht*, whit, thing. The adv. *not* is a further contraction. — *Gay* = lively, fast; or perhaps decked out in various trappings.

75. *Gepoun* = a short cassock or cloak.

76. *Bysmotered* = besmutted or soiled. — *Habergeoun* = habergeon, a coat of mail, composed of little iron rings, extending from the neck to the waist, or lower.

77. *Viage* = voyage, journey, travels. He made the pilgrimage in the dress worn on his knightly expeditions.

79. *Squyer* = squire, an attendant upon a knight. Old French, *escuyer*, Low Lat., *scutarius*, shield-bearer, Latin, *scutum*, a shield.

81. *Lokkes crulle* = locks curled.

83. *Evene lengthe* = moderate or usual height.

84. *Delyvere* = active, quick.

85. *Chivachie* = military expedition or service. Fr. *chevauchée* (from *cheval*), a raid or expedition of cavalry.

88. *Lady grace* = lady's grace. *Lady* for *ladye*, genitive singular; the ending was in A. S. *an*.

89. *Embrowded* = embroidered, in his dress.

91. *Floytynge* = fluting, playing the flute.

95. *Endite* = relate.

96. *Purtreye* = draw, sketch.

97. *Nightertale* = night-time.

99. *Servysable* = willing to be of service.

100. *Carf* = carved, past of *kerven*, to carve; A. S. *ceorfan.*

101. *Yemen* = yeoman. — *No moo* = no more.

102. *Him luste* = it pleased him. — *Ryde* is inf. = to ride.

104. *Pocok arwes* = arrows winged with peacock feathers.

109. *Not-heed* = cropped head; sometimes explained as *nut-head*, or head like a nut.

111. *Bracer* = a covering for the arm to protect it from the bow-string.

112. *Bokeler* = buckler, shield.

115. *Cristofre* = a brooch with the image of St. Christopher, who was regarded with special reverence by the middle and lower classes. — *Schene* = bright, beautiful; A. S. *scyne*, fair. Cf. Eng., *sheen*; Ger. schön.

116. *Bawdrik* = baldric, girdle, belt.

117. *Forster* = forester. Ger. *förster*. — *Sothly* = truly, soothly.

120. *Seynt Loy* = St. Louis; according to others, St. Eligius.

124. *Fetysly* = prettily, cleverly.

126. *Frensch of Parys.* The French of Paris, then as now, was the

standard. The French in England was not pure. — *Unknowe* = unknown. The *n* of the past part. is frequently dropped.

129. *Sauce* = saucer. Forks and spoons had not yet come into use.

131. *No drope ne fille* = no drop fall. Double negative, as in French and Anglo-Saxon.

132. *Leste* = pleasure, delight.

134. *Ferthing* = small quantity. Literally, a fourth part. A. S. *feorth*, fourth, and diminutive suffix *ing*.

136. *Raughte* = reached. Preterit of *reche*.

137. *Sikerly* = surely. Cf. Ger. *sicherlich*. — *Disport* = sport, diversion. She was fond of gayety.

139. *Peynede hire* = she took pains. — *Countrefete cheere* = imitate the manner. Formerly no bad association belonged to the word *counterfeit*.

140. *Estatlich* = stately, high-bred.

141. *Digne* = worthy. French *digne*, Lat. *dignus*.

147. *Wastel breed* = cake bread, or bread made of the finest flour. Dogs were usually fed on coarse bread baked for the purpose.

149. *Men* = indef. pronoun *one;* sometimes written *me*. It has unfortunately become obsolete. German *man*, French *on*. — *Smerte* = smartly.

151. *Wympel* = a linen covering for the neck and shoulders. — *I-pynched* = plaited, or gathered into folds.

152. *Tretys* = slender, well-proportioned.

156. *Hardily* = assuredly, certainly.

157. *Fetys* = neat, pretty. See l. 124.

159. *Gauded al with grene* = having large green gauds or beads. The reference is to a rosary. See Webster.

162. *Amor vincit omnia* = love conquers all things.

164. *Chapeleyne* = chaplain or assistant. — *Prestes thre*. Priests were connected with nunneries for the purpose of saying mass.

165. *A fair for the maistrie* = a fair one for obtaining the mastery.

166. *Out-rydere* = one who rides after hounds in hunting.

170. *Gyngleu* = jingling. Fashionable riders were accustomed to hang small bells on their bridles and harness.

172. *Ther as* = where. — *Selle* = cell. Originally applied to the small chamber occupied by each monk, but afterwards also to a religious house or inferior monastery.

173. *Seynt Maur — seint Beneyt* = St. Maur, St. Benedict. The latter founded the order of Benedictines at the beginning of the sixth century. St. Maur was a disciple of St. Benedict. The Bendictine mode of life was originally severely ascetic.

174. *Somdel streyt* = somewhat strict.

175. *This ilke* = this same. A. S. *ylc*, same.

176. *Space* = path, steps. Other readings are *trace* and *pace.*

177. *A pulled hen* = a moulting or worthless hen, neither laying eggs nor fit for food.

179. *Recche les* = reckless, careless. A. S. *reccan*, to think.

182. *Thilke* = that, the like. A. S. *thylc*, that, the like.

183. *Seide* = should say. Pret. of Subjunctive.

184. *What* = why, wherefore. — *Wood* = mad, foolish. Cf. Ger. *Wuth*, rage.

186. *Swynke* = to toil, labor.

187. *As Austyn byt* = As Augustine bids. St. Augustine of Canterbury urged a faithful adherence to the monastic vows upon his clergy.

188. Let Augustine, or Austin, have his toil kept for himself.

189. *Pricasour* = hard rider, one who spurs his horse. — *Aright* = on right, indeed.

191. *Prikyng* = riding. Cf. Spenser's —

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine."

192. *Lust* = pleasure. Other forms are *leste*, *list.*

193. *Purfiled atte honde* = embroidered at the hand or cuff. Fr. *pourfiler*, to embroider. *Atte*, see l. 29.

194. *Grys* = fur of the Siberian squirrel. French *gris*, gray.

200. *In good poynt* = French *en bon point*, rotundity of figure.

201. *Steepe* = bright.

202. *Stemede as a forneys of a leed* = shone as a furnace of a caldron (*leed*).

203. *Bootes souple.* High boots of soft leather were worn, fitting closely to the leg.

205. *For-pyned* = wasted away. *For* is intensive. Cf. Eng. *pine.*

208. *Frere* = friar. — *Wantoun* = playful, sportive; literally, untrained, uneducated.

209. *Lymytour* = a begging friar to whom a certain district or *limit* was assigned.

210. *The ordres foure* = the four orders of mendicant friars. These were the Dominicans or Black friars, the Franciscans or Gray friars, the Carmelites or White friars, and the Austin friars. — *Can* = knows. Present tense of A. S. *cunnan*, to know.

211. *Daliaunce and fair langage* = gossip and flattery.

214. *Post* = pillar or support.

220. *Licentiat* = one who has license from the Pope to grant absolution in all cases. Curates were required to refer certain cases to the bishop.

224. *Ther as he wiste han* = where he knew he would have. *Han*, inf. contracted from *haven*. — *Pitaunce* = meal of victuals, or small allowance of anything.

226. *I-schrive* = confessed. The *n* of the past part. is dropped.

233. *His typet was ay farsed* = His hood was always stuffed. Says an old writer: "When the order degenerated, the friar combined with the spiritual functions the occupation of pedler, huckster, mountebank, and quack doctor."

236. *Rote* = a kind of harp.

237. *Yeddynges* = ballads or romantic tales.

237. *Bar utterly the prys* = took unquestionably the prize.

238. *Flour-de-lys* = lily. Now written *fleur-de-lis*.

241. *Tappestere* = bar-maid. The corresponding masculine was *tapper*. *Ster* was originally the feminine suffix of agency. Cf. *spinster*.

242. *Bet* = better. — *Lazer* = leper, from Lazarus in the parable.

243. *Swich* = such. See note l. 3.

245. *Sike* = sick.

247. *Poraille* = poor people, rabble.

253. *Nogt oo schoo* = not one shoe.

254. *In principio.* At each house the *lymytour* began his speech, "*In principio erat verbum*" = in the beginning was the Word.

255. *Ferthing.* See note l. 134.

256. *Purchas* = proceeds of his begging. — *Rente* = regular income.

258. *Love-dayes* = days fixed to settle difficulties by arbitration.

259. *For ther* = further.

260. *Cope* = cloak or vestment of a priest. Cf. Eng. *cape*. *Semy-cope* (l. 262) = a short cape or cloak.

263. *Belle out of the press* = bell from the mould.

264. *Lipsede* = lisped.

270. *Forked berd.* This was the fashion among franklins and burghers.

273. *Clapsed* = clasped.

275. *Sownynge — thencres* = sounding the increase.

276. *For eny thinge* = at all hazards.

277. *Middelburgh and Orewelle.* Middleburgh is still a port of the island of Walcheren in the Netherlands. *Orewelle* is now the port of Harwich.

278. *Scheeldes* = French crowns (*écus*) from the figure of a shield on one side.

279. *His wit bisette* = employed his wit or knowledge.

281. *Governaunce* = management.

282. *Chevysaunce* = agreement for borrowing money.

284. *Not* = Know not. *Ne* and *wot*.

285. *Clerk* = an ecclesiastic or man of learning; here a university student. — *Oxenford* = Oxford; not derived from the A. S. *oxna*, oxen, but from a Celtic word meaning *water*.

289. *Holwe* = hollow.

290. *Overeste courtepy* = uppermost short cloak.

292. *Office* = secular calling, in contrast with *benefice*, an ecclesiastical living.

293. *Levere* = preferable. *Him* is dat. after *levere*. Cf. Ger. *lieber*.

295. Aristotle was a celebrated Greek philosopher. He was the founder of the Peripatetic school of philosophy, and the tutor of Alexander the Great. Born 384 B.C.

296. *Fithele* = fiddle. — *Sawtrie* = psaltery, a kind of harp.

299. *Hente* = get, take.

302. *Scoleye* = to attend school, to study. Poor students were accustomed to beg for their support at the universities.

303. *Cure* = care.

306. *Heye sentence* = high meaning or lofty sentiment.

309. *Sergeant of the lawe* = a lawyer of the highest rank. The Lat. phrase is *serviens ad legem*. — *War* = wary.

310. *Atte parvys* = at the porch, of St. Paul's, where lawyers were accustomed to meet for consultation.

312. *Of gret reverence* = worthy of great respect or reverence.

318. *Purchasour* = prosecutor. French *pourchasser*, to hunt after.

319. *Al was fee simple to him*. This seems to mean that all cases were clear to him. See etymology of *fee* in Webster.

320. His prosecution might not be tainted (*enfecte*) or contaminated with any illegality.

323. *Caas and domes* = cases and dooms, or precedents and decisions.

325. *Make a thing* = make or draw up a contract.

326. *Pynche at* = find fault with.

328. *Medlé coote* = coat of mixed stuff or color.

329. *Seynt of silk* = girdle of silk. Cf. Eng. cincture.

332. *Dayesye* = daisy; literally, *day's eye*. Chaucer's favorite flower.

334. *By the morwe* = early in the morning. — *Sop in wyn* = bread dipped in wine; according to Bacon, more intoxicating than wine itself.

335. *Wone* = pleasure, desire. Cf. Ger. *Wonne*, bliss.

336. Epicurus, a famous Greek philosopher, who assumed pleasure to be the highest good.

337. *Pleyn delyt* = full delight or perfect physical enjoyment.

340. *Seynt Julian* = The patron saint of travellers and hospitality.

341. *Alway after oon* = always the same.

342. *Envyned* = provided with wine.

345. *Hit snewede* = it snowed or abounded.

348. *Mete and soper* = food and drink. See etymology of *supper* in Webster.

349. *Mewe* = cage or coop.

350. *Brem* = bream. — *Luce* = pike. — *Stewe* = fish-pond.

351. *Woo was his cook* = woe was it to his cook. — *But-if* = unless, if not.

353. *Table dormant.* Previous to the fourteenth century the tables were rough boards laid on trestles; tables *dormant*, or with fixed legs, were then introduced, and standing in the hall were looked upon as evidences of hospitality.

355. *Sessiouns* = The county courts.

336. *Knight of the schire* = representative in Parliament.

357. *Anlas* = knife or dagger. — *Gipser* = pouch.

359. *Schirreve* = shire reeve, sheriff. Reeve, A. S. *gerefa*, = officer, governor. — *Countour* = auditor of accounts, or county treasurer. Cf. Fr. *compter*, to count.

360. *Vavasour* = one next in dignity to a baron; landholder of the middle class.

361. *Haberdasshere* = dealer in "notions" — ribbons, pins, etc.

362. *Webbe* = weaver. Cf. Ger. *Weber*. — *Tapicer* = worker in tapestry.

363. *Lyveré* = livery; here the uniform of the trade guild to which they belonged.

365. *Apiked* = cleaned, kept neat.

366. *I-chaped* = having plates of metal at the point of the sheath or scabbard.

368. *Del* = part, portion. A. S. *dael*, a portion. Cf. Eng. *dole* and Ger. *Theil*.

369. *Burgeys* = burgess; here a person of the middle class.

370. *Geldehalle* = guild-hall. — *Deys* = dais; here the raised platform at the upper end of the hall, on which were seats for persons of distinction.

371. *That he can* = that he knows.

372. *Schaply* = fit. From *to shape*, hence *adapted*.

373. *Catel* = property. Cf. Eng. *chattels* and *cattle*. — *Rente* = rent, revenue, income. Cf. Eng. *render*.

377. *Vigilies* = vigils, or eves of festival days, when the people were accustomed to meet at the church for merrymaking. They wore their best clothes, and the wealthier women had their mantles, which were brought for show as well as protection, carried by servants.

378. *Riallyche* = royally.

379. *For the nones* = for the nonce. The older spelling is *for then ones* = for the once, for the occasion. The *n*, which is the sign of the dat. (A. S. *tham*, *than*), is carried over to the following word.

380. *Mary bones* = marrow bones.

381. *Poudre-marchaunt tart* = a tart or acid flavoring powder. — *Galyngale* = the root of an aromatic species of sedge found in the south of England.

382. *London ale* was held in high esteem at that time.

384. *Mortreux* = a kind of soup, of which the principal ingredients were fowl, fresh pork, bread-crumbs, eggs, and saffron; so called from being brayed in a *mortar*.

386. *Mormal* = cancer. French *mort-mal*.

387. *Blank manger* = blanc-mange, white food, composed of minced chicken, eggs, flour, sugar, and milk. This dish he could make with the best of his fellow-cooks.

388. *Wonyng fer by weste* = dwelling far in the west. Cf. Ger. *wohnen*, to dwell.

389. *Dertemouth* = Dartmouth, on the south-west coast of England.

390. *Rouncy* = a common hack-horse. — *As he coulde* = as well as he could. As a seaman, he was not accustomed to riding.

391. *Gowne of faldyng* = gown or robe of coarse cloth.

392. *Laas* = belt, strap. Cf. Eng. *lace*.

397. *Burdeux* = Bordeaux, a city of south-west France. — *Chapman* = merchant or supercargo. A. S. *ceap*, trade, and *mann*, man.

401. *Craft* = calling.

403. *Herbergh* = harbor, place of shelter. Cf. Eng. *harbor*. — *Mone* = moon, as influencing the tides. — *Lodemenage* = pilotage. Cf. Eng. *lode*, *lodestar*, *lodestone*.

404. *Hulle* = Hull, a seaport on the north-east coast of England. — *Cartage* = Cartagena, a city on the south-east coast of Spain.

408. *Gootland* = Gothland, an island in the Baltic belonging to Sweden. — *Fynystere* = Finisterre, a cape on the north-west coast of Spain.

409. *Cryk* = creek, harbor.

414. *Astronomye* = astrology, the art of judging of the influence of the stars on the human body, etc. The medical science of the Middle Ages paid attention to astrological and superstitious observances.

415. *Kepte* = watched.

416. *Houres* = astrological hours. "He carefully watched for a favorable star in the ascendant."

417. *Fortunen* = to make fortunate. The practice here referred to is spoken of more fully in Chaucer's *House of Fame*, ll. 169–180: —

"Ther saugh I pleyen jugelours

. . . . .

And clerkes cek, which conne wel
Alle this magike naturel,
That craftely doon her ententes
To maken in certeyn ascendentes
Ymages, lo! thrugh which magike
To make a man ben hool or syke."

420. The four humors of the body, to which all diseases were referred.

424. *Boote* = remedy.

426. *Dragges and his letuaries* = drugs and his electuaries.

429. Esculapius was the god of medicine among the Greeks.

430–434. The writers here mentioned were the leading medical authorities of the Middle Ages. *Deyscorides*, or *Dioscorides*, a physician in Cilicia of the first century. *Rufus*, a Greek physician of Ephesus of the time of Trajan. *Ypocras*, or *Hippocrates*, a Greek physician of the fourth century, called the father of medicine. *Haly*, an Arabian physician of the eleventh century. *Galen*, scarcely second in rank to Hippocrates, a Greek physician of the second century. *Serapyon*, an Arabian physician of the eleventh century. *Rhasis* was a Spanish Arab of the ninth century. *Avycen*, an Arabian physician of the eleventh century. *Averrois*, or *Averroes*, an Arabian scholar of the twelfth century. *Damascien*, or *Damascenus*, an Arabian physician of the ninth century. *Constantyn*, or *Constantius Afer*, a physician of Carthage, and one of the founders of the University of Salerno. *Bernard*, a professor of medicine at Montpellier in France, and contemporary of Chaucer. *Gatesden*, or *John of Gaddesden*, physician to Edward III., the first Englishman to hold the position of royal physician. *Gilbertyn*, supposed to be the celebrated Gilbertus Anglicus.

439. *Sangwin and in pers* = a cloth of blood-red and sky-blue (*pers*).

440. *Taffata* = thin silk. — *Sendal* = a rich, thin silk, highly esteemed for lining.

441. *Esy of dispense* = moderate in his expenditures.

442. *Wan in pestilence* = won in pestilence; a reference to the great pestilence of 1348 and 1349.

445. *Of byside Bathe* = from near Bath.

446. *Somdel* = somewhat. — *Skathe* = misfortune, loss. A. S. *sceathan*, to harm, injure. Cf. Eng., *scathe*, and Ger. *schaden*.

447. *Haunt* = skill, practice.

448. *Ypres* and *Ghent* (Gaunt) were the greatest cloth-markets on the continent.

450. *To the offryng*. An allusion to Relic Sunday, when the people went to the altar to kiss the relics.

453. *Kevercheſs* = kerchief, a square piece of cloth used to cover the head. French *couvre-chef*, the latter coming from Lat. *caput*.

457. *Moyste* = soft, supple.

460. Marriages were celebrated at the door of the church.

462. *As nouthe* = at present. *Nouthe* = *now* + *the* = *now* + *then*, just now, at present.

465. *Boloyne* = Bologna, where was preserved an image of the Virgin Mary.

466. In Galicia at the shrine of St. James. It was believed that the body of the apostle had been conveyed thither. — *Coloyne* = Cologne, where the bones of the three wise men or kings of the East, who came to see the infant Jesus, are said to be preserved.

467. *Cowde* = knew.

468. *Gat-tothed*. This word is variously explained. Equivalent, perhaps, to *gap-toothed*, having the teeth some distance apart.

470. *Y-wympled* = having a wimple or covering for the neck. See note on l. 151.

472. *Foot-mantel* = a riding-skirt probably.

473. *Spores* = spurs.

474. *Carpe* = to jest, chaff. It now means *to find fault with*.

476. *The olde daunce* = the old game, or customs.

478. *Persoun of a toun* = a parish priest or parson. Lat. *persona*. Blackstone says: "A *parson*, *persona ecclesiæ*, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called *parson*, *persona*, because by his person the church, which is an invisible body, is represented." Skeat justly observes that "this reason may well be doubted, but without affecting the etymology."

482. *Parischens* = parishioners.

485. *Sithes* = times. A. S. *sith*, time. Cf. Ger., *Zeit*.

486. *Loth* = odious, hateful. It was odious to him to excommunicate those who failed to pay tithes due him.

489. *Offrynge* = voluntary contributions of his parishioners. — *Substance* = income of his benefice or the property he had acquired.

492. *Ne lafte not* = did not cease.

493. *Meschief* = misfortune.

494. *Moche and lite* = great and small.

502. *Lewed* = unlearned, ignorant.

503. *Kepe* = heed.

507. *To hyre* = He did not let out his parish to a strange curate, while he ran to London to seek a chantry at St. Paul's — a more congenial and lucrative employment. The chantries were endowments for singing masses for souls.

511. *To ben withholde* = to be maintained.

516. *Nought despitous* = not pitiless, cruel.

517. *Daungerous ne digne* = domineering nor haughty.

523. *Snybbe* = snub, reprove. — *For the nones.* See note l. 379.

525. *Waytede after* = sought or looked for.

526. *Spiced* = over-scrupulous.

530. *I-lad* = drawn out, carried. — *Fother* = load, cart-load.

531. *Swynkere* = laborer.

534. *Though him gamede or smerte* = though it pleased or pained him.

536. *Dyke and delve* = to ditch and dig.

541. *Tabard.* See note l. 20. — *Mere* = mare. People of quality would not ride upon a mare.

542. *Reeve* = steward, bailiff, officer. — *Mellere* = miller.

543. *Sompnour* = summoner, in ecclesiastical courts. — *Pardoner* = seller of pardons or indulgences.

544. *Maunciple* = an officer who purchased provisions for a college, etc. Lat. *manceps*, purchaser, contractor.

545. *Carl* = churl, hardy fellow. A.S. *ceorl*, country-man, churl.

547. That proved he well, for everywhere he came. — *Overal ther* = everywhere, wherever. Cf. Ger. *überall*, everywhere.

548. *Ram.* A ram was the usual prize at wrestling matches.

549. *Knarre* = knot. He was a thick-set, muscular fellow.

550. *Nolde* = *ne* + *wolde* = would not. — *Heve of harre* = heave, or lift, off its hinges.

551. *Rennyng* = running.

554. *Upon the cop right* = right upon the top. Cf. Eng. *coping.*

556. *Berstles* = bristles. A. S. *byrst*, a bristle, by a common transposition of the consonants. Cf. Ger. *bürste*, brush.

557. *Nose-thurles* = nostrils. A. S. *thyrel*, a hole.

560. *Janglere* = great talker, babbler. — *Golyardeys* = buffoon at rich men's tables; a teller of ribald stories.

563. *Thombe of gold* refers to the miller's skill in testing the quality of meal or flour by rubbing it between his thumb and forefinger. — *Pardé* = *par Dieu*, a common oath.

568. *Achatours* = purchasers, caterers. Fr. *acheter*, to buy.

570. *By taille* = by tally; i.e., on credit. Fr. *tailler*, to cut, referring to the score cut on wood.

571. *Algate* = always. — *Waytede so in his achate* = watched so in his purchase.

572. *Ay biforn* = always before or ahead of others.

574. *Pace* = pass, surpass.

581. *Propre good* = own property.

582. *But-if he were wood* = unless he were mad.

583. *As hym list desire* = as it pleases him to desire.

586. *Sette here aller cappe* = set all their caps — an expression meaning *to outwit, overreach.*

590. His head was *docked*, or closely cut in front like a priest.

594. *Auditour* = accountant.

597. *Neet* = cattle. Cf. *neat*, cattle.

598. *Stoor* = stock, store.

603. *Herde* = herdsman. — *Hyne* = hind, servant, farm-laborer.

604. *Covyne* = deceit.

605. *Adrad* = afraid. — *The dethe* = the pestilence or plague.

606. *Wonyng* = dwelling. Cf. Ger. *Wohnung*, dwelling.

613. *Mester* = trade. French *métier*.

615. *Stot* = stallion.

616. *Pomely gray* = dappled gray.

617. *Of pers*. See note on l. 439.

621. *Tukked* = clothed in the long dress of a friar.

622. *Hyndreste of the route* = hindmost of the company.

623. *Sompnour*. See note l. 543.

625. *Sawceflem* = having a red, pimpled face. — *Narwe* = narrow.

627. *Skalled* = having the *scall* or scab. — *Piled berd* = thin beard, or bare in patches.

629. *Litarge* = litharge.

630. *Boras* = borax. — *Ceruce* = white lead.

632. *Whelkes* = blotches, pimples.

636. *Wood*. See note l. 184.

643. *Can clepen Watte* = can call Wat, or Walter.

644. *Grope* = try, test; literally, to feel with the hands.

646. *Questio quid juris* = The question is, what is the law in the case.

652. *Pulle a fynch* was a common expression for cheating a novice.

653. *Owher* = anywhere.

656. *But-if*. See note ll. 351 and 582.

660. Each guilty man ought to be afraid of excommunication (*cursyng*).

661. *Assoillyng* = absolution. O. Fr. *assoiller*, Lat. *absolvere*.

662. *War him* = warn him. — *Significavit* = a writ of excommunication, which usually began, "Significavit nobis venerabilis frater," etc.

663. *In daunger* = in his power or jurisdiction. — *At his owne gise* = after his own fashion (*gise*).

664. *Gurles* = young people of both sexes.

665. *Al here reed* = wholly their adviser.

667. *Ale-stake* = sign-post in front of an ale-house. It was usual to attach an ivy bush to an *ale-stake*.

673. *Burdoun* = bass.

676. *Strike of flex* = hank of flax.

677. *Unces* = small, separate portions.

679. *By culpons on and oon* = by shreds or strands one by one.

681. *Trussed* = packed up.

682. *Him thought* = it seemed to him. See note l. 37. — *The newe get* = the new fashion.

683. *Sauf his cappe* = except his cap.

685. *Vernicle* = a miniature copy of the picture of Christ, which is said to have been miraculously imprinted on a handkerchief preserved in St. Peter's at Rome.

691. *Geldyng* = eunuch.

694. *Male* = bag, valise. — *Pilwebeer* = pillow-case.

695. *Oure lady veyl* = our lady's veil. See note l. 88.

696. *Gobet* = piece.

698. *Hente* = took, seized.

699. *Latoun* = a kind of brass or tinned iron.

700. *Pigges bones*, which he pretended were the bones of some saint.

702. *Poure persoun* = poor parson.

705. *Japes* = tricks, impostures.

712. *Affyle* = file, polish.

726. That you do not ascribe (*vette*) it to my ill-breeding (*vileinye*).

728. *Here cheere* = their appearance.

741. Plato, a famous Greek philosopher, born about 420 B.C.

742. *Cosyn* = kindred or in keeping with. The language should be in keeping with the thing described.

744. *Al* = although. Cf. Eng. *albeit*.

750. *Wel to drynke us leste* = it pleased us well to drink.

753. *Eygen stepe*. See note l. 201.

754. *Chepe* = Cheapside, a leading street in London, on which the wealthiest burgesses or citizens lived.

758. *Playen* = to make sport.

761. *Lordynges* = sirs, gentlemen. Dim. of *lord*.

765. *Herbergh* = inn. See note l. 403.

766. *Don yow mirthe* = cause you mirth. Cf. Eng. "*I do you to wit*" = I cause you to know.

770. *Quyte you youre meede* = grant you your reward.

772. *Schapen yow to talen* = prepare yourselves, or get ready, to tell tales (*talen*).

782. *But ye be merye* = if ye be not merry.

784. *Seche* = seek. Cf. Ger. *suchen*.

785. *To make it wys* = to make it a matter of serious deliberation.

786. *Avys* = advice, consideration. Cf. Fr. *avis*.

787. *Verdite* = verdict, judgment.

791. *To schorte* = to shorten.

798. *Of best sentence and most solas* = the most instructive and the most amusing.

799. *At oure alther cost* = at the cost of us all.

810. *Oure othes swore* = we swore our oaths.

816. *Devys* = decision, direction.

819. *Fet* = fetched. A. S. *fetian*, to fetch.

822. *A morwe* = on the morrow, the 18th of April.

823. *Our alther cok* = cock or leader for us all.

825. *A litel more than paas* = a little faster than a pace or walk.

826. The watering of St. Thomas was at the second mile-stone on the old road to Canterbury.

827. *Bigan — areste* = halted. *Bigan* is sometimes used as an auxiliary = did.

829. *Forward* = promise, covenant. A. S. *foreword*, covenant, agreement.

831. *Lat se* = let us see.

835. *Ferrer twynne* = farther depart or travel.

838. *Acord* = decision.

840. *Lat be youre schamfastnesse* = let be your modesty. See etymology of *shamefaced* in Webster or Skeat.

844. *Aventure, or sort, or cas* = by chance, or luck, or accident.

845. *Soth* = truth. Cf. Eng. *in sooth*.

847. *As was resoun* = as was reasonable.

848. *Forward* = see note l. 829. *Composicioun* = agreement.

850. *Seigh* = saw.

854. *A Goddes name* = in God's name.

857. *Right a merie chere* = a right merry countenance.

(1558—1625.)

## I.

## FIRST BOOK OF SPENSER'S FAERY QUEENE,

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

I.

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all to meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

II.

Helpe then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faery knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong!

III.

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murdrous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

IV.

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread. a while.

## CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse,
Foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

I.

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever, him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond,)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave:
And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

IV.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe she lad.

V.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came,
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this knight from far compeld.

VI.

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,

The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

VIII.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birds sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funerall;

IX.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;
The carver holme; the maple seeldom inward sound.

X.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

XI.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarfe a while his needless spere he gave.

XII.

"Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
"Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
"Ah ladie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade."

XIII.

"Yea but," quoth she, "the perill of this place
I better wot than you: though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,

To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den*,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate,
Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then
The feareful dwarfe, "This is no place for living men."

XIV.

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide;
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

XV.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisnous dugs; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head; whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

XVII.

Which when the valiant elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

XVIII.

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With double forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine!

XIX.

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, "Now, now, Sir knight, shew what ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, or els she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

XX.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke

His grasping hold, and frome her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI.

As when old Father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Ægyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

XXII.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight:
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
(Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,)
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doth him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, ful of filthie sin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

XXV.

Her scattered brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but, being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up ther dying mothers bloud;
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI.

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly impes, of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such, as drunke her life, the which them nurst
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

XXVII.

His lady seeing all that chaunst from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie;
And saide, "Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
Well worthie be you of that armory,

Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And prov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may!"

XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward sought to wend:
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any byway bend;
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
Long way he traveiled, before he heard of ought.

XXIX.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad;
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

XXX.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
"Ah! my dear sonne," quoth he, "how should, alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

XXXI.

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,

Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare."
"Of suche," saide he, "I chiefly doe inquere;
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

XXXII.

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
"Now," saide the ladie, "draweth toward night;
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.

XXXIII.

"Then with the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
"Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,"
Quoth then that aged man: "the way to win
Is wisely to advise; now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night." The knight was well content;
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV.

A litle lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pas
In traveill to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy thinges each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

XXXVI.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor loading their eyeliddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes;
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes; and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

XXXVII.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame;
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame;
And cursed heven; and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flyes
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies:

Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message to,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

XXXIX.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI.

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

XLII.

The messenger approching to him spake;
But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine:

So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecaté: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
"Hether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent."

XLIV.

The god obayde; and, calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He, backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull larke;
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

XLV.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

XLVI.

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him brought
Unto that elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily.
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

XLVII.

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste;
And, coming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away.

. . . . . .

XLIX.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his.
Lo! there before his face his ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke;
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took

L.

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And half enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight;
But, hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand; and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

LI.

And sayd, "Ah Sir, my liege lord, and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII.

"Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My fathers kingdom"— There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave;
And then againe begun: "My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares."
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?"

LIII.

"Love of your selfe," she saide, "and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight."
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth; yet since no untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend; but said, "Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew:

LIV.

"Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none; but to your rest depart."

Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chose but please;
So, slyding softly forth she turnd as to her ease.

LV.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last, dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

# NOTES TO THE FAERY QUEENE.

(*The numbers refer to lines.*)

I. 1. *Lo! I, the man.* — An imitation of the lines prefixed to Virgil's Æneid. — *Whylome* = formerly, in time past. A. S. *hwilum*, dat. pl. of *hwil*, time, and so meaning *at times*.

2. *Lowly Shepheards weeds.* — A reference to "The Shepherd's Calendar," published in 1579. See sketch of Spenser. — *Weeds* = garments. A. S. *waed*, garment. Now used chiefly in the phrase, "a widow's weeds."

4. *Oaten reeds.* — The musical instrument, made of the hollow joint of oat straw, which the poet employed as "lowly shepherd."

7. *Areeds* = advises, commands. A. S. *araedan*, to tell, speak.

8. *To blazon broade* = to proclaim abroad.

II. 1. *O holy Virgin, chiefe of nyne.* — Clio, first of the nine Muses. She presided over history and epic poetry.

2. *Thy weaker novice* = thy too weak novice. A Latinism not infrequent in Spenser.

3. *Scryne* = a case or chest for keeping books. A. S. *scrin*, Lat. *scrinium*, a chest. Mod. Eng. *shrine*, a place in which sacred things are deposited.

5. *Tanaquill*, an ancient British princess, here intended to represent Queen Elizabeth.

6. *Briton Prince* = King Arthur.

III. 1. *Dreaded impe of highest Jove* = Cupid or Love; in mythology sometimes represented as the son of Jupiter and Venus. *Impe* = scion or offspring; formerly used in a good sense.

3. *Rove* = to shoot an arrow, not point blank, but with an elevation.

5. *Heben* = of ebony wood, ebon; from the Hebrew *hobnim*, ebony wood, through Gr., Lat., and Fr. From Heb. *eben*, a stone.

7. *Mart* = Mars, the god of war.

IV. 3. *Great ladie* = Queen Elizabeth. Two years after the defeat of the Armada, she deserved this title; but as much can hardly be said of the appellation "goddesse heavenly bright," as the Queen was in her fifty-seventh year. But such was the abject flattery of the age.

5. *Eyne* = eyes. Written also *eyen;* both are old plu. forms. A. S. *eage*, plu. *eagan.*

7. *Type of thine* = Una, or Truth.

8. *Argument* = subject-matter; *afflicted* = lowly, humble; *stile* = pen. The whole line may be rendered, *The subject-matter of my lowly pen.*

9. *Dread* = object of reverence.

## Canto I.

I. 1. *A gentle Knight* = the Knight of the Red Cross, representing Holiness, and also the model Englishman. See remarks on the "Faery Queene." — *Pricking* = to ride or spur on quickly.

2. *Ycladd* = past par. of clad. *Y* stands for the A. S. prefix *ge*, affixed to any part of the verb, but especially to the past par. Cf. Ger. *ge*, prefix of the past par. Of very frequent occurrence in Spenser. — *Mightie armes* = the Christian armor described in the last chapter of Ephesians. See introductory remarks.

5. *Yet armes*, etc. — See introductory remarks. The knight had hitherto been "a tall clownish young man."

8. *Jolly* = handsome; Fr. *joli*, gay, pretty.

9. *Giusts* = jousts, tilts, or encounters on horseback at tournaments. O. Fr. *joster*, Lat. *juxtare*, to approach. From *juxta*, near.

II. 1. *Bloodie* = red.

4. *And dead, as living ever*, etc. — A reference to Rev. i. 18. "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore."

8. *Cheere* = face, countenance. O. Fr. *chiere*, Lat. *cara*, face, Gr. *kara*, the head.

9. *Ydrad* = past par. of dread. See *Ycladd*, stanza i., line 2.

III. 2. *Gloriana* = The Faery Queene, who "stands for the *glory of God* in general, and for Queen Elizabeth in particular." See introductory remarks.

6. *Earne* = yearn. A. S. *gyrnan*, to yearn; from *georn*, desirous.

9. *His foe, a dragon* = Satan, or the powers of evil, in general, and the Papacy in particular.

IV. 1. *Lovely ladie* = Una, or Truth, in general, and the Protestant Church in particular. See introduction. — *Faire* = fairly, the *e* being an adverbial termination.

3. *Yet she much whiter.* — Hallam criticises this as absurd, (Lit. of Europe, Vol. I. p. 354) referring it to Una's outward appearance, and not, as Spenser intended, to her inward purity.

4. *Wimpled* = plaited or folded like the white cloth worn by nuns around the neck.

5. *Stole* = a long robe. A. S. *stole* = Lat. *stola* = Gr. *stolē*, a robe.

8. *Seemed* = it seemed. Spenser often omits the subject with impersonal verbs.

9. *Lad* = led. A. S. *laedan*.

V. 3. *From royall lynage.* — Una, Truth, or the Protestant Church, traces her lineage, not from the Papacy, but from the Church Universal.

8. *Forwasted* = utterly wasted. *For* (Ger. *ver*) is an A. S. prefix, generally with the sense of *loss* or *destruction*, but frequently also, as here, *intensive*.

VI. 1. *A dwarfe.* — The significance of the dwarf is doubtful; but probably he is intended to represent *prudence*, as he bears the "bag of needments at his backe."

5. *Suddeine* = suddenly. See note stanza iv., line 1.

7. *Leman* = a sweetheart, or one loved, of either sex. A. S. *leof*, dear, and *mann*, a person.

8. *To shrowd* = to take shelter.

VII. 2. *A shadie grove* = the wood of Error, at first enchanting, but at last leading astray.

VIII. 6. *Sayling pine.* — A reference to its use for masts of sailing ships.

7. *The vine-propp elm.* — In Italy the elm was anciently used to prop or support the vine.

9. *The cypresse funerall.* — The cypress was anciently used to adorn tombs, and hence came to be an emblem of mourning.

IX. 2. *The firre that weepeth* = that distilleth resin.

3. *The willow* = the badge of deserted lovers.

4. *The eugh, obedient*, etc. — A reference to the fact that bows were made of the yew.

5. *The sallow* = a kind of willow.

6. *The mirrhe sweete-bleeding*, etc. — The myrrh, which has a bitter taste, exudes a sweet-smelling gum.

7. *The warlike beech.* — So called because suitable for warlike arms, or because used by the ancients for war-chariots.

9. *The carver holme* = evergreen oak, good for carving. "Every one knows," says Hallam, "that a natural forest never contains such a variety of species; nor, indeed, could such a medley as Spenser, treading in the steps of Ovid, has brought from all soils and climates, have existed long if planted by the hands of man."

X. 3. *Weening* = thinking. A. S. *wenan*, to imagine, hope; from *wen*, expectation, hope.

7. *Doubt* = fear. This was the common meaning in Middle English. Fr. *douter*, Lat. *dubitare*, to doubt.

XI. 4. *And like to lead the labyrinth about* = and likely to lead out

of the labyrinth. — *About* = A. S. *abutan*, for *onbutan* = *on* + *be* + *utan*, on by the outside.

5. *Tract* = track, path.

8. *Eftsoones* = soon after, immediately. A. S. *eftsone*.

XII. 7. *Shame were to revoke* = it were shame to recall.

XIII. 4. *In the gate* = in the way.

7. *Does.* — A singular for a plural verb; a not infrequent solecism in Spenser's time.

8. *Read* = advise. A.S. *raedan*, to advise. Cf. stanza i. line 7.

XIV. 1. *Greedy hardiment* = hardihood, or intrepidity, eager for adventure.

7. *Displaide* = unfolded. O. Fr. *despleier* = Lat. *dis*, apart, and *plicare*, to fold.

9. *Full of vile disdaine* = full of vileness exciting disdain.

XV. 3. *Boughtes* = bends, folds.

8. *Uncouth* = unknown, strange. A. S. *un*, not, and *cuth*, known, past par. of *cunnan*.

XVI. 1. *Upstart* = upstarted.

4. *Without entraile* = without fold or entanglement.

6. *Armed to point* = armed at every point, completely.

7. *Bale* = evil, destruction. A. S. *bealu*, disaster, destruction.

XVII. 1. *Elfe* = the knight, so called because coming from fairyland.

3. *Trenchand* = trenchant, cutting. Fr. *trencher*, to cut. The *and* is an old participial form.

7. *Threatning* = brandishing.

8. *Enhaunst* = raised, lifted up.

XVIII. 1. *Dint* = blow. A. S. *dynt*, blow.

5. *Tho* = then. A. S. *tha*.

6. *Traine* = tail. Fr. *train*, a tail.

9. *Traine* = snare. Fr. *traine*. From Lat. *trahere*, to draw.

XIX. 6. *His gall did grate* = his anger stirred. The gall was anciently supposed to be the seat of anger.

8. *Gorge* = throat. Fr. *gorge*, throat.

XX. 3. *Gobbets* = mouthfuls, little lumps. O. Fr. *gobet*, a morsel of food; from *gob*, a gulp, with diminutive suffix *et*.

6. *Full of bookes and papers.* — A reference no doubt to the numerous scurrilous attacks by Roman Catholic writers upon Queen Elizabeth and Protestantism.

9. *Parbreake* = vomit. This stanza is to be contemplated only with averted face!

XXI. 5. *To avale* = to fall, sink. O. Fr. *avaler*, from Lat. *ad vallem*, to the valley, downward. Cf. *avalanche*.

7. *Ten thousand kindes of creatures.* This was commonly believed by the writers of Spenser's day.

9. *Reed* = perceive, discover. See stanza xiii., line 8.

XXII. 3. *Ne* = nor.

5. *Sinke* = a receptable for filth.

XXIII. 2. *Phœbus* = the sun. — *To welke* = to fade, to grow dim.

7. *Noyance* = annoyance. O. Fr. *anoi* = Lat. *in odio*, in hatred.

XXIV. 1. *Ill bestedd* = badly situated.

5. *Lin* = cease. A. S. *linnan*, to cease.

8. *Raft* = reft; preterit of *reave*. A. S. *reofan*, to deprive.

XXVI. 2. *Impes*. See stanza iii., line 1.

7. *Her life the which them nurst. The which* refers to *her*. In Spenser's day *which* was often used for *who;* as "Our Father *which* art in heaven."

9. *Should contend* = was to contend, or should have contended.

XXVII. 1. *Chaunst* = happened.

3. *Borne under happie starre.* A reference to astrology, or the belief in the influence of the stars upon the destiny of man.

5. *Armory* = armor. See introduction.

9. *That like succeed it may* = that like victories may succeed or follow it.

XXVIII. 2. *To wend* = to go. A. S. *wendan*, to go. Of special interest as supplying the preterit of *to go*.

4. *Ne* = nor.

7. *With God to frend* = With God for friend.

XXIX. 2. *An aged sire* = Archimago, or Hypocrisy.

XXX. 1. *Louting* = bowing. A. S. *lutan*, to stoop.

2. *Quite* = to requite, to satisfy a claim.

6. *Silly* = simple, harmless. "The word has much changed its meaning," says Skeat. "It meant *timely;* then *lucky*, *happy*, *blessed*, *innocent*, *simple*, *foolish*." A. S. *saelig*, happy, prosperous. Cf. Ger. *selig*.

7. *Bidding his beades* = saying, or praying his prayers. *Beade* = prayer; A. S. *bed*, a prayer, from A. S. *biddan*, to pray. Cf. Ger. *Gebet*.

9. *Sits not* = it sits not, is not becoming. Cf. Fr. *il sied*, it is becoming. — *To mell* = to meddle, interfere with. O. Fr. *meller*, *mesler*, from Lat. *misculare*, to mix.

XXXII. 3. *Thorough* = through. A. S. *thurh*. Cf. Ger. *durch*.

5. *Wote* = know. A. S. *witan*, to know.

6. *Forwearied* = thoroughly weary. See stanza v., line 8.

9. *Doth baite* = doth feed. Literally *bait* = to make to bite. To *bait* a bear is to make the dogs bite him; to *bait* a horse is to make him eat.

XXXIII. 7. *In* = inn. A. S. *inn*, a lodging.

XXXIV. 4. *A little wyde* = a little apart.

5. *Edifyde* = built. O. Fr. *edifier*, Lat. *ædificare*, to build, = *ædes*, a building, and *facere*, to make.

6. *Wont* = was wont. *Wont* is properly a past par. of *won*, to dwell, to be used to.

XXXV. 9. *Ave-Mary* = Ave Maria, an invocation to the Virgin Mary.

XXXVI. 2. *And the sad humor*, etc. = the sweet "slombring deaw," cast on them by Morpheus, the god of sleep and dreams.

5. *Riddes* = conducts, removes. A. S. *hredan*, to deliver.

XXXVII. 4. *Blacke Plutoes griesly Dame*. Pluto is the god of the infernal regions, or realms of darkness; hence the epithet *black*. His wife is Proserpine, whom Pluto carried off as she was gathering flowers in Sicily. As the inflicter of men's curses on the dead, she is called *grisly*, hideous.

8. *Great Gorgon* = Not Medusa, a sight of whom turned the beholder to stone, but Demo-gorgon, an evil divinity that ruled the spirits of the lower world.

9. *Cocytus* = A river of the infernal region, a branch of the Styx. The former is known as the river of lamentation, the latter as the river of hate. The other two rivers of Hades are Acheron, the river of grief, and Phlegethon, the river of burning. So Milton speaks

> "Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
> Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
> Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
> Sad Acheron, of sorrow black and deep;
> Cocytus, named of lamentation loud,
> Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
> Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage."
>
> *Paradise Lost*, ii. 577.

XXXVIII. 2. *Sprights* = spirits. *Sprite* is the more correct spelling. From Fr. *esprit*, spirit.

5. *Fray* = frighten, terrify. A short form for *affray*. O. Fr. *effraier*, to frighten, = Low. Lat. *exfrigidare*.

XXXIX. 1. *Spersed* = dispersed. Lat. *dis*, apart, and *spargere*, to scatter.

6. *Tethys* = the wife of Oceanus, and daughter of Uranus and Terra.

7. *Cynthia* = the goddess of the moon; called also Diana and Artemis.

XL. 4. *Dogges before them farre doe lye* = dogs lie at a distance in front of them.

9. *Takes keepe* = takes heed or care.

XLII. 3. *Mought* = might. A. S. *mugan*, to be able.

6. *That forced* = that he forced.

7. *Dryer braine*. — Spenser seems to consider a "dry brain" the source of troubled dreams.

XLIII. 3. *Hecaté* = an infernal divinity, who at night sends from the lower world all kinds of demons and phantoms.

9. *Sleepers sent* = sleeper's sensation.

XLIV. 2. *Diverse dreame* = a diverting or distracting dream. Lat. *dis*, apart, and *vertere*, to turn.

4. *Carke* = anxiety, care. A. S. *carc*, care.

5. *Starke* = stiff, rigid. A. S. *stearc*, strong, stiff.

9. *Afore* = before. A. S. *onforan*, in front, before.

XLV. 9. *Stole* = a long robe. See stanza iv., line 5.

XLVI. 5. *In sort as* = in the manner that.

6. *Borne without her dew* = born unnaturally; or, perhaps, without the due qualities of a real woman.

7. *Usage sly* = sly or artful conduct.

XLVII. 3. *Hardie* = strong, brave. Fr. *hardi*, stout, bold.

L. 1. *Uncouth* = unknown, strange. See stanza xv., line 8.

4. *Sufferance* = moderation.

6. *To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth* = to test the evidence of his senses, and try her professed sincerity.

8. *Tho* = then. See stanza xviii., line 5. — *Can* = began. — *Ruth* = pity, compassion.

LI. 4. *The blind god* = Cupid, the god of love. — *Amate* = subdue, daunt. O. Fr. *amatir*, from *mat*, weak, dull.

7. *Die* = to die. — *Rew* = rue, lament.

LII. 1. *Your own dear sake*, etc. — This is false. See introduction for an account of Una's coming to the court of the Faery Queene.

3. *To bereave* = to take away, to deprive her of. A. S. *be*, and *reafian*, to rob.

9. *Frayes* = frightens. See stanza xxxviii., line 5.

LIII. 5. *Doubtfull* = exciting doubt, suspicions.

8. *Shend* = reproach, spurn. A. S. *scendan*, to reproach. — *Rew* = rue, lament.

LIV. 1. *It fell not all to ground* = it was not all lost or thrown away.

7. *Beguiled of her art* = craftily deluded out of an opportunity to exercise her art.

LV. 5. *Irksome spright* = wearied spirit.

8. *When he saw*, etc., = when the dream saw. The dream is personified.

9. *That misformed spright* = the feigned Una.

## II.

## BACON'S ESSAYS.

### OF TRUTH.

"WHAT is truth?"[1] said jesting[2] Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that[3] delight in giddiness,[4] and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting[5] free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers[6] of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing[7] wits, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth, nor, again, that, when it is found, it imposeth[8] upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favour; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later schools of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand[9] to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets,[10] nor for advantage, as with the merchant, but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily[11] as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price[12] of a diamond or carbuncle,[13] that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that, if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers,[14] in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum*,[15] because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever[16] these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth, that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature[17] of God,

in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and His sabbath work ever since is the illumination of His Spirit. First, He breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos;[18] then He breathed light into the face of man; and still He breatheth and inspireth light into the face of His chosen. The poet that beautified the sect,[19] that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures[20] thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth," (a hill not to be commanded,[21] and where the air is always clear and serene,) "and to see the errors and wanderings, and mists and tempests, in the vale below:" so[22] always that this prospect[23] be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is Heaven upon Earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business: It will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round[24] dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy[25] in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth[26] it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious: and therefore Montaigne[27] saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge: saith he, "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man." Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold that, when "Christ cometh," He shall not "find faith upon the Earth."

## OF REVENGE.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more Man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out: for, as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with

his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon: and Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence."[1] That which is past is gone and irrevocable,[2] and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like; therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish, else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh: this is the more generous; for the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent: but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, Duke of Florence,[3] had a desperate[4] saying against perfidious or neglecting[5] friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read," saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: "Shall we," saith he, "take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?"[6] and so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges[7] are for the most part fortunate; as that for the death of Cæsar;[8] for the death of Pertinax;[9] for the death of Henry the Third of France;[10] and many more. But in private revenges it is not so; nay, rather vindictive persons live the life of witches; who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.[11]

### OF ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca, (after the manner of the Stoics,[1]) that "the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired,"—*Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly, if miracles be the command over Nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other, (much too high for a

heathen,) "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a god," — *Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem dei.* This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies [2] are more allowed; and the poets indeed have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; [3] nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian; "that Hercules,[4] when he went to unbind Prometheus, (by whom human nature is represented,) sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher," lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But, to speak in a mean,[5] the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs [6] as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed,[7] or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

## OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments [1] to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which [2] both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are who, though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences; [3] nay, there are some other that account wife

and children but as bills of charges;[4] nay, more, there are some foolish rich covetous men that take a pride in having no children, because[5] they may be thought so much the richer; for perhaps they have heard some talk, "Such an one is a great rich man," and another except to it, "Yea, but he hath a great charge[6] of children;" as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous[7] minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects, for they are light to run away, and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen,[8] for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool.[9] It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly, in their hortative,[10] put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust,[11] yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted, (good to make severe inquisitors,) because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, *Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati.*[12] Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as[13] a man may have a quarrel[14] to marry when he will: but yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry, "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husbands' kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience; but this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

## OF GREAT PLACE.

MEN in great place are thrice servants, — servants of the sovereign or State, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as[1] they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities[2] men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing: *Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere.*[3] Nay, retire men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason,[4] but are impatient of privateness even in age and sickness, which require the shadow;[5] like old townsmen, that will be sitting at their street-door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it: but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when, perhaps, they find the contrary within; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle[6] of business they have no time to tend their health either of body or mind. *Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.*[7] In place there is license to do good or evil, whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil the best condition is not to will,[8] the second not to can.[9] But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion, and conscience[10] of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest; for if a man can be partaker of God's theatre,[11] he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest: *Et conversus Deus ut aspiceret opera, quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis*;[12] and then the Sabbath.

In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples, for imitation is a globe[13] of precepts; and after a time set before thee thine own example, and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best

at first. Neglect not, also, the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery [14] or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerated; but yet ask counsel of both times, — of the ancient time what is best, and of the later time what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but be not too positive and peremptory; and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction; and rather assume thy right in silence, and *de facto*, [15] than voice [16] it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places; and think it more honour to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place; and do not drive away such as bring thee information as meddlers, but accept of them in good part.

The vices of authority are chiefly four, — delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. [17] For delays, give easy access; keep times appointed; go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption, do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering; for integrity used doth the one, but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other; and avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption: therefore always, when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change, and do not think to steal it. [18] A servant or a favourite, if he be inward, [19] and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close [20] corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent: severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery; for bribes come but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects [21] lead a man, he shall never be without; as Solomon saith, "To respect persons is not good; for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread."

It is most true that was anciently spoken, — "A place showeth the

man;" and it showeth some to the better and some to the worse. *Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset*,[22] saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, *Solus imperantium, Vespasianus mutatus in melius*;[23] though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honour amends; for honour is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in Nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side[24] a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for, if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them; and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said "When he sits in place, he is another man."

## OF SEEMING WISE.

It hath been an opinion, that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are; but, howsoever it be between nations, certainly it is so between man and man; for, as the apostle saith of godliness, "Having a show of godliness, but denying the power thereof;"[1] so certainly there are, in points of wisdom and sufficiency,[2] that do nothing or little very solemnly; *magno conatu nugas*.[3] It is a ridiculous thing, and fit for a satire, to persons of judgment, to see what shifts these formalists have, and what prospectives[4] to make superficies to seem body, that hath depth and bulk. Some are so close and reserved, as[5] they will not show their wares but by a dark light, and seem always to keep back somewhat; and when they know within themselves they speak of that they do not well know, would nevertheless seem to others to know of that which they may not well speak. Some help themselves with countenance and gesture, and are wise by signs; as Cicero saith of Piso, that when he answered him he fetched one of his brows up to his forehead, and bent the other down to his chin; *Respondes, alterò ad frontem sublato, altero ad mentum depresso supercilio, crudelitatem tibi non placere*.[6] Some think to bear[7] it by speaking a great word, and being peremp-

tory; and go on, and take by admittance that which they cannot make good. Some, whatsoever is beyond their reach, will seem to despise, or make light of it, as impertinent or curious;[8] and so would have their ignorance seem judgment. Some are never without a difference,[9] and commonly, by amusing men with a subtilty, blanch[10] the matter; of whom A. Gellius saith, *Hominem delirum, qui verborum minutiis rerum frangit pondera.*[11] Of which kind also Plato, in his *Protagoras*, bringeth in Prodicus in scorn, and maketh him make a speech that consisteth of distinctions from the beginning to the end. Generally, such men, in all deliberations, find ease to be of the negative side, and affect a credit to object and foretell difficulties; for, when propositions are denied, there is an end of them; but if they be allowed, it requireth a new work; which false point of wisdom is the bane of business. To conclude, there is no decaying merchant, or inward beggar,[12] hath so many tricks to uphold the credit of their wealth as these empty persons have to maintain the credit of their sufficiency. Seeming wise men may make shift to get opinion; but let no man choose them for employment; for, certainly, you were better take for business a man somewhat absurd than over-formal.

## OF DISCOURSE.

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else; for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse, and speech of conversation, to vary, and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade any thing too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it, namely, religion, matters of State, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity; yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick. That is a

vein which would be bridled: *Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.*[1] And, generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much, but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge: but let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser;[2] and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak: nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on, as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards.[3] If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that[4] you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself:" and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch[5] toward others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, "Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow[6] given?" To which the guest would answer, "Such and such a thing passed." The lord would say, "I thought he would mar a good dinner." Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably[7] to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, showeth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course, are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances,[8] ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

# NOTES TO BACON'S ESSAYS.

## OF TRUTH.

1. See John xviii. 38. "Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?"

2. This was hardly the attitude of the Roman governor. "Any one of Bacon's acuteness, or a quarter of it," says Whately, "might easily have perceived, had he at all attended to the context of the narrative, that never was any one less in a *jesting* mood than Pilate on this occasion."

3. *That.* — The antecedent is omitted; insert *persons* or *people* after "be."

4. *Giddiness* = unsteadiness; want of certainty or of fixed beliefs.

5. *Affecting* = aiming at; from Lat. *ad*, to, and *facere*, to do, act.

6. *Philosophers of that kind.* — A reference probably to Pyrrho and Carneades. Pyrrho, a Greek philosopher of the third century B.C., maintained that certainty could not be attained in anything; hence he is known as the founder of scepticism. Carneades, a philosopher at Cyrene in Africa the second century B.C., held that all the knowledge the human mind is capable of attaining is not science but opinion.

7. *Discoursing* = discursive, rambling; from Lat. *dis*, apart, and *currere*, to run.

8. *Imposeth* = layeth restraints upon; from Lat. *in*, on, upon, and *ponere*, to place.

9. *At a stand* = perplexed.

10. Bacon does not make a distinction between *fiction* and *falsehood*. Poetry is opposed, not to truth, but to fact.

11. *Daintily* = elegantly.

12. *Price* = value. O. Fr. *pris*, Lat. *pretium*, price.

13. *Carbuncle* = a gem of a deep red color. Lat. *carbo*, a live coal.

14. *Fathers.* — This name is applied to the leading ecclesiastical writers of the first five or six centuries after Christ.

15. *Vinum dæmonum* = the wine of demons. This quotation is from Augustine, the greatest of the Latin fathers, who was born in Numidia in 354.

16. *Howsoever* = although.

17. *Creature* = created thing.

18. *Chaos* = the original unorganized condition of matter, out of which it was believed the universe was created.

19. *Sect* = the followers of Epicurus, a Greek philosopher of the fourth century B.C., who held that pleasure is the highest good. Though his life was blameless, his followers made his philosophy a cloak for luxury and licentiousness. The poet referred to is Lucretius, a Latin author of the first century B.C., whose poem *De Rerum Natura* is largely devoted to an exposition of the Epicurean philosophy.

20. *Adventures* = fortunes, chances.

21. *Commanded* = overlooked from some higher hill.

22. *So* = provided.

23. *Prospect* = view, survey. Lat. *pro*, before, and *specere*, to look.

24. *Round* = fair, candid, plain.

25. *Alloy* = a baser metal mixed with a finer. O. Fr. *à loi*, according to law, used with reference to the mixing of metals in coinage.

26. *Embaseth* = debaseth.

27. *Montaigne*, a celebrated French essayist of the sixteenth century. He died in 1592.

## OF REVENGE.

1. Prov. xix. 11. "The discretion of a man deferreth his anger; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression."

2. *Irrevocable* = cannot be recalled. Lat. *ir* (for *in*), not, *re*, back, and *vocare*, to call.

3. Cosmo de Medici, born 1519, was chief of the Florentine republic. He "possessed the astuteness of character, the love of elegance, and taste for literature, but not the frank and generous spirit, that had distinguished his great ancestors."

4. *Desperate* = exceedingly severe.

5. *Neglecting* = negligent, neglectful.

6. Job ii. 10. The Authorized Version is slightly different.

7. *Public revenges* = punishments inflicted upon persons guilty of some crime against the state.

8. Julius Cæsar, the leading general, statesman, and orator (excepting Cicero) of his time, was assassinated in the year 44 B.C. Not one of his assassins, it is said, died a natural death.

9. Pertinax, born 126 A.D., was made emperor of Rome by the assassins of his predecessor, Commodus. After a reign of eighty-six days he was put to death by the soldiers, who objected to the reforms he proposed to introduce in the army.

10. Henry III. of France was assassinated in 1589 by Jacques Clement,

a fanatical Dominican friar, who was himself slain on the spot by the royal guard.

11. Witches were supposed to be women who had entered into a compact with the devil, by whose aid they were enabled to perform extraordinary feats, but into whose power they passed entirely at death. "So end they unfortunate."

OF ADVERSITY.

1. *Stoics* = followers of Zeno, who taught that men should be free from passion, unmoved by joy or grief, and submit without complaint to the unavoidable necessity by which all things seem to be governed.

2. *Transcendencies* = exaggerations.

3. *Mystery* = secret meaning.

4. Hercules, the most celebrated of the Grecian heroes, was the ideal of human perfection as conceived in the heroic age. With high qualities of mind he possessed extraordinary physical strength, which was shown in his "twelve labors." Among his other wonderful achievements he released Prometheus, who, for having stolen fire from heaven for mortals, had been chained by Jupiter's command to the rocks of Mount Caucasus.

5. *In a mean* = with moderation.

6. *Hearse-like airs* = funereal tunes.

7. *Incensed* = set on fire. Lat. *in*, in, upon, and *candere*, to burn, to glow.

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE.

1. *Impediments* = hindrances. Lat. *in*, and *pes*, *pedis*, foot. Frequently used, in the original, to denote *baggage*, especially of armies.

2. *Which* = who. *Which* was formerly used for persons as well as for things. "Our Father *which* art in heaven." Matt. vi. 9.

3. *Impertinences* = things irrelevant. This is the original sense. Lat. *in*, not, and *pertinere*, to pertain to.

4. *Charges* = cost, expense.

5. *Because* = in order that, on this account that. Cf. Matt. xx. 31. "And the multitude rebuked them, *because* they should hold their peace."

6. *Charge* = load or burden. Fr. *charge*, load, burden; Lat. *carrus*, car, wagon. Cf. *cargo* and *caricature*.

7. *Humorous* = governed by humor or caprice.

8. *Churchman* = an ecclesiastic or clergyman.

9. *Fill a pool* = bear the expenses of a family.

10. *Hortatives* = exhortations. Lat. *hortari*, to excite, exhort.

11. *Exhaust* = drained, exhausted. Lat. *ex*, out of, and *haurire*, to draw, the past part. being *exhaustum*.

12. "He preferred his aged wife to immortality." Ulysses was shipwrecked on the coast of Ogygia, the island home of the goddess Calypso. She detained him eight years, and proposed to confer immortality upon him. But with beautiful fidelity the Grecian hero preferred to return to his native Ithaca and his wife Penelope.

13. *So as* = so that. In Bacon *as* is frequently used in the sense of *that*.

14. *Quarrel* = cause, reason, excuse. Formerly a not infrequent meaning. O. Fr. *querele*; Lat. *querela*, a complaint, from *queri*, to complain.

## OF GREAT PLACE.

1. *So as* = so that. See note 13 of the preceding Essay.

2. *Indignities* = basenesses, meannessess. Lat. *in*, not, and *dignus*, worthy.

3. "Since thou art no longer what thou wast, there is no reason why thou shouldst wish to live."

4. *Reason* = right, reasonable. O. Fr. *raison*, from Lat. *rationem*, reason.

5. *Shadow* = retirement.

6. *Puzzle* = perplexity.

7. "Death presses heavily upon him who, too well known to all others, dies unknown to himself."

8. *To will* = to be willing, to desire. Cf. John vii. 17. "If any man *will* do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

9. *To can* = to be able.

10. *Conscience* = consciousness. This is an old meaning. Lat. *con*, together with, and *scire*, to know.

11. *Theatre* = sphere or scheme of operation. An unusual and obsolete meaning.

12. "And God turned to behold the works which his hands had made, and he saw that everything was very good." Gen. i. 31.

13. *Globe* = body, circle.

14. *Bravery* = bravado. Used in this sense also by Milton and Shakespeare.

15. *De facto* = in fact.

16. *Voice* = announce, declare.

17. *Facility* = readiness of compliance, pliability.

18. *Steal it* = do it secretly. So in Shakespeare: "'Twere good, methinks, to *steal* our marriage."

19. *Inward* = intimate. So Job xix. 19. "All my *inward* friends abhorred me."

20. *Close* = hidden or secret.

21. *Respects* = considerations, motives

22. "One whom all would have considered fit for rule, if he had not ruled."

23. "Alone of all the emperors, Vespasian was changed for the better."

24. *To side* = to lean to one side.

OF SEEMING WISE.

1. 2 Tim. iii. 5.

2. *Sufficiency* = ability, full power. So 2 Cor. iii. 5. "Our sufficiency is of God."

3. "Trifles with great effort."

4. *Prospectives* = perspective glasses. They make things appear different from what they are.

5. *As* = that, as often in Bacon.

6. "With one brow raised to your forehead, the other bent downward to your chin, you answer that cruelty does not please you."

7. *To bear* = to gain or win.

8. *Impertinent* = irrelevant. — *Curious* = over-nice.

9. *Difference* = subtle distinction.

10. *Blanch* = avoid, evade.

11. "A foolish man who fritters away matters by trifling with words."

12. *Inward beggar* = a man secretly insolvent.

OF DISCOURSE.

1. "Boy, spare the spur, and hold the reins more lightly." Ovid.

2. *Poser* = a close examiner. Fr. *poser*, to put a question.

3. *Galliards* = a gay, lively dance, much in fashion in Bacon's time.

4. *That* = what, that which. Frequently so used. Cf. John iii. 11. "We speak *that* we do know."

5. *Speech of touch* = speech of particular application, personal hits.

6. *Dry blow* = sarcastic remark.

7. *Agreeably* = in a manner suited to.

8. *Circumstances* = unimportant particulars. Lat. *circum*, around, and *stare*, to stand.

OF RICHES.

1. *Impedimenta* = baggage, especially of an army. See notes on "Of Marriage and Single Life."

2. *Riches*. — This noun is really singular, though commonly used in the plural. Fr. *richesse*.

3. *Disturbeth* = interferes with. Lat. *dis*, apart, and *turbare*, to trouble; from *turba*, disorder, tumult.

## III.

# SHAKESPEARE'S MERCHANT OF VENICE.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } Portia.
ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his kinsman, suitor likewise to Portia.
SALARINO, }
SALANIO, } friends to Antonio and
GRATIANO, } Bassanio.
SALERIO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the clown, servant to Shylock.
OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
BALTHASAR, } servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }
PORTIA, a rich heiress.
NERISSA, her waiting-maid.
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter* ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

ANTONIO. In sooth,[1] I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit[2] sadness makes of me
That I have much ado[3] to know myself.

SALARINO. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies[4] with portly sail,
Like signiors[5] and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants[6] of the sea,
Do overpeer[7] the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALANIO. Believe me, sir, had I such venture[8] forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still[9]
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,

Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;[10]
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SALARINO. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,[11]
Vailing[12] her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight[13] of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,[14]
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANTONIO. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom[15] trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALARINO. Why, then you are in love.

ANTONIO. Fie, fie!

SALARINO. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,[16]
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes[17]
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other[18] of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor[19] swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter* BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

SALANIO. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

SALARINO. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented[20] me.

ANTONIO. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

SALARINO. Good morrow, my good lords.

BASSANIO. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must[21] it be so?

SALARINO. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

LORENZO. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASSANIO. I will not fail you.

GRATIANO. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon[22] the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

ANTONIO. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRATIANO. Let me play the fool:[23]
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks —
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle[24] like a standing pond,
And do[25] a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion[26]
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,[27]

As who should say[28] "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.[29]
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon,[30] this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LORENZO. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRATIANO. Well, keep me company but two years moe,[31]
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANTONIO. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.[32]

GRATIANO. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried. [*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

ANTONIO. Is that any thing now?

BASSANIO. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

ANTONIO. Well, tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

BASSANIO. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something[33] showing a more swelling port[34]
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate;[35] but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal
Hath left me gag'd.[36] To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty

To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still [37] do,
Within the eye of honour,[38] be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASSANIO. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight [39]
The self-same way, with more advised [40] watch,
To find the other forth,[41] and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,[42]
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful [43] youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way [44]
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANTONIO. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance; [45]
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost [46]
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest [47] unto it: therefore speak.

BASSANIO. In Belmont is a lady richly left; [48]
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes [49] from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued [50]
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia: [51]
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,[52]
And many Jasons come in quest of her.

O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,[53]
I have a mind presages me such thrift,[54]
That I should questionless be fortunate!

ANTONIO. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity[55]
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently[56] inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.[57] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

PORTIA. By my troth,[1] Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NERISSA. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

PORTIA. Good sentences and well pronounced.

NERISSA. They would be better, if well followed.

PORTIA. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose!" I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?[2]

NERISSA. Your father was ever virtuous: and holy men at their

death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at[3] my affection.

NERISSA. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

PORTIA. Ay, that's a colt[4] indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation[5] to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

NERISSA. Then there is the County Palatine.[6]

PORTIA. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say "If you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher[7] when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NERISSA. How say you by[8] the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

PORTIA. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NERISSA. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

PORTIA. You know I say nothing to[9] him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper[10] man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumbshow? How oddly he is suited![11] I think he bought his doublet[12] in Italy, his round hose[13] in France, his bonnet[14] in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

NERISSA. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

PORTIA. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he bor-

rowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under [15] for another.

NERISSA. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

PORTIA. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an [16] the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NERISSA. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should [17] refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

PORTIA. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary [18] casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

NERISSA. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is indeed to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort [19] than your father's imposition [20] depending on the caskets.

PORTIA. If I live to be as old as Sibylla,[21] I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NERISSA. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

PORTIA. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

NERISSA. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

*Enter a Serving-man.*

How now! what news?

SERVANT. The four [22] strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

PORTIA. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition[23] of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive[24] me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.
Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice. A public place.*

*Enter* BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

SHYLOCK. Three thousand ducats;[1] well.

BASSANIO. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK. For three months; well.

BASSANIO. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHYLOCK. Antonio shall become bound; well.

BASSANIO. May you stead[2] me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

SHYLOCK. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASSANIO. Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK. Antonio is a good man.[3]

BASSANIO. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHYLOCK. Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition:[4] he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto,[5] he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered[6] abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

BASSANIO. Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO. If it please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into.[7] I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I

will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

*Enter* ANTONIO.

BASSANIO. This is Signior Antonio.

SHYLOCK. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance [8] here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[9]
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest.[10] Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

BASSANIO. Shylock, do you hear?

SHYLOCK. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To* ANTONIO.] Rest you fair,[11] good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,[12]
Yet to supply the ripe wants [13] of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd [14]
How much ye would?

SHYLOCK. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANTONIO. And for three months.

SHYLOCK. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought [15] you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

ANTONIO. I do never use it.

SHYLOCK. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep —
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,

As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third [16] —

ANTONIO. And what of him? did he take interest?

SHYLOCK. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did
When Laban and himself were compromised [17]
That all the eanlings [18] which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire.[19]
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANTONIO. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted [20] to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

SHYLOCK, I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

ANTONIO. Mark you this, Bassanio,[21]
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHYLOCK. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate —

ANTONIO. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding [22] to you?

SHYLOCK. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,[23]
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to,[24] then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this;
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

ANTONIO. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed [25] for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who [26] if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHYLOCK. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit [27]
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

BASSANIO. This were kindness.

SHYLOCK. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, [28] let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal [29] pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANTONIO. Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASSANIO. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell [30] in my necessity.

ANTONIO. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before

This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHYLOCK. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches [31] them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day,[32] what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANTONIO. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard [33]
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

ANTONIO. Hie [34] thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

BASSANIO. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and others attending.*

MOROCCO. Mislike [1] me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest,[2] his or mine.

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd [3] the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded [4] virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

PORTIA. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice [5] direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted [6] me,
And hedged me by his wit, [7] to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood [8] as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

MOROCCO. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy [9] and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman, [10]
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas [11] play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides [12] beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

PORTIA. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised. [13]

MOROCCO. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

PORTIA. First, forward to the temple: [14] after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

MOROCCO. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men. [*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter* LAUNCELOT.

LAUNCELOT. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!"[1] says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens,[2] rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," or rather an honest woman's son; for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to,[3] he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark,[4] is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal;[5] and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

*Enter* OLD GOBBO, *with a basket.*

GOBBO. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind,[6] high-gravel-blind, knows me not: I will try confusions[7] with him.

GOBBO. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry,[8] at the very next

turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOBBO. By God's sonties,[9] 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

LAUNCELOT. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.[10] — Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOBBO. No master,[11] sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUNCELOT. Well, let his father be what a' will,[12] we talk of young Master Launcelot.

GOBBO. Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

LAUNCELOT. But I pray you, ergo,[13] old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOBBO. Of Launcelot, an't [14] please your mastership.

LAUNCELOT. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father;[15] for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOBBO. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUNCELOT. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post,[16] a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

GOBBO. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

LAUNCELOT. Do you not know me, father?

GOBBO. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

LAUNCELOT. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

GOBBO. Pray you, sir, stand up:[17] I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUNCELOT. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOBBO. I cannot think you are my son.

LAUNCELOT. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

GOBBO. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse [18] has on his tail.

LAUNCELOT. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

GOBBO. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

LAUNCELOT. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest [19] to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me [20] your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter* BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO *and other followers.*

BASSANIO. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

LAUNCELOT. To him, father.

GOBBO. God bless your worship!

BASSANIO. Gramercy! [21] wouldst thou aught with me?

GOBBO. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

LAUNCELOT. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify —

GOBBO. He hath a great infection, [22] sir, as one would say, to serve —

LAUNCELOT. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify, —

GOBBO. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins [23] —

LAUNCELOT. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having

done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify[24] unto you, —

GOBBO. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is —

LAUNCELOT. In very brief, the suit is impertinent[25] to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

BASSANIO. One speak for both. What would you?

LAUNCELOT. Serve you, sir.

GOBBO. That is the very defect[26] of the matter, sir.

BASSANIO. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd[27] thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUNCELOT. The old proverb[28] is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASSANIO. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded[29] than his fellows': see it done.

LAUNCELOT. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table[30] which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life,[31] here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;[32] here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and* OLD GOBBO.

BASSANIO. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteemed acquaintance: hie thee, go.

LEONARDO. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

GRATIANO. Where is your master?

LEONARDO. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

GRATIANO. Signior Bassanio!

BASSANIO. Gratiano!

GRATIANO. I have a suit to you.

BASSANIO. You have obtain'd it.

GRATIANO. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

BASSANIO. Why then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal.[33] Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping [34] spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.

GRATIANO. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat,[35] and sigh and say "amen,"
Use all the observance of civility,[36]
Like one well studied in a sad ostent [37]
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BASSANIO. Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRATIANO. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

BASSANIO. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.

GRATIANO. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Shylock's house.*

*Enter* JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

JESSICA. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

LAUNCELOT. Adieu! tears exhibit[1] my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

JESSICA. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

*Enter* GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

LORENZO. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging and return,
All in an hour.

GRATIANO. We have not made good preparation.

SALARINO. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.[1]

SALANIO. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

LORENZO. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours.
To furnish us.

*Enter* LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUNCELOT. An[2] it shall please you to break up[3] this, it shall seem to signify.

LORENZO. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

GRATIANO. Love-news, in faith.

LAUNCELOT. By your leave, sir.

LORENZO. Whither goest thou?

LAUNCELOT. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

LORENZO. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Go, gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of[4] a torch-bearer.

SALARINO. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SALANIO. And so will I.

LORENZO. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALARINO. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

GRATIANO. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LORENZO. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. *The same. Before* SHYLOCK'S *house.*

*Enter* SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

SHYLOCK. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio: —
What, Jessica! — thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me: — What, Jessica! —

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out: —
Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUNCELOT. Why, Jessica!

SHYLOCK. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUNCELOT. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter* JESSICA.

JESSICA. Call you? what is your will?

SHYLOCK. I am bid forth [1] to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUNCELOT. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.[2]

SHYLOCK. So do I his.

LAUNCELOT. An they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday [3] last at six o'clock i' the morning falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

SHYLOCK. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,[4]
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff,[5] I swear,
I have no mind of feasting [6] forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

LAUNCELOT. I will go before sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

SHYLOCK. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,[7] ha?
JESSICA. His words were "farewell mistress;" nothing else.
SHYLOCK. The patch[8] is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me:
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thifty mind. [*Exit.*
JESSICA. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter* GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

GRATIANO. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.
SALARINO. His hour is almost past.
GRATIANO. And it is marvel he out-dwells[1] his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
SALARINO. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons[2] fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged[3] faith unforfeited!
GRATIANO. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed[4] bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd[5] ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!
SALARINO. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

*Enter* LORENZO.

LORENZO. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;[6]
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

*Enter* JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes.*

JESSICA. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LORENZO. Lorenzo, and thy love.

JESSICA. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who[7] love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LORENZO. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

JESSICA. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:[8]
But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

LORENZO. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

JESSICA. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth,[9] are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

LORENZO. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close[10] night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

JESSICA. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*

GRATIANO. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

LORENZO. Beshrew me[11] but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter* JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

ANTONIO. Who's there?
GRATIANO. Signior Antonio!
ANTONIO. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
GRATIANO. I am glad on't;[12] I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter* PORTIA *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and their trains.*

PORTIA. Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
MOROCCO. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,[2]
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
PORTIA. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
MOROCCO. Some God direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

Must give! for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,[3]
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling[4] of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine,[5] this mortal breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts[6] and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued[7] to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel

Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;[8]
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

PORTIA. There, take it, prince; and if my form lies there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

MOROCCO. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death,[9] within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.[10]

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of Cornets.*

PORTIA. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

SALARINO. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

SALANIO. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALARINO. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SALANIO. I never heard a passion [1] so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats."

SALARINO. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

SALANIO. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,[2]
Or he shall pay for this.

SALARINO. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd [3] with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

SALANIO. You were best [4] to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALARINO. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so;
Slubber [5] not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping [6] of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love: [7]
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents [8] of love
As shall conveniently [9] become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible [10]
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

SALANIO. I think he only loves the world for him.

I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heaviness [11]
With some delight or other.
SALARINO. Do we so.[12] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

*Enter* NERISSA *with a Servitor.*

NERISSA. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:[1]
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election[2] presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the* PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

PORTIA. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
ARRAGON. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
PORTIA. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
ARRAGON. And so have I address'd me.[3] Fortune now
To my heart's hope![4] Gold; silver; and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire! that "many" may be meant
By[5] the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,[6]

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casuality.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with[7] common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin[8] of the times
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

PORTIA. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

ARRAGON. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

PORTIA. To offend, and judge,[9] are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

ARRAGON. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;

Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,[10]
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.[11]

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time[12] I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.[13]

*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and train.*

PORTIA. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

NERISSA. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

PORTIA. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT. Where is my lady?

PORTIA. Here: what would my lord?[14]

SERVANT. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,[15]
To wit, besides commends[16] and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet[17] I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

PORTIA. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post[18] that comes so mannerly.

NERISSA. Bassanio, lord Love,[19] if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### Scene I. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter* Salanio *and* Salarino.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins,[1] I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger[2] or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Salanio. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salanio. Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

*Enter* Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salarino. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.[3]

Salanio. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion[4] of them all to leave the dam.

Shylock. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salarino. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shylock. There I have another bad match:[5] a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug[6] upon the mart; let him look to his

bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

SALARINO. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

SHYLOCK. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million;[7] laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

SALARINO. We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter* TUBAL.

SALANIO. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALANIO, SALARINO, *and Servant.*

SHYLOCK. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

TUBAL. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHYLOCK. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort![8] The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that;[9] and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?

Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

TUBAL. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

SHYLOCK. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUBAL. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHYLOCK. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

TUBAL. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHYLOCK. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

TUBAL. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

SHYLOCK. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

TUBAL. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHYLOCK. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

TUBAL. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHYLOCK. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;[10] I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUBAL. But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHYLOCK. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

*Enter* BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants.*

PORTIA. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.

There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well, —
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, —
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;[1]
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew[2] your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me[3] and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,[4]
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize[5] the time,
So eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASSANIO. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

PORTIA. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASSANIO. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear[6] the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

PORTIA. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

BASSANIO. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

PORTIA. Well then, confess and live.

BASSANIO. "Confess" and "love"
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

PORTIA. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,[7]
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish[8] when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides,[9] when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,[10]
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

*Music, whilst* BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

ALL. Ding, dong, bell.

BASSANIO. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it and approve [11] it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his [12] outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk; [13]
And these assume but valour's excrement [14]
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, [15] often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled [16] shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; [17] in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, [18] I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

PORTIA [*Aside*]. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

BASSANIO. What find I here? [*Opening the leaden casket*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! [19] What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,

Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes, —
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd.[20] Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent[21] and summary of my fortune,

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note,[22] to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,[23]
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no,
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

PORTIA. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,

I might in virtues, beauties, livings,[24] friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of — something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.[25]

BASSANIO. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
Oh, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

NERISSA. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

GRATIANO. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:[26]
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASSANIO. With all my heart, so[27] thou canst get a wife.

GRATIANO. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd, for intermission [28]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,[29]
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

PORTIA. Is this true, Nerissa?

NERISSA. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

BASSANIO. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRATIANO. Yes, faith, my lord.

BASSANIO. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

GRATIANO. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

*Enter* LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO, *a messenger from Venice.*

BASSANIO. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very [30] friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

PORTIA. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

LORENZO. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

SALERIO. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
Commends him [31] to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

BASSANIO. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

SALERIO. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.[32]

GRATIANO. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

SALERIO. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

PORTIA. There are some shrewd[33] contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant[34] man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

BASSANIO. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere[35] enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SALERIO. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear,[36] that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound [37] a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,[38]
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes [39]
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea [40]
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

JESSICA. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

PORTIA. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

BASSANIO. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd [41] and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

PORTIA. What sum owes he the Jew?

BASSANIO. For me three thousand ducats.

PORTIA. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!

For you shall hence upon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:[42]
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

BASSANIO. [*Reads*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I,[43] if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

PORTIA. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

BASSANIO. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter* SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and Gaoler.*

SHYLOCK. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

ANTONIO. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHYLOCK. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond[1]
To come[2] abroad with him at his request.

ANTONIO. I pray thee, hear me speak.

SHYLOCK. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed[3] fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit.*

SALARINO. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept[4] with men.

ANTONIO. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
SALARINO. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
ANTONIO. The duke cannot deny the course of law:[5]
For the commodity[6] that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go:
These griefs and losses have so bated[7] me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHASAR.

LORENZO. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit[1]
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover[2] of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.[3]
PORTIA. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,

Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself:
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage[4] of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,[5]
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

LORENZO. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

PORTIA. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

LORENZO. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JESSICA. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

PORTIA. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua:[6] see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed[7]
Unto the tranect,[8] to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

BALTHASAR. Madam, I go with all convenient [9] speed. [*Exit.*

PORTIA. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NERISSA. Shall they see us?

PORTIA. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, [10] and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint [11] lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; [12] then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw [13] tricks of these bragging Jacks, [14]
Which I will practise.
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device [15]
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*

*Enter* LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

LAUNCELOT. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the fathers are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. [1] I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation [2] of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of base hope neither.

JESSICA. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LAUNCELOT. Marry, you may partly hope that you are not the Jew's daughter.

JESSICA. That were a kind of base hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUNCELOT. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis,[3] your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

JESSICA. I shall be saved by my husband;[4] he hath made me a Christian.

LAUNCELOT. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow[5] before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher[6] on the coals for money.

*Enter* LORENZO.

JESSICA. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

LORENZO. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot.

JESSICA. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out.[7] He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

LORENZO. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUNCELOT. That is done, sir: they have all stomachs.

LORENZO. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUNCELOT. That is done too, sir; only "cover" is the word.

LORENZO. Will you cover then, sir?

LAUNCELOT. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.[8]

LORENZO. Yet more quarrelling with occasion[9]! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUNCELOT. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

LORENZO. O dear discretion,[10] how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many[11] fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd[12] like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.[13] How cheer'st thou,[14] Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

JESSICA. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not merit it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LORENZO. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

JESSICA. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LORENZO. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

JESSICA. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach

LORENZO. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

JESSICA. Well, I'll set you forth.[15] [*Exeunt*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*

*Enter the* DUKE, *the Magnificoes*, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, *and others.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANTONIO. Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable[1] of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANTONIO. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify [2]
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate
And that [3] no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,[4] I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into court.

SALERIO. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter* SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse [5] more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where [6] thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose [7] the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety [8] of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter [9] and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,
Am I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;[10]
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
Some, when they hear the bagpipe: for affection,
Mistress of passion,[11] sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd[12] hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

BASSANIO. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current[13] of thy cruelty.

SHYLOCK. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

BASSANIO. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASSANIO. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTONIO. I pray you, think you question[14] with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood[15] bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten[16] with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that — than which what's harder? —
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency[17]
Let me have judgment[18] and the Jew his will.

BASSANIO. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHYLOCK. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

SHYLOCK. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,[19]
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
"The slaves are ours:" so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power[20] I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine[21] this,
Come here to-day.

SALERIO. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

BASSANIO. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANTONIO. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

*Enter* NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NERISSA. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presenting a letter.*

BASSANIO. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
SHYLOCK. To cut forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
GRATIANO. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's[22] axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.[23] Can no prayers pierce thee?
SHYLOCK. No, none that thou hast wit[24] enough to make.
GRATIANO. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable[25] dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.[26]
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,[27]
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd[28] for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell[29] soul fleet,[30]
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous.
SHYLOCK. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st[31] thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?
NERISSA. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
DUKE. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

CLERK. [*Reads*] "Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up[32] your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack[33] a reverend estimation; for I never knew

so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

*Enter* PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

PORTIA. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.[34]
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question [35] in the court?

PORTIA. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA. Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK. Shylock is my name.

PORTIA. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule [36] that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn [37] you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, [38] do you not?

ANTONIO. Ay, so he says.

PORTIA. Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO. I do.

PORTIA. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,[39]
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,

That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHYLOCK. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

PORTIA. Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASSANIO. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.[40] And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

PORTIA. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

SHYLOCK. A Daniel[41] come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

PORTIA. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

PORTIA. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHYLOCK. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

PORTIA. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

SHYLOCK. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar;
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

ANTONIO. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

PORTIA. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHYLOCK. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

PORTIA. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation [42] to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHYLOCK. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder [43] art thou than thy looks!

PORTIA. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHYLOCK. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?
"Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.

PORTIA. It is so. Are there balance [44] here to weigh
The flesh?

SHYLOCK. I have them ready.

PORTIA. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge, [45]
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHYLOCK. Is it so nominated in the bond?

PORTIA. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHYLOCK. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

PORTIA. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

ANTONIO. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use [46]
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death; [47]
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.[48]

BASSANIO. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

PORTIA. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRATIANO. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NERISSA. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHYLOCK. [*Aside*] These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian
[*Aloud*] We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

PORTIA. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK. Most rightful judge!

PORTIA. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

PORTIA. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh:"
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

GRATIANO. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

SHYLOCK. Is that the law?
PORTIA. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
GRATIANO. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
SHYLOCK. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.
BASSANIO. Here is the money.
PORTIA. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
GRATIANO. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
PORTIA. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just [49] pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance, [50]
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
GRATIANO. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
PORTIA. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
SHYLOCK. Give me my principal, and let me go.
BASSANIO. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
PORTIA. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
GRATIANO. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
SHYLOCK. Shall I not have barely my principal?
PORTIA. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
SHYLOCK. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
PORTIA. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive [51]
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly [52] by me rehears'd.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

GRATIANO. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.[53]

PORTIA. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

SHYLOCK. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

PORTIA. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRATIANO. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANTONIO. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use,[54] to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
PORTIA. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
SHYLOCK. I am content.
PORTIA. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
SHYLOCK. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.
GRATIANO. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,[55]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
DUKE. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
PORTIA. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.[56]
Antonio, gratify[57] this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE *and his train.*
BASSANIO. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope[58] your courteous pains withal.[59]
ANTONIO. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
PORTIA. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.[60]
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
BASSANIO. Dear sir, of force[61] I must attempt[62] you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
PORTIA. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
[*To* ANTONIO] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
[*To* BASSANIO] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASSANIO. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

PORTIA. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

BASSANIO. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

PORTIA. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASSANIO. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

PORTIA. That 'scuse[63] serves many men to save their gifts.
An if[64] your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

ANTONIO. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

BASSANIO. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste. [*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

PORTIA. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

GRATIANO. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice[1]
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

PORTIA. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRATIANO. That will I do.

NERISSA. Sir, I would speak with you.
[*Aside to* PORTIA] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

PORTIA. [*Aside to* NERISSA] Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing[2]
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

NERISSA. Come, good sir, will you shew me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to* PORTIA'S *house.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

LORENZO. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus[1] methinks mounted the Troyan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA. In such a night
Did Thisbe[2] fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.

LORENZO. In such a night
Stood Dido[3] with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

JESSICA. In such a night
Medea[4] gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
LORENZO. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
JESSICA. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.
LORENZO. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
JESSICA. I would out-night[5] you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter* STEPHANO.

LORENZO. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
STEPHANO. A friend.
LORENZO. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
STEPHANO. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses,[6] where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
LORENZO. Who comes with her?
STEPHANO. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
LORENZO. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter* LAUNCELOT.

LAUNCELOT. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
LORENZO. Who calls?
LAUNCELOT. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!
LORENZO. Leave hollaing, man: here.

LAUNCELOT. Sola! where? where?

LORENZO. Here.

LAUNCELOT. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning.

[*Exit.*

LORENZO. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect[7] their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines[8] of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,[9]
Still quiring[10] to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana[11] with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

JESSICA. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual[12] stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus[13] drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish,[14] hard and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;[15]
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:[16]
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

PORTIA. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NERISSA. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

PORTIA. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

NERISSA. It is your music, madam, of the house.

PORTIA. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:[17]
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NERISSA. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

PORTIA. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended,[18] and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are[19]
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion[20]
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*

LORENZO. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

PORTIA. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

LORENZO. Dear lady, welcome home.

PORTIA. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

LORENZO. Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

PORTIA. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket*[21] *sounds.*

LORENZO. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

PORTIA. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter* BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

BASSANIO. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.[22]

PORTIA. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all![23] You are welcome home, my lord.

BASSANIO. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

PORTIA. You should in all sense[24] be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANTONIO. No more than I am well acquitted of.

PORTIA. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.[25]

GRATIANO. [*To* NERISSA][26] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were dead that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much to heart.

PORTIA. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

GRATIANO. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy[27] was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

NERISSA. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective [28] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRATIANO. He will, an if he live to be a man.

NERISSA. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRATIANO. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

PORTIA. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

BASSANIO. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRATIANO. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
Deserved it too: and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

PORTIA. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

BASSANIO. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

PORTIA. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will never be your wife
Until I see the ring.

NERISSA. No, nor I yours
Till I again see mine.
BASSANIO. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
PORTIA. If you had known the virtue of the ring,[29]
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain[30] the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted[31] the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?[32]
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.
BASSANIO. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,[33]
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;[34]
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
PORTIA. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have.
ANTONIO. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
PORTIA. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

BASSANIO. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—
PORTIA. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
BASSANIO. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
ANTONIO. I once did lend my body for his wealth;[35]
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.[36]
PORTIA. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
ANTONIO. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
BASSANIO. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
PORTIA. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter: read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly[37] come to harbour suddenly:[38]
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
ANTONIO. I am dumb.
BASSANIO. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?
GRATIANO. Were you the clerk and yet I knew you not?
ANTONIO. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;[39]
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

PORTIA. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
NERISSA. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
LORENZO. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
PORTIA. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full.[40] Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.[41]
GRATIANO. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

## NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE essential thing in the drama is action. It is thus distinguished from the epic, which narrates heroic deeds, and from the lyric, which expresses intense emotion. The drama presents a series of grave or humorous incidents that terminate in a striking result. Its ultimate basis is found in our natural love of imitation; and hence it is not restricted to any race or age or country. India and China, Greece and Rome, no less than modern nations, delighted in dramatic exhibitions, and produced a notable dramatic literature. Obviously the drama is not inherently evil; and if it has often been condemned by pagan sage and Christian teacher, the condemnation has been evoked by the degeneracy and dissoluteness of the stage.

The principal species of the drama are tragedy and comedy. Tragedy represents an important and serious action, which usually has a fatal termination; it appeals to the earnest side of our nature, and moves our deepest feelings. Comedy consists in a representation of light and amusing incidents; it exhibits the foibles of individuals, the manners of society, and the humorous accidents of life. The laws of the drama are substantially the same for both tragedy and comedy. There must be unity in the dramatic action. This requires that the separate incidents contribute in some way to the development of the plot and to the final result or *dénouement*. A collection of disconnected scenes, no matter how interesting in themselves, would not make a drama.

The action of the drama should exhibit movement or progress, in which several stages may be clearly marked. The introduction acquaints us, more or less fully, with the subject to be treated. It usually brings before us some of the leading characters, and shows us the circumstances in which they are placed. In the "Merchant of Venice," for example, the First Scene reveals Antonio's ventures at sea, and Bassanio's desire to woo the fair Portia, which facts furnish the basis of the subsequent action. After the introduction follows the growth or development of the action toward the climax. From the days of Aristotle, this part of the drama has been called the tying of the knot, and it needs to be managed with great care. If the development is too slow, the interest lags; if too rapid, the climax appears tame. The interest of a drama depends in large measure upon the successful arrangement of the climax. In our best dramas it usually occurs near the middle of the piece.

In the "Merchant of Venice" it is reached in the Third Scene of the Third Act, where Antonio is in prison and Shylock will not hear of mercy. From this point the action proceeds to the close or *dénouement*. The knot is untied; the complications in which the leading characters have become involved are either happily removed, or lead to an inevitable catastrophe. Avoiding every digression, the action should go forward rapidly, in order not to weary the patience and dissipate the interest of the spectator. The *dénouement* should not be dependent upon some foreign element introduced at the last moment; but should spring naturally from the antecedent action.

In the "Merchant of Venice," the knot is untied at the end of the Fourth Act, where the over-reaching malice of Shylock meets its punishment, and the noble Antonio is triumphantly vindicated. But as Schlegel remarks, "the poet was unwilling to dismiss his audience with the gloomy impressions which Antonio's acquittal — effected with so much difficulty — and the condemnation of Shylock were calculated to leave behind them; he therefore added a Fifth Act by way of a musical afterlude to the piece itself."

In addition to unity of action, which is obviously the indispensable law of the drama, two other unities have been prescribed from a very early day. The one is unity of time, which requires that the action fall within the limits of a single day; the other is unity of place, which requires that the action occur in the same locality. While evidently artificial and dispensable, these latter unities conduce to clear and concise treatment. Among the Greeks and Romans the three unities, as they are called, were strictly observed; they have been followed also by the French drama; but the English stage, breaking away in the days of Elizabeth from every artificial restriction, recognizes unity of action alone. The "Merchant of Venice" includes a period of three months.

### Act I. — Scene I.

1. *In sooth* = in truth. A. S. *soth*, truth. Cf. *forsooth*, *soothsayer*.

2. *Want-wit* = foolish, idiotic. This unaccountable sadness of Antonio has been called the keynote of the play. It forbodes coming disaster.

3. *Ado* = trouble. Contraction of Mid. Eng. *at do*.

4. *Argosies* = merchant vessels. From *Argo*, the name of the ship which carried Jason to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece.

5. *Signiors* = lords. From Lat. *senior*, elder, through the Italian.

6. *Pageants* = shows, spectacles. Originally the movable scaffolds used in the miracle plays.

7. *Overpeer* = tower above, look over.

8. *Venture* = hazard, risk; especially, something sent to sea in trade. Etymologically, a headless form of *adventure*.

9. *Still* = constantly.

10. *Roads* = places where ships *ride* at anchor. A. S. *rad*, road.

11. *Wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand* = richly freighted ship stranded. The name is probably taken from Andrea Doria, a famous Genoese admiral.

12. *Vailing* = lowering. A headless form of the Fr. *avaler*, from Lat. *ad vallem*, to the valley.

13. *Straight* = at once, immediately. A. S. *streccan*, to stretch.

14. *Worth this* refers to some expressive gesture.

15. *Bottom* = merchant vessel.

16. *Janus* = a Latin deity represented with two faces looking in opposite directions. *January* is named after him. See Webster.

17. *Peep through their eyes*, because half shut with laughter.

18. *Other* = others; frequently used as a plural in Shakespeare.

19. *Nestor* = the gravest and oldest of the Grecian heroes at the siege of Troy.

20. *Prevented* = anticipated. This is the old sense; from Fr. *prevenir*, Lat. *prae*, before, and *venire*, to come.

21. *Exceeding strange* = exceedingly strange-like, quite strangers. *Exceeding* is often used as an adverb by Shakespeare.

22. *Respect upon* = regard, consideration for.

23. *Play the fool* = act the part of the fool, as seen in old comedies. His function was to show the comic side of things.

24. *Mantle* = become covered, as with a mantle.

25. *Do* has *who* understood as its subject. The whole line may be rendered thus: And who do maintain an obstinate silence.

26. *Opinion of wisdom* = reputation for wisdom.

27. *Conceit* = thought. In Shakespeare this word is used for *thought*, *conception*, *imagination*, but never in the sense of *vanity*.

28. *As who should say* = as if one should say; who being indefinite.

29. A reference to Matt. v. 22. "Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." If these silent persons should speak, they would provoke their hearers to say "thou fool," and thus bring them into danger of condemnation.

30. *Gudgeon* = a small fish that is easily caught. See Webster.

31. *Moe* = more.

32. *Gear* = matter, business, purpose. In Act II, Scene 2, we find: "Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this *gear*."

33. *Something* = somewhat. This use is common in Shakespeare.

34. *Swelling port* = great state, ostentatious manner of living.

35. *Rate* = manner, style.

36. *Gag'd* = engaged, pledged.

37. *Still* = constantly. See note 9.

38. *Within the eye of honour* = within the range of what is honorable.

39. *Self-same flight* = made for the same range, having the same length, weight, and feathering.

40. *Advised* = careful, considerate.

41. *To find the other forth* = to find the other out.

42. *Childhood proof* = test or experiment of childhood.

43. *Wilful* = obstinate in extravagance. Owing to the obscurity, "witless" and "wasteful" have been suggested for *wilful*.

44. *That self way* = that same way. This use of *self* is frequent in Shakespeare.

45. *Circumstance* = circumlocution.

46. *In making question*, etc. = in questioning my readiness to do my utmost for you.

47. *Prest* = ready. O. Fr. *prest*, now *prêt*, ready.

48. *Richly left* = with a large inheritance.

49. *Sometimes* = formerly. *Sometimes* and *sometime* were used indifferently by Shakespeare in this sense.

50. *Nothing undervalued* = not at all inferior.

51. *Brutus' Portia*. See Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, in which Portia is a prominent character.

52. *Colchos' strand*. Colchis was situated at the eastern extremity of the Black Sea. Thither, according to Grecian mythology, Jason was sent in quest of the golden fleece, which, though it was guarded by a sleepless dragon, he succeeded in obtaining. The Argonautic expedition is referred to again in Act III. Scene 2: "We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece."

53. *With one of them* = as one of them.

54. *Thrift* = success.

55. *Commodity* = property, merchandise.

56. *Presently* = instantly, immediately.

57. *Of my trust*, etc. = on my credit as a merchant or as a personal favor.

## Scene II.

1. *Troth* = truth, of which it is an old form.

2. *Nor refuse none.* — We should now say, Nor refuse any. But the double negative had not yet disappeared from English in Shakespeare's day.

3. *Level at* = guess, aim at.

4. *Colt* = wild, rough youth

5. *Appropriation* = credit.

6. *County Palatine* = Count Palatine.

7. *Weeping philosopher* = Heraclitus; so called because he wept over the follies of mankind. Democritus, who laughed at them, was called "The laughing philosopher."

8. *By* = of, about, concerning — a not unfrequent use of the word.

9. *Say to* is here playfully used in a different sense from that which Nerissa meant.

10. *Proper* = handsome.

11. *Suited* = dressed.

12. *Doublet* = a close-fitting coat, with skirts reaching a little below the girdle.

13. *Round hose* = coverings for the legs. *Doublet and hose* is equivalent to *coat and breeches*.

14. *Bonnet* = hat or head-dress. Since Shakespeare's day *bonnet* and *hat* have changed places.

15. *Sealed under*, that is, as surety he placed his name *under* that of the principal. There seems to be a sly hit at the constant assistance which the French promised the Scotch in their quarrels with the English.

16. *An* = if.

17. *Should* = would. These words were not fully differentiated by Shakespeare.

18. *Contrary* = wrong. So in "King John," IV. 2: "Standing on slippers which his nimble haste had falsely thrust upon contrary feet."

19. *Sort* = manner; or, possibly, lot, as in "Troilus and Cressida," I. 3: "Let blockish Ajax draw the sort to fight with Hector."

20. *Imposition* = imposed condition.

21. *Sibylla* is erroneously used as a proper noun. A sibyl was a woman supposed to be endowed with a spirit of prophecy. The reference here is to one to whom Apollo promised as many years of life as there were grains of sand in her hand.

22. *Four* is probably an oversight, as there were six of the strangers.

23. *Condition* = disposition, temper. This is a common meaning of the word in Shakespeare.

24. *Shrive* = to administer confession and absolution.

### Scene III.

1. *Ducats* = coins first issued in the duchy of Apulia. From O. Fr. *ducat* = Ital. *ducato* = Low Lat. *ducatus*, duchy. So called because when first coined, about A.D. 1140, they bore the legend, "Sit tibi, Christe, datus, quem tu regis, iste *ducatus*." — Skeat. The Venetian silver ducat was worth about one dollar.

2. *May you stead me* = can you help me. *May* originally expressed *ability*.

3. *A good man* = a solvent man, one able to meet his obligations.

4. *In supposition* = in doubtful form, being risked at sea.

5. *Rialto* = the Exchange of Venice. From *rivo alto*, higher shore. The name was originally applied to the chief island in Venice.

6. *Squandered* = scattered, dispersed; this was the original sense of the word.

7. Referring to the permission given the devils to enter into the herd of swine. Matt. viii. 32.

8. *Usance* = interest.

9. *Catch upon the hip* = to get into one's power; a phrase used by wrestlers.

10. *Interest* was a term of reproach in Shakespeare's day, as *usury* is now. It was held disreputable to take compensation for the use of money, inasmuch, as it was said, "it is against nature for money to beget money."

11. *Rest you fair* = may you have fair fortune.

12. *Excess* = that which is paid in excess of the sum lent.

13. *Ripe wants* = wants that require immediate attention.

14. *Possess'd* = informed.

15. *Methought* = it seemed to me. From A. S. *thincan* = to seem. *To think* comes from A. S. *thencan*.

16. *The third*, counting Abraham as the first. Gen. xxvii.

17. *Compromis'd* = agreed.

18. *Eanling* = lamb just brought forth. *Yeanling* is another form of the word. From A. S. *eanian*, to bring forth.

19. See Gen. xxx. 31–43.

20. *Inserted*, that is, in the Scriptures.

21. These lines are spoken aside, while Shylock is occupied with his calculations.

22. *Beholding* = beholden, indebted. Shakespeare always uses the form in *ing*, *beholden* occurring not a single time in his writings.

23. *Gaberdine* = a coarse smock-frock or upper garment.

24. *Go to* = come; a phrase of exhortation.

25. *Breed* = interest, money *bred* from the principal.

26. *Who* is here without a verb. This use of the relative with a supplementary pronoun was not uncommon. "Which though it be not true, yet I forbear to note any deficiencies." — BACON.

27. *Doit* = a small Dutch coin, worth about a quarter of a cent.

28. *Condition* = agreement.

29. *Equal* = exact, equally balanced.

30. *Dwell* = continue, abide.

31. *Teaches* is usually regarded as a mistake, having the plural subject *dealings*. But Abbott regards it as an old Northern plural, which ended in *es*.

32. *Break his day* = fail to fulfil his engagement.

33. *Fearful guard* = protection to be feared.

34. *Hie* = haste.

## ACT II. — Scene I.

1. *Mislike* = dislike, which Shakespeare commonly uses. *Mislike* is found only three times.

2. *Whose blood is reddest.* — Red blood was regarded as a sign of courage. Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers a "*lily-livered* boy."

3. *Fear'd* = terrified. *Fear* was often used transitively in this sense.

4. *Best-regarded* = most esteemed.

5. *Nice* = fastidious, fanciful. She intimates that judgment has something to do with her choïce.

6. *Scanted* = limited, restricted.

7. *Wit* = wisdom. A. S. *witan*, to know. "*Will*" has been suggested as an emendation.

8. *Stood* = would stand.

9. *Sophy* = a common name for the emperor of Persia.

10. *Sultan Solyman.* — Probably Solyman the Magnificent, who reigned from 1520 to 1566.

11. *Lichas* was the servant of Hercules.

12. *Alcides* = another name for Hercules. So called because a descendant of Alceus.

13. *Advised* = deliberate, careful.

14. *Temple* = church, in which the prince was to take the oath just spoken of.

## Scene II.

1. *Via* = away! Italian, from Lat. *via*, a way.

2. *For the heavens* = for Heaven's sake.

3. *Grow to* = "a household phrase applied to milk when burnt to the bottom of the saucepan, and thence acquiring an unpleasant taste." — Clark and Wright.

4. *God bless the mark* = a parenthetic apology for some coarse or profane remark.

5. *Incarnal* = incarnate; intended as a ludicrous blunder. A number of others occur in this scene.

6. *Sand-blind* = having a defect of sight, causing the appearance of small particles flying before the eyes. "High-gravel-blind" is an effort at wit.

7. *Confusions* = conclusions; another Gobboism. "To try conclusions" means to make experiments.

8. *Marry* = a corruption of Mary; originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin, but here a mere expletive.

9. *Sonties* = saints, of which it is probably a corruption.

10. *Raise the waters* = raise a storm or commotion.

11. *Master* was a title of respect that meant something in Shakespeare's day; hence Gobbo scruples to bestow it upon his son.

12. *What a' will* = what he will.

13. *Ergo* = therefore.

14. *An't* = An it; that is, if it.

15. *Father.* — As young people often used this term of address in speaking to old men, Gobbo did not recognize his son.

16. *Hovel-post* = a post to support a hovel or shed.

17. *Stand up.* — Launcelot had been kneeling, and, according to an old tradition, with his back to his father, who mistook the hair of his head for a beard.

18. *Fill-horse* = thill-horse, the horse that goes between the thills or shafts.

19. *Set up my rest* = made up my mind. "A metaphor taken from a game, where the highest stake the parties were disposed to venture was called the *rest*."

20. *Give me.* — The *me* is a dative of indirect personal reference, called in Latin the *dativus ethicus*.

21. *Gramercy* = great thanks. A corruption of the French *grand merci*.

22. *Infection* = affection or inclination; another Gobboism.

23. *Cater-cousins* = an expression of difficult explanation. Commonly regarded as a corruption of the French *quatre-cousins*, fourth cousins.

24. *Frutify* = certify, the word aimed at.

25. *Impertinent* = pertinent, as he means.

26. *Defect* = effect.

27. *Preferr'd* = recommended for promotion.

28. *The old proverb* = "The grace of God is gear enough."

29. *Guarded* = braided, trimmed.

30. *Table* = palm of the hand, on which Launcelot is gazing. As Hudson explains, this "*table* doth *not only* promise, *but* offer to swear upon a book, *that* I shall have good fortune."

31. *Line of life* = the line passing around the base of the thumb.

32. *Edge of a feather-bed* = an absurd variation of "edge of the sword."

33. *Liberal* = free, reckless.

34. *Skipping* = frolicsome.

35. *With my hat.* — Hats were worn at meals; but while grace was saying, they were taken off and held over the eyes.

36. *Civility* = refinement.

37. *Sad ostent* = grave demeanor.

### Scene III.

1. *Exhibit* = inhibit, as he means.

### Scene IV.

1. *Spoke as yet*, etc. = bespoken torch-bearers for us.

2. *An* = if.

3. *Break up* = break open.

4. *Provideth of* = provided with. The prepositions *of*, *with*, and *by* were often used interchangeably.

### Scene V.

1. *Bid forth* = invited out.

2. *Reproach* = approach — a Gobboism.

3. *Black-Monday.* "In the 34th of Edward III., the 13th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full of dark mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath been called *Black-Monday*." — Stowe, as quoted by Hudson.

4. *Fife* = fifer, probably. A writer in 1618 says: "A fifer is a wry-neckt musician."

5. *Jacob's staff.* — "By faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff." Heb. xi. 21.

6. *Of feasting* = for feasting.

7. *Hagar's offspring* = Gentiles.

8. *Patch* = professional jester or fool; so called from his motley or patched dress.

### Scene VI.

1. *Out-dwells* = out-stays.

2. *Venus' pigeons.* — The chariot of Venus was drawn by doves.

3. *Obliged* = pledged, bound by contract.

4. *Scarfed* = decked with flags.
5. *Over-weather'd* = weather-beaten.
6. *Abode* = tarrying.
7. *Who* = whom. Shakespeare often omits the inflection.
8. *Exchange*, that is, of apparel.
9. *Good sooth* = in good truth.
10. *Close* = secret.
11. *Beshrew me* = curse me, used as a mild imprecation.
12. *On't* = of it.

## Scene VII.

1. *Who* = which. In the Elizabethan age, *who* and *which* were not fully differentiated. *Which* was often used of persons, as *who* of things. "Our Father *which* art in heaven." Matt. vi. 9.

2. *As blunt*, that is, as the "dull lead."

3. *Rated by thy estimation* = valued by thy reputation.

4. *Disabling* = disparaging.

5. *This shrine.* — Portia is compared to a saint's shrine, which pilgrims often made long journeys to kiss.

6. *Hyrcanian deserts* = an extended wilderness region lying south of the Caspian Sea.

7. *Ten times undervalued.* — This refers to silver, which in 1600 stood to gold in the proportion of ten to one in value.

8. *Insculp'd upon* = graven on the outside. The angel was in relief, and represented St. Michael piercing the dragon. The value of the coin was about ten shillings.

9. *Carrion Death* = a skull from which the flesh has disappeared.

10. *Part* = depart.

## Scene VIII.

1. *Passion* = passionate outcry.

2. *Keep his day*, that is, the day fixed for the payment of the borrowed money.

3. *Reason'd* = talked, conversed.

4. *You were best* = it were best for you.

5. *Slubber* = do carelessly, slur over.

6. *Riping* = ripeness.

7. *Mind of love* = loving mind.

8. *Ostents* = manifestations.

9. *Conveniently* = fitly, suitably.

10. *Sensible* = sensitive, deeply moved.

11. *Quicken his embraced heaviness* = enliven the sadness which he has embraced or given up to.

12. *Do we so* = let us do so. This is an imperative, 1st person, plural.

### Scene IX.

1. *Straight* = straightway, at once.

2. *Election* = choice.

3. *Address'd me* = prepared myself, made ready.

4. *Fortune now*, etc. = Success now to my heart's hope!

5. *By* = of. These two prepositions were not yet fully differentiated.

6. *Martlet* = the house-martin.

7. *Jump with* = agree with.

8. *Ruin* = refuse, rubbish.

9. *To offend, and judge*, etc. That is, the offender cannot sit in judgment on his own case.

10. *I wis* = I know. This is a blunder form for *ywis*, *iwis*, meaning certainly. "It is particularly to be noted," says Skeat, "that the commonest form in MSS. is *iwis*, in which the prefix (like most other prefixes) is frequently written *apart* from the rest of the word, and not unfrequently the *i* is represented by a capital letter so that it appears as *I wis*. Hence, by an extraordinary error, the *I* has often been mistaken for the 1st per. pron., and the verb *wis*, to know, has been thus created, and is given in many dictionaries!"

11. *You are sped* = you are undone.

12. *By the time* = in proportion to the time.

13. *Wroth* = suffering, misery.

14. *My lord* is in jesting response to the servant's inquiry, "Where is *my lady?*"

15. *Sensible regreets* = tangible or substantial greetings.

16. *Commends* = compliments.

17. *Yet* = up to this time.

18. *Post* = postman, courier.

19. *Lord Love* = Cupid.

### Act III. — Scene I.

1. *The Goodwins* = the Goodwin Sands, off the eastern coast of Kent.

2. *Knapped ginger* = snapped or broke-up ginger — a favorite condiment with old people.

3. *Wings she flew withal* = the clothes in which she eloped.

4. *Complexion* = natural disposition.

5. *Match* = bargain.

6. *Smug* = spruce, trim, studiously neat.

7. *Hindered me*, etc. = kept me from gaining half a million ducats.

8. *Frankfort* = Frankfort-on-the-Maine, noted for its fairs.

9. *In that* = in that one diamond.

10. *Turquoise* = a mineral, brought from Persia, of a peculiar bluish-green color, susceptible of a high polish, and much esteemed as a gem. It was formerly supposed to fade or brighten with the wearer's health, and to change with the decay of a lover's affection.

## Scene II.

1. *Forsworn* = perjured.

2. *Beshrew* = curse upon — used as a harmless imprecation.

3. *O'erlook'd me* = bewitched, fascinated me.

4. *Prove it so* = if it prove so.

5. *Peize* = retard, delay. From Fr. *peser*, to weigh.

6. *Fear* = doubt; that is, whether I shall ever enjoy.

7. *Swan-like end.* — An allusion to the belief that swans sing just before they die.

8. *Flourish.* — The coronation of English sovereigns is announced by a flourish of trumpets.

9. *Alcides* = Hercules. He rescued Hesione, daughter of Laomedon, when she was exposed as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of Neptune; and this he did, not from love, but for the reward of two horses promised by her father.

10. *Dardanian wives* = Trojan women.

11. *Approve* = prove, justify.

12. *His* = its.

13. *Livers white as milk* = an expression indicative of cowardice. Falstaff speaks of "the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pussillanimity and cowardice."

14. *Excrement* = the beard. From Lat. *excrescere*, to grow out.

15. *Supposed fairness* = fictitious beauty.

16. *Guiled* = beguiling.

17. *Indian beauty.* — This has been regarded a troublesome expression. "Dowdy," "gypsy," "favor," "visage," "feature," have been suggested in place of *beauty*. The difficulty seems to be removed by placing the emphasis on *Indian*, and regarding it as used in a derogatory sense. An *Indian* beauty, after all, is not apt to be a very desirable person.

18. *Food for Midas.* Midas prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold. His prayer being granted, he found himself without food, and prayed Bacchus to revoke the favor.

19. *Counterfeit* = portrait.

20. *Leave itself unfurnish'd*, that is, with a companion.

21. *Continent* = that which contains, container.

22. *I come by note* = I come by written warrant.

23. *In a prize* = for a prize.

24. *Livings* = estates, possessions.

25. *Vantage to exclaim on you* = warrant to cry out against you.

26. *None from me* = none away from me.

27. *So* = if, provided that.

28. *Intermission* = pause, delay.

29. *If promise last* = if promise hold; a play on words, often weak, so common in Shakespeare.

30. *Very* = true. O. Fr. *verai*, from Lat. *verax*, true.

31. *Him* = himself.

32. *Estate* = condition, state.

33. *Shrewd* = evil.

34. *Constant* = firm, steadfast.

35. *Mere* = absolute, thorough. Lat. *merus*, pure, unmixed.

36. *Should appear* = would appear.

37. *Confound* = ruin, destroy.

38. *Impeach the freedom*, etc. = denies that strangers have equal rights in the city.

39. *Magnificoes of greatest port* = grandees of highest rank.

40. *Envious plea* = malicious plea.

41. *Best-condition'd* = best disposed. The superlative here is carried over also to *unwearied.*

42. *Cheer* = countenance.

43. *You and I.* This mistake is not uncommon in Shakespeare and other writers of the time.

### Scene III.

1. *Fond* = foolish. This is the original sense of the word.

2. *To come* = as to come.

3. *Dull-eyed* = stupid, wanting in perception.

4. *Kept* = dwelt.

5. *Deny the course of law* = refuse to let the law take its course.

6. *Commodity* = traffic, commercial relations.

7. *Bated* = lowered, reduced.

## Scene IV.

1. *Conceit* = idea, conception.

2. *Lover* = friend. A common signification.

3. *Customary bounty can enforce you* = ordinary benevolence can make you feel.

4. *Husbandry and manage* = stewardship and management.

5. *Imposition* = task or duty imposed.

6. *Padua* was famous for the learned jurists of its university.

7. *Imagined speed* = speed of thought or imagination.

8. *Tranect* = the name of the place where "the common ferry" or ferry-boat set out for Venice.

9. *Convenient* = proper, suitable.

10. *Reed voice* = shrill, piping voice.

11. *Quaint* = ingenious, elaborate.

12. *I could not do withal* = I could not help it.

13. *Raw* = crude, unskilful.

14. *Jacks* = a common term of contempt.

15. *All my whole device.* — A pleonasm not infrequent in Shakespeare.

## Scene V.

1. *Fear you* = fear for you.

2. *Agitation* = cogitation — another blunder of Launcelot's.

3. *Scylla* = a rocky cape on the west coast of southern Italy. *Charybdis* is a celebrated whirlpool on the opposite coast of Sicily. Hence the frequent saying, "He falls into Scylla who seeks to avoid Charybdis."

4. *I shall be saved*, etc. — A reference, probably, to 1 Cor. vii. 14: "The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband."

5. *Enow* = enough.

6. *Rasher* = a thin slice of bacon.

7. *Are out* = have fallen out, quarrelled.

8. *I know my duty.* — Launcelot plays on the double meaning of "cover," namely, to lay the table, and to put on one's hat.

9. *Quarrelling with occasion* = using every opportunity to make perverse replies.

10. *Discretion* = discrimination.

11. *A many.* — This phrase is still used, though rarely, by poets. It is found in Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter," and Rolfe quotes from Gerald Massey: —

> "We've known a many sorrows, Sweet;
> We've wept a many tears."

12. *Garnish'd* = furnished, equipped.

13. *Defy the matter* = set the meaning at defiance.

14. *How cheer'st thou* = what spirits are you in?

15. *Set you forth* = describe you fully.

## ACT IV. — Scene I.

1. *Uncapable.* — Shakespeare uses also *incapable.* With a considerable number of words, the English prefix *un* and the Latin prefix *in* were used indifferently; as, uncertain, incertain; ungrateful, ingrateful.

2. *Qualify* = modify, moderate.

3. *And that* = and since. It is not unusual for the Elizabethan writers to use *that* in place of repeating a preceding conjunction. "*Though* my soul be guilty and *that* I think," etc. — Ben Jonson.

4. *Envy's reach* = reach of hatred or malice. *Envy* frequently had this meaning in Shakespeare's time. In Mark xv. 10 we read: "For he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for *envy*."

5. *Remorse* = pity, relenting — a common meaning in the age of Elizabeth.

6. *Where* = whereas.

7. *Loose* = release, give up.

8. *Moiety* = portion, share, as often in Shakespeare. According to its etymology, it strictly means *a half.* From Fr. *moitié*, half.

9. *Charter.* — Shakespeare seems to have supposed that Venice held a charter from the German Emperor, which might be revoked for any flagrant act of injustice.

10. *A gaping pig* = a pig's head as roasted for the table.

11. *Passion* = feeling.

12. *Lodg'd* = fixed, abiding.

13. *Current* = course.

14. *Think you question* = consider that you are arguing.

15. *Main flood* = ocean tide.

16. *Fretten* = fretted.

17. *With all brief and plain conveniency* = "with such brevity and directness as befits the administration of justice." — Wright.

18. *Have judgment* = receive sentence.

19. *Parts* = offices, employments.

20. *Upon my power* = by virtue of my prerogative. We still say, "on my authority."

21. *Determine* = decide.

22. *Hangman* = executioner.

23. *Envy* = malice. See note 4.

24. *Wit* = sense.

25. *Inexecrable* = that cannot be execrated enough. Another reading is "inexorable."

26. *And for thy life*, etc. = let justice be impeached for allowing thee to live.

27. *Pythagoras.* — A philosopher of the sixth century B.C., who taught the transmigration of souls.

28. *Who, hang'd*, etc. Another instance of the suspended nominative.

29. *Fell* = fierce, cruel. A. S. *fel*, cruel.

30. *Fleet* = flit, take flight.

31. *Offend'st* = hurtest, annoyest.

32. *To fill up* = to fulfil.

33. *No impediment to let him lack* = no hindrance to his receiving.

34. *Take your place*, probably beside the duke.

35. *Question* = trial.

36. *Such rule* = such regular form.

37. *Impugn* = oppose, controvert.

38. *Within his danger* = within his power.

39. *Strain'd* = constrained, forced.

40. *Truth* = honesty.

41. *A Daniel.* — See the "History of Susanna" in the Apocrypha, where "the Lord raised up the holy spirit of a young youth, whose name was Daniel," to confound the two wicked judges.

42. *Hath full relation* = is fully applicable.

43. *More elder.* — Double comparatives were frequently used by the Elizabethan writers.

44. *Balance.* — Though singular in form, it is used as a plural, as having two scales.

45. *On your charge* = at your expense.

46. *Still her use* = constantly her custom.

47. *Speak me fair in death* = speak well of me when I am dead.

48. *With all my heart.* — There is pathos in this jest.

49. *A just pound* = an exact pound.

50. *In the substance* = in amount, in the gross weight.

51. *Contrive* = plot.

52. *Formerly* = as aforesaid.

53. *Which humbleness*, etc. = which humble supplication on your part may induce me to commute into a fine.

54. *In use* = in trust.

55. *Ten more*, that is, to make up twelve jurymen, who were jestingly called "godfathers-in-law."

56. *Serves you not* = is not at your disposal.

57. *Gratify* = recompense.

58. *Cope* = requite, repay.

59. *Withal* = with; here used as a preposition governing *ducats*.

60. *More mercenary* = desirous for more pay than the satisfaction of doing good.

61. *Of force* = of necessity.

62. *Attempt* = tempt.

63. *'Scuse* = excuse. This shortened form occurs in only one other passage in Shakespeare.

64. *An if* = if; a pleonasm.

### Scene II.

1. *Upon more advice* = upon further consideration.

2. *Old swearing.* — "Old" was an intensive epithet in common use.

### ACT V. — Scene I.

1. *Troilus* was a son of Priam, king of Troy. He loved Cressida, daughter of the Grecian soothsayer, Calchas.

2. *Thisbe* was a beautiful Babylonian lady, with whom Pyramus was in love. They agreed to meet at the tomb of Ninus; but, on arriving there, Thisbe was frightened at the sight of a lioness that had just killed an ox. She fled, leaving her cloak behind. Pyramus, finding the cloak stained with blood, believed that a wild beast had killed her, and took his own life — an example which was followed by Thisbe.

3. *Dido* was Queen of Carthage. She loved Æneas, by whom she was deserted. The "willow in her hand" was the symbol of unhappy love.

4. *Medea* was the daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis. She assisted Jason in obtaining the Golden Fleece, and afterwards became his wife. She possessed magical powers, and in order to renew the youth of Aeson, the father of Jason, she boiled him in a caldron, into which she had cast "enchanted herbs."

5. *Out-night you* = beat you in this game of "In such a night."

6. *Holy crosses.* — These were numerous in Italy, being found not only in churches, but along the roads.

7. *Expect* = await.

8. *Patines* = the plate used for the sacramental bread. It was sometimes made of gold.

9. *Like an angel sings.* — A reference to "the music of the spheres."

10. *Quiring* = singing in concert.

11. *Diana* = the goddess of the moon.

12. *Mutual* = common.

13. *Orpheus* = a Thracian poet who accompanied the Argonauts, and had the power of moving inanimate objects by the music of his lyre.

14. *Stockish* = stupid, insensible.

15. *Spoils* = robbery, acts of plundering.

16. *Erebus* = the underworld, or region of the dead.

17. *Without respect* = absolutely, independent of circumstances.

18. *Attended* = attended to, heard attentively.

19. *Season'd are* = are made fit.

20. *Endymion.* — In Greek mythology Silene, or the moon, is represented as charmed with the beauty of Endymion, whom she put to sleep on Mount Latmos, that she might nightly kiss him unobserved.

21. *Tucket* = a flourish on a trumpet to announce an arrival.

22. *We should hold day*, etc. = we should have day at the same time with the Antipodes, if you, Portia, would walk abroad at night in the absence of the sun.

23. *God sort all* = God dispose or arrange all things.

24. *In all sense* = in all reason.

25. *Breathing courtesy* = courtesy consisting of mere breath or talk.

26. Gratiano and Nerissa have been talking apart in dumb show.

27. *Posy* = sentiment or motto inscribed on rings. A contraction of *poesy*. It was the custom to inscribe sentiments, usually in distichs, upon knives by means of *aqua fortis*.

28. *Respective* = mindful or regardful of your oath.

29. *The virtue of the ring* = the power of the ring. It gave its possessor a right to Portia and all she had.

30. *Contain* = retain.

31. *Wanted* = as to have wanted; dependent on "so much unreasonable."

32. *Ceremony* = a sacred thing.

33. *Civil doctor* = doctor of civil law.

34. *Shame and courtesy* = shame at being thought ungrateful, and a sense of what courtesy required.

35. *Wealth* = weal, prosperity.

36. *Advisedly* = deliberately.

37. *Richly* = richly laden.

38. *Suddenly* = unexpectedly.

39. *Living* = means of living, livelihood.

40. *Satisfied of these events at full* = fully satisfied concerning these events.

41. *Charge us upon inter'gatories*, etc. "In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for a 'contempt,' the practice is that before sentence is finally pronounced he is sent into the Crown Office, and being there 'charged upon interrogatories,' he is made to swear that he will 'answer all things faithfully.'"

(1625—1660.)

## MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings:
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:
Or whether, as some sager sing,
The frolick wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastick toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pide,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets ate:
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she sed;
And he, by frier's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flale hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end:
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on;
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains, as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

## IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs', and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain:
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of Cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait;
And looks commércing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
But first and chiefest with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The mortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what, though rare, of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside

In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious Dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,

And love the high-embowèd roof,
With antick pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

## NOTES TO MILTON.

### L'ALLEGRO.

*(The numbers refer to lines. Consult Painter's "Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism," particularly chapters VII and VIII.)*

THE title *L'Allegro* is from the Italian, and signifies "the cheerful man."

1. *Melancholy* = a gloomy state of mind. From Gr. *melan*, stem of *melas*, black, and *chole*, bile. *Black bile* was thought to cause a gloomy state of mind.

2. *Cerberus* = the three-headed monster in the shape of a serpent-tailed dog, which, according to mythology, guarded the entrance to the infernal regions. The genealogy here given is Milton's own invention.

3. *Stygian* = pertaining to the Styx, fabled by the ancients to be a river of hell, over which Charon rowed the souls of the dead; hence, hellish, infernal. — *Forlorn* = deserted; from A. S. *forloren*. Cf. Ger. *verloren*, lost.

5. *Uncouth* = hideous; from A. S. *cunnan*, to know, and the prefix *un*. Literally, unknown.

7. *Night-raven* = a bird of ill-omen that cries in the night.

8. *Ebon* = dark or black. This word has a long pedigree, running back through Fr., Lat., Gr., to the Hebrew *eben*, a stone. It was applied to a kind of dense, hard wood, and afterwards came to denote simply a dark color. — *Low-brow'd* = beetle-browed, overhanging.

9. *Ragged* = rugged, to which it is related. Skeat, in opposition to Webster, says there is no reason for connecting it with the A. S. *hracod*, torn, and that its resemblance to the Gr. *rakos*, a shred of cloth, is accidental.

10. *Cimmerian* = pertaining to the Cimmerii, a people fabled in ancient times to dwell in profound and perpetual darkness. A Cimmerian desert is one covered with deep and continual obscurity.

12. *Yclep'd* = called; from A. S. *clypian*, to call, the p.p. of which is *geclypod*. The prefix *y* = A. S. *ge*. — *Euphrosyne* = Joy, one of the three Graces, her sisters being Aglaia, Beauty, and Thalia, Health.

14. *Venus* = the goddess of love and beauty.

16. *Bacchus* = the god of wine.

17. *Some sager sing* = an allusion, according to some, to Ben Jonson, and according to others, to Milton himself.

18. *Frolic* = joyous, sportive; from Dutch *vro*, glad, and suffix *lijk* = Eng. like. "It seems," says Skeat, "to be one of the rather numerous words imported from Dutch in the reign of Elizabeth."

19. *Zephyr* and *Aurora* are personifications of the *west wind* and *the dawn*.

22. *Fresh-blown*. *Blow*, meaning to bloom, is from A. S. *blowan*, and should not be confounded with *blow*, to puff, which is from A. S. *blawan*.

24. *Buxom* = possessing health and beauty combined with liveliness of manner. From A. S. *bugan*, to bend; the original meaning was pliable, obedient. Cf. Ger. *biegsam*, pliant. — *Debonair* = courteous; from Fr. *de bon air*, of good mien.

25. *Nymph* = in mythology a goddess of the mountains, forests, meadows, or waters; otherwise, a lovely maiden.

26. *Jollity* = merriment, gayety; from O. Fr. *joli*, joyful; derived from Scandinavian *jol*, festive. Cf. Eng. *Yule*.

27. *Quips* = playful taunts. It is of Celtic origin. — *Cranks* = puns or twisting of words. From an original root KRANK, to bend, twist. — *Wanton* = playful, sportive. The true sense is *unrestrained*, *uneducated;* from A. S. *wan*, lacking, and p.p. *togen*, educated, brought up. Webster gives a different etymology.

28. *Becks* = significant movements or signs with the head or hands; from A. S. *beacen*, a sign.

29. *Hebe* = the goddess of youth, and cupbearer of the gods.

34. *Fantastick* = capricious, indulging the vagaries of the imagination. From the Gr. *phantazein*, *f* taking the place of *ph*.

38. *Crew* = a company of people. It is of Scandinavian origin = old Icelandic *kru*. Webster derives it from Fr. *cru*, p.p. of *croitre*, to grow. The shade of contempt now adhering to the word did not formerly belong to it.

40. *Unreproved* = blameless, irreproachable, in which sense it is now obsolete.

44. *Dappled* = marked with spots of different colors; from Icel. *depill*, a spot. It has no connection with *apple*, as sometimes suggested.

48. *Eglantine* = honeysuckle or woodbine; usually sweet-brier, from which, however, Milton here distinguishes it. From Fr. *eglantine* = Low Lat. *aculentus*, prickly.

60. *State* = pomp, splendor.

61. *Amber* = a yellowish fossil rosin.

62. *Liveries* = the uniforms of servants or attendants; from Fr. *livrer*, to deliver, literally meaning a thing delivered, and applied to the clothes which a master gives his servant. — *Dight* = adorned; from A. S. *dihtan*, to set in order, arrange. The full form is *dighted*, p.p. of *dight*.

66. *Sithe* is the correct spelling of this word, which comes from the A. S. *sithe*. The *c* in our present spelling is a blunder.

67. *Tale* = reckoning by count, enumeration; from A. S. *tal*, a number. Cf. Ger. *Zahl*.

70. *Lanaskip* = landscape. The word was borrowed from the Dutch painters. Du. *landscap*.

71. *Fallows* = fields that have lain for some time unseeded or uncultivated. From A. S. *fealu*, yellowish, applied to ploughed land because of its yellowish color.

74. *Lab'ring* = in travail with rains and storms.

75. *Pide* = spotted; now spelled *pied*.

77. *Battlements* = notched or indented parapets, originally used only on fortifications, but afterwards employed on ecclesiastical and other buildings. See Webster.

78. *Bosom'd* = nestling and partly hidden.

79. *Lies* = stays or dwells, as very often in old English.

80. *Cynosure* = centre of attraction. From Lat. *cynosura*, the stars composing the constellation of the Lesser Bear, the last of which is the pole-star, or centre of attraction to the magnet. From Gr. *kuon*, dog, and *oura*, tale, meaning literally a dog's tail.

83. Corydon, Thyrsis, and Thestylis were shepherds, and Phillis, a maiden, in Virgil; here used as typical pastoral names.

85. *Messes* = dishes of food, without any tinge of contempt. From O. Fr. *mes*, dish = Low Lat. *missum*, that which is set or placed. "Not to be derived from A. S. *myse*, a table, nor from Lat. *mensa*, nor from O. H. Ger. *maz*, meat; all of which have been absurdly suggested." — SKEAT. The etymologies condemned are found in Webster.

87. *Bower* = a chamber, or lady's apartment; from A. S. *bur*, chamber, from *buan*, to dwell.

91. *Secure* = free from care or anxiety; from Lat. *se*, away, free from, and *cura*, care. The derivation from *sine cura*, though common, seems to be a mistake. The prefix *se* occurs in *secede*, *seduce*, etc.

94. *Rebecks* = a kind of fiddle, with two, three, or four strings. It comes from the Persian *rubab*, an instrument struck with a bow, through the Italian and French.

96. *Chequered* = marked with light and shade, like a checker-board. From O. Fr. *eschec* = Persian *Shah*, a king. *Checkmate* = *shah mat*, the king is dead.

98. *Holyday* = a day of amusement, joy, and gayety. In this sense the spelling *holiday* is preferable.

99. *Livelong* = long in passing.

100. *Spicy nut-brown ale* = ale seasoned with nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted apples. Shakespeare refers to it as the "gossips' bowl."

101. *Feat* = a striking act of strength, daring, or skill. From Fr. *fait*, p.p. of *faire*, to do, from Lat. *facere*.

102. *Mab* = the queen of the fairies. — *Junkets* = sweetmeats, dainties. The original meaning was *cream cheese* served up on rushes, whence its name. From Ital. *giunco*, a rush = Lat. *juncum*.

103. *She* and *he* = two of the party telling their tales over the spicy ale.

104. *Frier's lantern* = the *ignis fatuus*, or will-o'-the-wisp.

105. *Goblin* = a mischievous sprite or fairy. From O. Fr. *gobelin* = Low Lat. *gobelinus*, an extension of *cobalus* = Gr. *kobalos*, an impudent rogue, sprite.

110. *Lubbar* = a heavy, clumsy fellow; now spelled *lubber*. — *Fiend* = evil spirit; literally, enemy or hater. From A. S. *feond*, pres. p. of *feon*, to hate. Cf. Ger. *Feind*, enemy.

113. *Cropful* = having a full crop or belly. — *Flings* = rushes; literally, throws himself, the reflexive pronoun being omitted.

114. *Ere the first cock*, etc. This was the signal for ghosts and evil spirits to vanish. — *Matin* = morning. In the plural, morning prayers. From Fr. *matin* = Lat. matutinus, from Matuta, the goddess of morning.

120. *Weeds* = garments; from A. S. *waed*, garment. Commonly used now only in the phrase "widow's weeds," a widow's mourning dress.

121. *Store* = a great number.

122. *Rain influence*, upon the contending champions, as in the days of astrology the planets were supposed to do upon the lives of men.

124. *Her* = the lady of the tournament, by whom the prize was bestowed upon the successful knight. — *Grace* = favor; from Fr. *grace* = Lat. *gratia*, favor.

125. *Hymen* = the god of marriage; represented in the masks of the time as clad in yellow silk, and bearing a torch in his hand.

128. *Mask* = a dramatic entertainment in which masks were worn.

128. *Antique* = ancient. In present usage these words are discriminated: *ancient* is opposed to *modern;* as *ancient* landmarks, ancient institutions. *Antique* is used to designate what has come down from the ancients, or what is made in imitation of them; as, an *antique* cameo, an *antique* temple. *Antic* is a doublet of *antique*. — *Pageantry* = pompous exhibition or display. *Pageant* originally meant the scaffold or platform on which the miracle plays were represented, and afterwards the play itself. From Lat. *pagina*, scaffold or stage. Webster's probable etymology is wrong.

131. *Anon* = immediately, at once; from A. S. *on an*, in one (moment). Cf. Eng. *at once*.

132. *Jonson* = Ben Jonson, who was still living when this compliment was paid him. — *Sock* = comedy; literally, the light-heeled shoe or sock worn by comic actors, whence a symbol for comedy. *Buskin*, a high-heeled boot or legging worn by tragic actors, has come to stand for tragedy.

136. *Lydian* = soft and voluptuous. From Lydia, a country in Asia Minor, whose people were notorious for luxurious effeminacy.

138. *Meeting* = sympathetic.

139. *Bout* = turn, bending; also spelled *bought*.

141. *Giddy* = mirthful; from A. S. *giddian*, to sing, to be merry. In present usage it means *unsteady*, *heedless*.

142. *Mazes* = intricacies.

145. *Orpheus* = a character in Greek mythology, who had power to move men and beasts, and even inanimate objects, by the music of his lyre. — *Heave* = raise; from A. S. *hebban*, to raise. Cf. Ger. *heben*, to lift. The connection of *heaven* with *heave* has not, according to Skeat, been clearly made out.

147. *Elysian* = pertaining to Elysium, the abode of the blessed in the other world. It was represented as a region of perpetual spring, clothed with continual verdure, enamelled with flowers, shaded by groves, and refreshed by never-failing fountains.

149. *Pluto* = the god of the infernal regions; son of Saturn, and brother of Jupiter and Neptune.

150. *Eurydice* = the wife of Orpheus. After her death, caused by the bite of a serpent, Orpheus descended into Hades, and so moved Pluto by his music that the god consented to her restoration to life, but only on the condition that the minstrel would not look back until the regions of day were reached. Fearing that his wife might not be following, the anxious husband cast a glance behind, and thereby lost her forever.

## IL PENSEROSO.

*Il Penseroso* = the thoughtful man.

1. *Vain* = empty, worthless; from Fr. *vain* = Lat. *vanus*, empty.

3. *Bested* = assist.

4. *Fixed* = earnest, steady; from O. Fr. *fixe* = Lat. *fixus*, p.p. of *figere*, to fix.

6. *Fond* = foolish.

8. *Gay motes*, because of their lively motion in the sunbeam.

10. *Pensioners* = dependants. Through the Fr. from Lat. *pensus*, p.p. of *pendere*, to weigh out, to pay. Literally, those to whom money is weighed out or paid. — *Morpheus* = the god of dreams.

14. *To hit the sense* = to suit or be adapted to the sense.

18. *Memnon's sister* = some beautiful Ethiopian princess. Memnon, who was killed by Achilles in the Trojan war, was noted for his beauty. — *Beseem* = suit or become.

19. *Starr'd Ethiop Queen* = Cassiope, wife of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia. Having offended the Nereids by her presumption in setting herself above them in beauty, Neptune, sympathizing with the anger of the sea-maidens, laid waste the realms of Cepheus by an inundation and sea-monster. After her death Cassiope was changed into a constellation; whence the epithet *starred*.

23. *Vesta* = goddess of the fireside or domestic hearth. — *Of yore* = of old. From A. S. *geara*, formerly; originally genitive plu. of *gear*, year.

24. *Solitary Saturn* = the father of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, who were concealed by their mother. He was accustomed to devour his offspring, whence he is called *solitary*.

29. *Ida* = woody mountains near Troy.

30. *No fear of Jove*, that is, before he was banished from the throne by Jupiter.

32. *Demure* = of modest look; from O. Fr. *de murs*, i.e., *de bons murs*, of good manners.

33. *Darkest grain* = Tyrian purple.

35. *Stole* = a long, loose garment reaching to the feet, the characteristic robe of the Roman matron; but here denoting probably a *hood* or *veil*, in which sense the word is used by Spenser. — *Cyprus lawn*. A dark kind of lawn was made in Cyprus. From Lat. *linum*, flax, through the French.

36. *Decent* = modest, because covered. From Fr. *decent* = pres. p. of *decere*, to become, to befit.

37. *Wonted state* = usual dignified bearing.

39. *Commercing* = communicating.

40. *Rapt* = enraptured; from Lat. *raptus*, p.p. of *rapere*, to transport.

41. *Passion* = devotion; from Fr. *passion* = Lat. *passionem*, from *pati*, to suffer.

42. *Forget thyself to marble* = become as insensible to surrounding objects as a statue.

43. *Leaden* = heavy.

44. *Fast* = firm, fixed.

52. *Yon* = yonder.

55. *Hist along* = bring along silently.

56. *'Less* = unless. — *Philomel* = the nightingale; literally, lover of song.

59. *Cynthia* = the moon. A surname of Diana, from Mt. Cynthus, in the island of Delos, where she was born. Her chariot, however, was not, according to classic mythology, drawn by dragons. Ovid speaks of the moon's "snow-white horses."

60. *Accustomed oak* = the particular oak in which the nightingale was accustomed to sing.

61. *Noise of folly* = the sounds of revelry.

68. *Highest noon* = highest point of ascension

73. *Plat* = a portion of flat, even ground; a variation of *plot*.

74. *Curfeu* = the ringing of a bell at nightfall as a signal to extinguish fires and lights. The custom was introduced into England by William the Conqueror.

78. *Removed* = remote. — *Will fit* = will be suitable.

80. *Counterfeit* = imitate; from Fr. *contre*, against, and *faire*, to make; Lat. *contra* and *facere*.

83. *Bellman's drowsy charm* = the watchman, who with a bell patrolled the streets at night before the establishment of the present police system, and called out the hours. *Charm* = song, incantation; from Fr. *charme* = Lat. *carmen*, song. The bellman frequently made use of rhyme; as, —

> "Mercie secure ye all and keep
> The goblin from ye, while ye sleep,
> Past one o'clock, and almost two,
> My masters all, good-day to you."

84. *Nightly harm* = harm at night.

87. *Outwatch the Bear*. — The "Bear" refers to the constellation of that name, which in England never sets. The poet means that he will remain awake all night.

88. *Thrice-great Hermes* = a personification of the Egyptian priesthood; to him was ascribed the invention of language and writing, geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, medicine, music, religion, etc.

89. *Plato* = a celebrated Greek philosopher born 429 B.C. To *unsphere* his spirit means to call it back from Elysium.

95. *Consent* = harmony, agreement. From Fr. *consentir* = Lat. *con*, for *cum*, together, and *sentire*, to feel.

98. *Sceptred pall* = royal robe. *Pall* = A. S. *paell*, from Lat. *palla*, a mantle.

99. Oedipus of Thebes, Pelops, and the heroes of the Trojan war, were the favorite subjects of Attic tragedy.

102. *Buskin'd*. — See note on *L'Allegro*, 132. Milton was probably thinking of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *King Lear*.

104. *Musæus* = an early Greek bard.

105. *Orpheus.* — See note on *L'Allegro*, 145, 150.

109. *Him* = Chaucer. The reference is to the "Squire's Tale," which was left unfinished. Cambuscan was a Tartar king, who had two sons, Camball and Algarsife, and a daughter Canace.

116. *Great bards beside* = probably Tasso, Ariosto, and Spenser, who were great favorites with Milton.

120. *Where more is meant*, etc. — A reference no doubt to Spenser's "Faery Queene," in which the poet had a high moral purpose.

122. *Civil-suited* = dressed in the garb of a plain citizen.

123. *Trick'd* = tricked out, showily dressed. — *Frounced* = frizzled and curled.

124. *Attic boy* = Cephalus, whom she carried off.

125. *Kercheft* = having the head covered. A more correct spelling would be *curchief;* from Fr. *couvre*, cover, and *chef*, head. Cf. *curfeu.*

134. *Sylvan* = Sylvanus, god of the woods. From Lat. *sylva*, woods.

136. *Heaved* = uplifted. See note on *L'Allegro*, 145.

140. *Profaner* = unsympathetic. From Lat. *pro*, before, and *fanum*, temple; hence, outside the temple, not sacred, secular.

142. *Honied thigh.* — This is a mistake, for the bee collects the honey in its crop. What we see on the "thigh" is pollen.

145. *Consort* = harmony of sounds.

156. *Studious cloysters pale* = an enclosure or place of retirement devoted to study and religion. He is probably thinking of St. Paul's, where he went to school.

157. *High-embowed* = with lofty arches.

158. *Antick.* — See note on *L'Allegro*, 128.

159. *Dight.* — See note on *L'Allegro*, 62.

170. *Spell* = read.

174. *Strain* = rank, character; in which sense it is now obsolete.

# SELECTIONS FROM THE FIRST CRITICAL PERIOD.

(1660–1745.)

## I.

## DRYDEN'S SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.[1]

### I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame[2] began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms[3] lay,
And could not heave[4] her head.
The tuneful voice[5] was heard from high:
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,[6]
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes[7] it ran,
The diapason[8] closing full in Man.

### II.

What passion can not Music raise and quell?
When Jubal[9] struck the corded shell,[10]
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
  Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
  And mortal[11] alarms.
The double double double beat
  Of the thundering drum[12]
  Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers[13]
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
  For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
  The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
  To mend the choirs above.[14]

VII.

Orpheus[15] could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
  Sequacious[16] of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal[17] breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,[18]
  Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
  The spheres began to move,
And sung[19] the great Creator's praise
  To all the blessed above:
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet[20] shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.[1]

*An ode in honor of St. Cecilia's day.*

I.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles[2] bound;
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais,[3] by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus,[4] placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,[5]
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied[6] the god;
Sublime on radiant spires[7] he rode,
When he to fair Olympia[8] pressed;
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,

And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,[9]
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus[10] ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest[11] face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,[12]
Soft pity to infuse;

He chose Darius[13] great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood.
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,[14]
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian[15] measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with wine and love at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries;
See the Furies[16] arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain;[17]
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen,[18] fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows[19] learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;[20]

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.[21]

## NOTES TO "A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY."

1. St. Cecilia, who suffered martyrdom in 230 A. D., is the patroness of music. She is regarded as the inventor of the organ, to which fact reference is made in the seventh stanza of the ode.

Dryden wrote the song for the festival of St. Cecilia, Nov. 22, 1687. It is an admirable poem, surpassed only by "Alexander's Feast," which was written on the same theme ten years afterward. The order of thought, from the grand opening to the sublime close, should be carefully noted by the student.

It may be remarked that in punctuation and in the arrangement of the lines this poem has rarely been printed correctly.

2. *Universal frame* = system of the universe. "Frame," as here used, was a common word among the poets of the period. In Addison's well-known hymn, for example, we read,—

> "The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue ethereal sky,
> And spangled heavens, a shining *frame,*
> Their great Original proclaim."

3. *Heap of jarring atoms* = Chaos.

4. *Heave* = raise. From A. S. hebben, to lift; Ger. *heben.*

5. *The tuneful voice* = the musical utterance of God, at whose behest the universe came into being.

6. This line embodies the ancient belief that the universe is made up of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water.

7. *The notes* = the first seven notes of the octave.

8. *Diapason* = the full or comprehensive harmony of the octave.

9. Jubal was "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." Gen. 4:21.

10. In its original form the lyre consisted of a stringed tortoise-shell.

11. *Mortal* = associated with death.

12. In Dryden's "Songs of King Arthur" we find a similar passage:—

"Come, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum."

In this stanza, and in the following stanzas, note the harmony of sound and sense.

13. *Discovers* = uncovers or discloses — an archaic use of the word. Similarly, in the "Merchant of Venice," we find,—

"Go draw the curtain, and *discover*
The several caskets to this noble prince."

14. This line savors of audacity, if not of irreverence. In either case it was in keeping with the spirit of the Restoration period.

15. Orpheus was a Greek demigod, the son of Apollo. By the aid of a lyre invented by Hermes, he moved not only men and beasts, but also trees and rocks.

16. *Sequacious* = disposed or ready to follow. From Lat. *sequor*, follow.

17. *Vocal* = producing sound.

18. According to legend Cecilia drew an angel down from heaven by the charm of her music. See the last line of "Alexander's Feast."

19. "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Job 38:7.

20. "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." 1 Cor. 15:52.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

1. For a general introduction, consult the sketch of Dryden and the first note to the preceding ode. The banquet here celebrated was held in Persepolis, the capital of Persia, not long after the battle of Arbela, 331 B. C.

2. At Greek banquets it was customary for the guests to wear garlands of rose and myrtle.

3. Thais was an Athenian beauty, famous for her wit. She accompanied Alexander on his expedition to Asia, and it is said that on the occasion here described she induced "Philip's warlike son" to set fire to the palace of the Persian kings. This fact is referred to in the sixth stanza of the ode.

4. Timotheus was a celebrated musician of Thebes. He excelled particularly in playing the flute; and it is related that his music once so animated Alexander at a banquet that the monarch started up and seized his arms. Hence the incident here portrayed is not entirely without foundation.

5. Jove, or Jupiter, was the supreme deity of the Romans, identical with the Grecian Zeus. He is represented as "the father of gods and men." The legend embodied in this stanza is based on Plutarch's "Alexander," which see.

6. *Belied* = misrepresented.

7. *Spires* = spirals.

8. Olympia, usually Olympias, was the wife of Philip of Macedon. She did not hesitate at a later day, "in the intoxication of female vanity, to sanction the story."

9. A reference to a famous passage in the Iliad, Bk. I., 682-86:

> "The son of Saturn spoke and gave the nod.
> Above his azure brows, the ambrosial locks
> Of heaven's great king, on his immortal head,
> Were shaken, and the vast expanse of heaven,
> With huge Olympus, shook."
>
> *Munford's Translation.*

10. *Bacchus* = the god of wine.

11. *Honest* = beautiful. From Lat. *honestus,* beautiful.

12. *Muse* = poetic theme.

13. This was Darius III., the last King of Persia. Defeated at Arbela, he fled to Bactria, where he was betrayed by the satrap Bessus. A reference to this treachery is found in subsequent lines of this stanza.

14. *A sigh he stole* = he sighed secretly or inaudibly.

15. *Lydian* = soft and voluptuous, such as characterized the wealthy and luxurious city of Lydia in Asia Minor.

16. The Furies were three in number, named Alecto, Megaera, and Tisiphone. They are commonly represented as brandishing a torch in one hand, and a scourge of snakes in the other. Their office was vengeance.

17. It was believed among the ancient Greeks that the spirits of the dead had no rest until their funeral rites were performed and their bodies duly buried. Hence in the Iliad, Bk. XXIII., 100–108, Patroclus thus addresses Achilles:

> "My funeral rites
> Perform, that specially I may the gates
> Of Hades enter. . . . Vainly now,
> Round the wide-portalled court of Pluto's hall,
> I restless wander."

18. Helen, the wife of Menelaus, was the most beautiful of Grecian women. She eloped with Paris, the prince of Troy. This brought on the famous Trojan war, which ended after ten years with the sacking and burning of Troy.

19. *Bellows,* that is, of the organ.

20. *Vocal frame* = organ. See note 1 of preceding ode.

21. See note 18 of preceding ode.

## II.

## ADDISON'S SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

### I. SIR ROGER'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor,[1] lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the county come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge,[2] and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons: for as the knight[3] is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet-de-chambre*[4] for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor.[5] You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad[6] that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics, upon my friend's arrival at his county-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if

they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and master of the family, tempered [7] the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity [8] and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature [9] of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged [10] by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted [11] with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon.[12] "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this

gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage [13] of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested [14] them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity." [15]

As Sir Roger was going on with his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy,[16] with several living authors, who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has

been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

## II. A SUNDAY AT SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns at a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits,[1] to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change,[2] the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger being a good churchman,[3] has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock[4] and a Common Prayer-Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and, indeed, outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them

himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities[5] break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer, and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. The authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite[6] enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils,[7] that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel[8] between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father, does, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch[9] of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's[10] place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and con-

tentions that rise between the parson [11] and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; [12] while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half-year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly [13] brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

### III. SIR ROGER'S VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster [1] Abbey, "in which," says he, "there are a great many ingenious fancies." He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's *Chronicle*,[2] which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport [3] since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water,[4] which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness that I could not forbear drinking it.

As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man while he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness[5] being at Dantzic: when of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach,[6] and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country: that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her medicine *gratis* among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very good jointure,[7] and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "and truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good. Upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia.[8] Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies[9] upon one of the new monuments, and cried out: "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterward by Sir Cloudesley

Shovel,[10] he flung his hand that way, and cried: "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's[11] tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: "Dr Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel[12] on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's[13] elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil[14] upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr[15] to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs,[16] where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter: "What authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland?" The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him "that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit."[17] I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned;[18] but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble[19] were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III.'s[20] sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's[21] tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first that touched

for the evil:[22] and afterward Henry IV.'s,[23] upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading of the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head;[24] and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stole away several years since: "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care."

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, "who," as our knight observed with some surprise, "had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey."

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out toward every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man, for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

### IV. DEATH OF SIR ROGER.

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry,[1] which mention nothing of it, but are filled

with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend, the butler, mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"HONORED SIR — Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death at the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady [2] whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a-hunting upon to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has moreover bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement, with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze [3] coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, while we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge; and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried

by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum.[4] The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents[5] upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from, honored sir, your most sorrowful servant,

EDWARD BISCUIT.

*P. S.* — My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's writing burst into tears, and put the book in his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

# NOTES TO SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

THE Sir Roge. de Coverley papers are taken from the *Spectator*, and well exhibit the elegant style and delicate humor of Addison.

## I.

1. *Humor* = disposition. Fr. *humeur* = Lat. *humorem*, from *humere*, to be moist. Cf. *humid*.

2. *An hedge*. — Addison frequently uses *an* before a sounded *h*.

3. *Knight* = Sir Roger. A. S. *cniht*, a boy, servant. Cf. Ger. *Knecht*.

4. *Valet-de-chambre* = a body servant or personal attendant. Pronounced *văl-ā dĕ shăm-br*.

5. *Privy-councillor* = a member of the privy council; one of the distinguished persons selected by a sovereign to advise in the administration of the government. Equivalent to our *cabinet officer*.

6. *Pad* = an easy-paced horse.

7. *Tempered* = softened.

8. *Humanity* = kindness, benevolence.

9. *Nature* = character.

10. *Tinged* = slightly colored. Lat. *tingere*, to dye.

11. *Insulted*, etc. — Sir Roger, in common with the country gentlemen of the time, made but little pretension to learning.

12. *Backgammon*. — The common etymology derives it from the Welsh *bach*, little, and *cammon*, a battle. But this Skeat pronounces "a worthless guess."

13. *Parsonage* = the benefice or church living of the parish; not the house used as a residence by pastors.

14. *Digested* = distributed or arranged methodically.

15. *Divinity* = theology, or the science which treats of God, his laws, and moral government.

16. These were distinguished divines, three of whom, Tillotson, South, and Barrow, still deserve to be studied.

## II.

1. *Habits* = attire, dress.

2. *'Change* = Exchange; that is, the place where the merchants, brokers, and bankers of a city meet at certain hours to transact business.

3. *Churchman* = an Episcopalian as distinguished from a Presbyterian or Congregationalist.

4. *Hassock* = a thick mat for kneeling in church.

5. *Particularities* = peculiarities, individual characteristics.

6. *Polite* = polished, refined.

7. *Foils* = anything that serves to set off another thing to advantage. See Webster.

8. *Chancel* = the part of a church between the communion table and the railing that encloses it. O. F. *chancel*, an enclosure, from Lat. *cancellus*, a grating.

9. *Flitch* = the side of a hog salted and cured.

10. *Clerk* = a parish officer, being a layman who leads in reading the responses of the Episcopal Church service.

11. *Parson* = a clergyman. *Parson* and *person* are the same word, from Lat. *persona*. Blackstone says: "A *parson*, *persona ecclesiæ*, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called *parson*, *persona*, because by his person the church, which is an invisible body, is represented." — "This reason may well be doubted," says Skeat, "but without affecting the etymology."

12. *Tithe-stealers.* — A *tithe* is the tenth part of the increase arising from the profits of land and stock, allotted to the clergy for their support.

13. *Very hardly* = with great difficulty.

## III.

In a previous number of the *Spectator* Addison tells us of Sir Roger's visit to London.

1. *Westminster Abbey* = a famous cathedral in London, in which the British sovereigns are crowned, and in which many of them are buried. Addison made it the subject of the twenty-sixth paper in the *Spectator*.

2. *Baker's Chronicle.* — Sir Richard Baker was born in 1568; and his book, the full title of which is "Chronicle of the Kings of England," was popular in the last century.

3. *Sir Andrew Freeport* was a member of the imaginary club, to which the Spectator and Sir Roger belonged.

4. *Widow Trueby's water* = a strong drink said to have been much used by the ladies as an exhilarant. From what we know of Addison's bibulous habits, we may conclude that his dislike is only assumed for effect.

5. *Sickness* = the plague, which prevailed at Dantzic in 1709.

6. *Hackney-coach* = a coach kept for hire.

7. *Jointure* = an estate settled on a wife, and which she is to enjoy after her husband's decease.

8. *Virginia* = a common name for tobacco in Addison's time.

9. *Trophies* = representations in marble of a pile of arms taken from a vanquished enemy.

10. *Sir Cloudesley Shovel.* — The visitors passed by his monument. A distinguished British admiral, commander-in-chief of the British fleets. Returning to England in 1707, his ship struck on the rocks near Scilly and sank with all on board. The body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel was found next day, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

11. Richard Busby was for fifty-five years, from 1640 to 1695, headmaster of Westminster School. It has been said that he "bred up the greatest number of learned scholars that ever adorned any age or nation." He was equally noted for his learning, assiduity, and application of the birch.

12. *Little chapel*, etc. = the chapel of St. Edmund. In cathedrals, *chapels* are usually annexed in the recesses on the sides of the aisles.

13. *Historian* = the guide who shows visitors through the Abbey.

14. *Robert Cecil*, Earl of Salisbury, was born in 1550 and died in 1612. In 1608 he was made Lord High Treasurer. A man of immense energy and far-reaching sagacity — the best minister of his time, but cold, selfish, and unscrupulous.

15. *Martyr*, etc. — This is described as "an elaborate statue of Elizabeth Russell of the Bedford family — foolishly shown for many years as the lady who died by the prick of a needle." Goldsmith characterizes the story as one of a hundred lies that the guide tells without blushing.

16. *Coronation chairs* = two chairs in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor used at the coronation of the sovereigns of Great Britain. The more ancient of the two contains the famous "Stone of Scone," on which the kings of Scotland were crowned. The stone was brought to England by Edward I. in 1304. The other coronation chair was placed in the Abbey in the reign of William and Mary.

17. *Forfeit*, that is, for sitting in the chair.

18. *Trepanned* = ensnared, caught. Another form of the verb is *trapan*. From Fr. *trappe*, a trap.

19. *Will Wimble* is described in one of the Coverley papers as "younger brother to a baronet. . . . He is now between forty and fifty, but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare," etc. He was a neighbor and friend of Sir Roger.

20. *Edward III.* was born in 1312 and died in 1376. He gained many victories, including that of Crecy. During his reign many salutary laws were enacted, and art and literature flourished. The Black Prince was his son.

21. *Edward the Confessor*, king of the Anglo-Saxons, was born in 1004 and died in 1066, the year of the Conquest.

22. *The evil* = a scrofulous disease known as "king's evil." It was formerly believed that the touch of a king would cure it.

23. *Henry IV.* was born in 1366 and died in 1413, after a troubled reign of fourteen years.

24. The monument in question was that of Henry V., the hero of Agincourt. He was born in 1388 and died in 1422. The head of the effigy, which was of silver, was stolen at the time of the Protestant Reformation.

## IV.

1. *Captain Sentry* was Sir Roger's nephew and heir.

2. *The widow lady* captivated Sir Roger in his early manhood. A full account of the circumstances will be found in the *Spectator* No. 113. Elsewhere Sir Roger says: "When I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her; whenever she is recalled to my imagination, my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable."

3. *Frieze* = a coarse woollen cloth with a nap on one side.

4. *Quorum* = justice-court.

5. *Quit-rent* = a rent reserved in grants of land, by the payment of which the tenant is quieted or quit from all other service.

## III.

# POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

### PART I.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment, too?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light.
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right;
But, as the slighest sketch, if justly traced,
Is, by ill-coloring, but the more disgraced,
So, by false learning, is good sense defaced:
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.

If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets, passed,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learned witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails.
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confined to single parts.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gained before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,

Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus the informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in the effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The wingéd courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true metal when you check his course.
Those rules, of old discovered, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights.
High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.
The generous critic fanned the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved:
But following wits from that intention strayed,
Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turned,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills, to play the doctor's part,

Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil so much as they.
Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You, then, whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muses upward to their spring.
Still, with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind,
A work to outlast immortal Rome designed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountain scorned to draw:
But when to examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design:
And rules as strict his labored work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend
(Since rules were made but to promote their end),

Some lucky license answer to the full
The intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock or hanging precipice.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made),
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compelled by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, even in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportioned to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks and fair array,
But with the occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring;

Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be joined,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail! bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honors with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud, that must not yet be found!
Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

PART II.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend — and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,

While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But, more advanced, behold, with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So, pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
The eternal snows appear already passed,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way,
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus, when we view some well-proportioned dome
(The world's just wonder, and even thine, O Rome!),
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to the admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors, must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight.
"Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite."
"Not so, by heaven!" (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage."
"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain."
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still — "the style is excellent;"
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and, where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit, in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labored nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dressed.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old.

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong;
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,

Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mist descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damned beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,

And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality.
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being singular:
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damned for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress used,
This hour she's idolized, the next abused;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread.
Who knew most sentences was deepest read;
Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.
If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,

The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.
Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honor merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux;
But sense survived, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Millbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapors which obscure its rays;
But even those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend:
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,

And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colors soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treacherous colors the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost:
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah! let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavored well:
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And, while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged, through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.

Good-nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blushed before.
The following license of a foreign reign,
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reformed the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there!
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groaned with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

PART III.

LEARN, then, what morals critics ought to show
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candor shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honorable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As, without learning, they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And, lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Even to the dregs and squeezing of the brain;
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameless bards we have; and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandoned critics, too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay, showed his faults — but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's Church more safe than Paul's Churchyard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And, never shocked, and never turned aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.
But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiassed, or by favor, or in spite;

Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blessed with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics: such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steered securely, and discovered far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws; and stood convinced 'twas fit,
Who conquered nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme.
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

## NOTES TO ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

*(The numbers refer to lines. Consult Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," chapters VII and VIII.)*

4. *Sense* = understanding, judgment.

15. *Who* has *such* for its antecedent. The meaning is, Let those who excel teach others.

17. *Wit* = genius. As we shall see, *wit* is used in a variety of meanings in the poem.

20. *Most* qualifies *persons* understood. The full form of expression would be, "We shall find (that) most (persons) have," etc.

26. *Schools* = different systems of philosophy, science, and theology.

34. *Mævius* = an insignificant poet of the Augustan age, who attacked the writings of Virgil and Horace. He owes the preservation of his name to the fact that these two great poets made him a subject of ridicule. — *Apollo* was the president and protector of the Muses.

35. *Who* has *those* understood as its antecedent. "There are (those) who judge," etc.

36. *Wits* = men of learning or genius.

43. *Their generation*, etc. = their formation is so doubtful, uncertain. A reference to the belief that insects were generated by the mud of the Nile.

52. *Fit* = suitable, proper.

53. *Wit* = intellect, mind.

66. *Several* = separate, particular.

72. *Life, force, and beauty* are in the objective case after *must impart.*

73. This line is in apposition with *nature.*

76. *Informing* = imbuing and actuating with vitality.

80. *Wit* = genius; but as implied in the next line, *judgment.*

84. *'Tis more to guide* = it is more important to guide.

86. *Winged courser* = Pegasus, a winged horse of the Muses.

92. *Indites* = composes, produces.

94. *Parnassus* = a mountain in Greece, celebrated in mythology as sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

97. *Equal steps* = like or corresponding steps.

109. *Bills* = prescriptions.

120. *Fable* = plot.

124. *Homer* = the author of the "Iliad," and the greatest epic poet of antiquity. Seven Grecian cities contended for the honor of having given him birth.

129. *Mantuan Muse* = Virgil, who was born near Mantua, 70 B.C. After Homer, the greatest poet of antiquity. His full name was Publius Virgilius Maro, the latter part of which appears in the next line. It is said that before writing the "Æneid," he contemplated a poem on Alban and Roman affairs, but found the subject beyond his powers.

133. *But* = except.

138. *Stagirite* = Aristotle. He was born at Stagira, a town in Macedonia; hence the name Stagirite.

142. *Happiness* = fortuitous elegance or felicity of expression.

158. *Prospects* = landscapes.

183. *Secure from flames*, etc. — "The poet here alludes to the four principal causes of the ravage among ancient writings. The destruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libraries by *fire*, the fiercer rage of *Zoilus*, *Mævius*, and their followers, against wit; the irruption of the Barbarians into the empire; and the long reign of ignorance and superstition in the cloisters." — WARTON.

186. *Pæans* = a song of rejoicing, among the ancients, in honor of Apollo.

216. *Pierian* = pertaining to the Muses. From Mount Pierus, in Thessaly, sacred to the Muses.

218. *Drinking largely* is the subject of *sobers*.

237. *That maligant dull delight*, that is, of seeking to find slight faults.

248. *Even thine, O Rome!* = the dome of St. Peter's, designed by Michael Angelo.

265. *Notions* = judgments, opinions.

267. *La Mancha's Knight* = Don Quixote, the hero of a work written by Cervantes, a Spanish author, in 1605.

270. *Dennis* = a mediocre author, born in 1657. For an account of his literary quarrels, see the sketch of Pope.

286. *Curious* = difficult to please. — *Nice* = over-scrupulous, hard to please.

289. *Conceit* = odd, fanciful notion, affected conception.

308. *Content* = acquiescence without examination.

322. *Sort* = suit, fit.

328. *Fungoso* = a character in one of Ben Jonson's plays, who assumed the dress and tried to pass himself off for another.

329. *Sparks* = gay, showy men.

337. *Most* = most persons or critics.

344. *These* = these persons.

356. *Alexandrine* = a verse consisting of twelve syllables; so called from a French poem on the life of Alexander written in that measure. The next line is an Alexandrine.

361. Sir John Denham was born at Dublin in 1615, and died in 1668. His poems contain here and there an expression of considerable force. — Edmund Waller was born in 1606 and died in 1687. See reference to Waller in preceding pages.

366. *Zephyr* = strictly the west wind; but poetically, any soft, gentle breeze.

370. *Ajax* = a hero of the Trojan war, represented by Homer as, next to Achilles, the bravest and handsomest of the Greeks.

372. *Camilla* = Queen of the Volscians, an army of whom she led to battle against Æneas. She was so remarkable for her swiftness that she is described by the poets as flying over the corn without bending the stalks, and skimming over the surface of the water without wetting her feet.

374. *Timotheus* = a celebrated musician of Thebes in Bœotia. Invited to attend the nuptials of Alexander the Great, he is said to have animated that monarch in so powerful a degree that he started up and seized his arms. Dryden made use of the incident in his celebrated ode, "Alexander's Feast."

376. *Son of Libyan Jove* = a title assumed by Alexander.

394. *Some* is the subject of *despise* understood. "Some (despise) foreign writers."

400. *Sublimes* = exalts.

404. *Each* qualifies *age* understood.

415. *Quality* = high rank, superior birth or station.

418. *Madrigal* = a short lyrical poem, adapted to the quaint and terse expression of some pleasant thought, generally on the subject of love.

424. *The vulgar* = the common people.

440. *School-divines* = school-men; that is, philosophers and divines of the Middle Ages, who adopted the principles of Aristotle, and spent much time on points of abstract speculation, sometimes ridiculous in character.

441. *Sentences* = passages from recognized authorities in the church.

444. *Scotists* = followers of Duns Scotus, one of the most famous school-men of the fourteenth century. He taught at Oxford and Paris. He was distinguished for the zeal and ability with which he defended the immaculate conception of the Virgin — a doctrine that was, in 1854, declared by papal authority to be a necessary article of the Roman Catholic faith. At the Renaissance the Scotists opposed the new learning, and added the word *dunce*, that is, a *Dunsman*, to our language. — *Thomists* = followers of Thomas Aquinas, one of the ablest school-men of the thirteenth century. He taught at Paris, Rome, Bologna, and Pisa. He denied the immaculate conception.

The works of these authors abounded, not in useful knowledge, but in fine-spun theories and argumentation.

445. *Duck Lane* = a place in London where old books were sold.

447. "*What wonder* [is it that] modes in wit," etc.

449. *Ready* = keen, prompt. Understand *to be* after *proves*.

459. *Parsons, critics, beaux.* — Referring to Jeremy Collier, and the Duke of Buckingham.

463. *Blackmores* = Sir Richard Blackmore, one of the court physicians in the reigns of William III. and Anne, and characterized "as the most voluminous and heavy poetaster of his own or any other age." — *Millbourn* = Rev. Luke Millbourn, who criticised Dryden with much justice.

465. *Zoilus* = a grammarian and sophist of Amphipolis, who rendered himself known by his severe criticisms on the poems of Homer, for which he received the nickname, "Chastiser of Homer." See note on line 183.

479. *Patriarch-wits* = the antediluvians.

495. *Brings* = causes.

496. *Its* refers to *wit* or genius.

509. *Commence* = begin or appear to be.

536. *Easy monarch* = Charles II.

545. *Socinus.* — Faustus and Lælius Socinus were Italian theologians of the sixteenth century, who denied the Trinity, the deity of Christ, the personality of the devil, the native and total depravity of man, the vicarious atonement, and the eternity of future punishment.

552. *Titans* = fabled giants of ancient mythology, who made war against the gods.

564. *Sense* = judgment. The same also in line 566.

585. *Appius* = Dennis. See sketch of Pope for an account of the literary quarrel of the two poets.

599. *So long* = to such an extent.

606. "*Run on* [as] *poets*," etc.

617. *Durfey* = Thomas D'Urfey, a writer of plays and poems in the reign of Charles II., with whom he was a favorite for his wit, liveliness, and songs. He is best remembered for his collection of songs, entitled "Pills to Purge Melancholy," the tales here referred to by Pope.

619. *Garth* = Sir Samuel Garth, an eminent physician and poet of some reputation, born in 1660. His professional skill was associated with great conversational powers. His best-known work is "The Dispensary," a poetical satire on the apothecaries and those physicians who sided with them in opposing the project of giving medicine gratuitously to the sick poor.

623. *Paul's Churchyard* = headquarters of the London booksellers before the great fire.

645. *Stagirite.* — See note on line 138.

648. *Mæonian star* = Homer, who is supposed by some to have been born in Mæonia, a district in Asia Minor. Aristotle derived many of his elements of criticism from Homer.

652. *Who conquered nature* = Aristotle, the greatest naturalist of his day. He wrote a Natural History, Physics, and Astronomy, in addition to his metaphysical treatises.

# SELECTIONS FROM THE AGE OF JOHNSON.

(1745–1800.)

## I.

## DR. JOHNSON'S LETTER TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.[1]

My Lord,— I have lately been informed by the proprietor of *The World* that two papers in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished[2] is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*[3] — that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When once I had addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication,[4] without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before. The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached

the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and can not enjoy it; till I am solitary,[5] and can not impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have long been wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord.

Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,[6]

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.[4]

The cheerful sage, when solemn dictates fail,
Concedes the moral counsel in a tale.

—*Horace.*

Obidah, the son of Abensina,[2] left the caravansera[3] early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan.[4] He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.[5] As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise,[6] he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring;[7] all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path.

He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however,

forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom[8] the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders,[9] in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not toward what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him

on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and extirpation; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills,—

> Worked into sudden rage by wintry showers,
> Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
> The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.[10]

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear but labor began to overtake him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find

some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease,[11] and repose in the shades of security. How the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance can not be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratification. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted, that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

## NOTES TO DR. JOHNSON'S LETTER.

1. For a statement of the circumstances under which the letter was written, see the sketch in Part I.

2. *To be so distinguished* = to have such eminence conferred.

3. The conqueror of the conqueror of the world.

4. The Dictionary was published in 1755.

5. His wife, to whom he was warmly devoted, had died two years before.

6. It is not difficult to imagine something of the satisfaction with which the sturdy, honest, independent scholar addressed the cutting words of this letter to a nobleman whose manners and character he cordially detested.

## THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

1. This allegory is the sixty-fifth number of *The Rambler,* which appeared October 30, 1750. It is there given without a title. Apart from its intrinsic excellence, it well illustrates the principal characteristics of Dr. Johnson's style — his copious use of the Latin element of our language, his formal dignity of style, and his deep moral earnestness. For particulars concerning *The Rambler,* consult the sketch of Johnson.

2. These are, of course, fictitious names, but in keeping with the scene of the story, they have an Oriental sound.

3. The present spelling of this word is *caravansery.* From Per. *karwan,* caravan, and *sarai,* palace.

4. At present spelled *Hindustan* — the Persian name for India.

5. This is a characteristic Johnsonian sentence. It consists of a succession of short sentences, leading up to a harmonious and well-rounded close. Point out other similar sentences in the selection.

6. This fancy is more beautiful than true. The bird of paradise is not a native of Hindustan, and its song is not pleasing.

7. Note the careful balancing of this and the preceding sentence. "The eldest daughter of the spring" stands in precisely the same construction as the "monarch of the hills." Point out other instances of parallelism.

8. Present usage would require *which,* unless we regard the antecedent *birds* as personified.

9. What is the etymology and meaning of *meanders?*

10. This is a translation from the Greek, but the source of the quotation is not given.

11. This use of the metaphor is characteristically Johnsonian. Point out other instances in this paper, and note their relation to the sonorous quality of the style.

## II.

## GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain.
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree.
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and GOD has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;

The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind; —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain:
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,

Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and shewed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Now lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place:
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed —
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise;
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise:
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;

Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine, the loveliest train, —
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire that first prepared to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possessed,
Tho' very poor, may still be very blessed;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

## NOTES TO THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

(*The numbers refer to lines. Consult Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," Parts I and III.*)

For general remarks on the poem, see the sketch of Goldsmith.

1. *Auburn* = Lissoy probably, though with the addition of imaginative details.

2. *Swain* = peasant. A favorite word among the poets of the last century, by whom it was used in a somewhat vague sense as "shepherd," "lover," or "young man."

4. *Parting* = departing. For the same use of the word, see the first line of Gray's "Elegy."

5. *Bowers* = dwellings. By poets often used somewhat vaguely.

6. *Seats* = abodes.

10. *Cot* = cottage.

12. *Decent* = neat, becoming.

13. *Hawthorn.* — The hawthorn bushes around Lissoy have been cut to pieces to furnish souvenirs of the locality.

16. *Remitting* = ceasing for a time.

17. *Train.* — See note to line 6 of "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

19. *Circled* = went round. See line 22.

21. *Gambol frolicked* = sportive trick was played in a frolicsome manner.

35. *Lawn* = plain. See line 1.

37. *Tyrant* = Some wealthy land-owner. Goldsmith deplores the accumulation of land in the hands of great land-owners, to be used by them, not for careful tillage, but in great measure for ostentation and pleasure.

39. *One only master* = one sole master.

40. *Stints* = deprives of fruitfulness and beauty.

43. *Glades* = open spaces, usually low and moist or marshy.

45. *Walks* = range, region. — *Lapwing* = a wading bird of the plover family. See Webster.

49. *Shrinking*, etc. — Owing to the absorption of the land by great proprietors, the peasantry were forced to emigrate.

52. *Decay* = decrease in number.

55. Goldsmith is here partly right and partly wrong. "A bold peasantry" is undoubtedly necessary to the highest welfare of a country. But when, in the following lines, he inveighs against commerce and manufacture,

he makes a mistake. These do not injure a country, but increase its wealth, population, and intelligence. When, however, he denounces luxury, which unfortunately he sometimes confounds with trade, he has the approval of all right-thinking men.

63. *Trade's unfeeling train* = those enriched by commerce and manufacture.

81. *Busy train* = thronging reminiscences of the past.

85. These lines express a real wish of Goldsmith's, but one that was destined not to be fulfilled. The reality of the desire renders these lines pathetic.

88. *By repose* modifies *keep*.

100. *Age* = old age.

105. *Guilty state.* — *State* here means *livery;* and it is called *guilty* because regarded by the poet as an evidence of criminal avarice and luxury.

107. *He* = the person spoken of in line 99. — *Latter end* = a Biblical phrase meaning *death.* See Prov. xix. 20.

110. *Slopes* = eases.

115. *Careless* = without care or anxiety.

121. *Bayed* = barked at. O. Fr. *abayer*, to bark.

122. *Spoke* = indicated.

123. *The shade* = the shadows of "evening's close."

126. *Fluctuate in the gale* = float on the breezes.

128. *Bloomy* = blooming.

130. *Plashy* = puddle-like.

132. *Mantling* = covering as with a cloak or mantle.

136. *Pensive* = expressing thoughtfulness with sadness.

137. *Copse* = a thicket of underwood. Cf. *coppice.*

139. *Disclose* = reveal, mark.

140. *Mansion* = house, habitation; usually one of some size or pretensions.

142. *Passing rich* = more than rich, very rich.

144. *Place* = post, position.

149. *Vagrant train* = wandering company; tramps.

155. *Broken* = broken down by age, sickness, or some other cause.

159. *Glow* = kindle with interest or enthusiasm.

171. *Parting.* — See line 4.

189. *As some tall cliff*, etc. — This has been pronounced one of the sublimest similes in the English language.

194. *Furze* = a thorny evergreen shrub. It is called "unprofitably gay" because, in spite of its beautiful yellow flowers, it is of no practical use.

196. *The village master* = Paddy Byrne. See sketch of Goldsmith.

199. *Boding* = foreboding.

209. *Terms and tides* = seasons and times.

210. *Gauge* = measure the capacity of vessels.

221. *Nut-brown draughts* = draughts of nut-brown ale. With his convivial habits, we may be sure that Goldsmith was not a stranger to the scenes he here describes.

229. *Double debt to pay* = to serve a double use.

231. *For ornament and use.* — They were probably used to hide defects in the walls.

232. *Twelve good rules.* — These are worth repeating: 1. Urge no healths. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no comparisons. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers. — *Game of goose* = the game of the fox and the geese.

236. *Chimney* = fireplace.

243. *Farmer's news.* — His visits to the neighboring markets would naturally make him the newsman. — *Barber's tale.* — The endless loquacity of barbers is a continual theme for jest or disgust among the writers of the time.

244. *Woodman's ballad* = perhaps some tale of Robin Hood.

248. *Mantling bliss* = foam-covered ale.

257. *Vacant* = unembarrassed with care.

259. *Pomp* = procession.

269. *Freighted* = loaded for shipment.

276. *Poor* is the object of *supplied.*

285. *All* = entirely.

293. *To bless* = to bestow her heart and hand.

300. *Band* = family.

305. *Common* = enclosed tract of land belonging, not to an individual, but to the public.

316. *Artist* = artisan.

319. *Dome* = palace.

321. *Blazing square*, that is, filled with torches, which the rich used before the introduction of street-lights.

344. *Altama* = Altamaha in Georgia. "The various terrors" enumerated are apt to provoke a smile.

355. *Crouching tigers.* — These exist in Georgia only in the poet's imagination.

403. *Shore, strand.* — By *strand* the poet means the line of sand next the sea; by *shore*, the ground above the sand.

418. *Torno's cliffs* = the heights around Lake Tornea in the north of Sweden. — *Pambamarca* = a mountain near Quito in South America.

## III.

## BURNS' COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKIN, ESQ.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."
GRAY.

I.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays:
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aikin in a cottage would have been:
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh:
The short'ning winter-day is near a close:
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree:
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet:
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;—
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright!"

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben:
A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The sowpe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell —
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heav'n's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!

The Pow'r, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in the book of life the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? — a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

XXI.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

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## TO A MOUSE.

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie, here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear;
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blithe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

## NOTES TO THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

*(The numbers refer to lines. Consult Painter's "Guide to Literary Criticism," Part III.*

THIS is the best known of Burns's longer poems. As we have already learned from our study of the poet, his father's cottage supplied the principal features. But the poem has a far wider significance. It is a description of the ideal peasant life of Scotland. In its substantial elements, an exemplification might have been found in a thousand homes. Said an old Scotch serving-woman, to whom a copy of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" had been given for perusal, "Gentlemen and ladies may think muckle o' this; but for me it's naething but what I saw i' my faither's house every day, and I dinna see how he could hae tell't it ony ither way."

It would lead us too far to inquire particularly into the causes that have produced this beautiful peasant life. No doubt the basis of it is to be found in the native sturdiness of the Scotch character. But the immediate cause must be sought in religion. The truths and duties of Christianity occupied a large place in the daily thought and life. The sentiment of reverence, which seems to be sadly lacking at the present time, was carefully cultivated. Family worship was general; the Sabbath was strictly observed; the Bible was revered and studied to an unusual degree. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" shows us how a humble, laboring life may be glorified by a simple, earnest, reverent piety.

1. R. Aikin, to whom the poem is inscribed, was an attorney of Ayr, and a man of worth.

2. *Mercenary bard.* — The poem was inspired, not by the hope of pecuniary reward, but simply by the promptings of friendly affection.

5. *Lays* = songs, lyric poems. A favorite word with poets in the last century.

6. *Train* = class, company. Another favorite word, much used by Goldsmith in the "Deserted Village."

9. *Ween* = think, imagine. From A. S. *wenan*, to imagine.

10. *Sugh* = a sighing sound as of wind in the trees. The local features of the poem are in the Ayrshire dialect, the poet's vernacular.

12. *Miry* = covered with mire or wet soil. — *Pleugh* = plough.

14. *Cotter* = cottager; a small farmer.

15. *Moil* = toil, drudgery.

17. *Morn* = morrow.

19. *Cot* = cottage.

21. *Wee-things* = little things, children. — *Stacher* = stagger.

22. *Flichterin'* = fluttering.

23. *Ingle* = fire, fireplace. — *Blinkin' bonnily* = blazing cheerfully.

26. *Carking* = distressing, oppressive.

27. *Toil.* — This word seems to have been pronounced *tile*. In the last century *oi* frequently had the sound of long *i*.

28. *Belyve* = by and by. — *Bairns* = children.

30. *Ca' the pleugh* = drive the plough. Literally, *call.* — *Tentie rin* = heedfully run. *Tentie* is a corruption of *attentive*.

31. *Cannie* = trustworthy, careful. — *Neebor* = neighbor.

34. *Braw* = brave, in the sense of *fine*, handsome.

35. *Deposit* has the accent on the first syllable. — *Sair-won* = hard won. — *Penny fee* = wages paid in money. *Penny* is used vaguely for *money*.

38. *Spiers* = inquires.

40. *Uncos* = news.

44. *Gars auld claes*, etc. = makes old clothes look almost as well as the new.

47. *Younkers* = youngsters.

48. *Eydent* = diligent.

49. *Jauk* = trifle, dally.

51. *Duty* = prayers.

52. *Gang* = go.

56. *Wha kens* = who knows.

58. *Convoy* = accompany.

59. *Conscious* = tell-tale.

62. *Hafflins* = partly, half.

64. *Ben* = in. A. S. *binnan*, within.

67. *Cracks* = talks.— *Kye* = cows.

69. *Blate* = bashful. — *Laithfu'* = hesitating.

72. *Lave* = rest.

88. *Ruth* = pity, tenderness.

92. *Halesome parritch* = wholesome porridge, oatmeal pudding.

93. *Sowpe* = milk. — *Hawkie* = a cow; properly one with a white face.

94. *'Yont* = beyond. — *Hallan* = screen or low partition between the fireplace and the door. — *Chows her cood* = chews her cud.

96. *Weel-hain'd* = well kept. — *Kebbuck* = cheese. — *Fell* = tasty, biting.

99. *How 'twas a towmond*, etc. = how it was a twelvemonth old since flax was in the bloom; that is, the cheese was a year old last flax-blossoming.

103. *Ha'-Bible* = hall Bible; that is, the family Bible kept in the hall or chief room.

104. *Bonnet* = a cap or covering for the head, in common use before the introduction of hats, and still used by the Scotch.

105. *Lyart* = gray, mixed gray. — *Haffets* = temples; literally, *half-heads*.

107. *Wales* = chooses. Cf. Ger. *wählen*, to choose.

111. *Dundee*, *Martyrs*, *Elgin* = names of Scottish psalm-tunes.

113. *Beets* = adds fuel to.

121. *Amalek's ungracious progeny* = the Amalekites, a fierce and warlike Canaanitish nation. They were uncompromising in their hostility to the Israelites. See Deut. xxv. 17–19.

122. *Royal bard* = David. See 2 Sam. xii. 16.

133. *He* = the Apostle John. — *Patmos* = an island in the Ægean Sea, to which John was banished in the year 94, and where he wrote *Revelation*.

135. *Babylon* = the figurative Babylon spoken of in Rev. xviii. 2–24. Usually interpreted among Protestants as referring to papal Rome.

138. From Pope's "Windsor Forest."

143. *Society* = social enjoyment.

150. *Sacerdotal stole* = priestly vestments or robes.

156. *Secret homage* = private devotions.

166. From Pope's "Essay on Man."

182. *Wallace* = the national hero of Scotland. He lived in the thirteenth century.

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## TO A MOUSE.

1. *Sleekit* = sly. — *Cow'rin'* = cowering, crouching through fear.

4. *Bickering brattle* = a short race.

5. *Wad be*, etc. = would be loathe to run.

6. *Pattle* = a paddle for cleaning the soil from the plough.

13. *Whyles* = sometimes.

14. *Maun* = must.

15. *Daimen* = rare, now and then; *daimen-icker* = an ear of corn now and then. — *Thrave* = two shocks or twenty-four sheaves of corn; a considerable quantity.

20. *Silly* = frail, weak. — *Wa's* = walls.

21. *Big* = to build.

22. *Foggage* = coarse grass.

24. *Snell* = bitter, severe.

31. *Stibble* = stubble.

34. *But* = without. A. S. *butan*, without. — *Hald* = home, abiding place.
35. *Thole* = endure. — *Dribble* = drizzling.
36. *Cranreuch* = hoar-frost.
37. *No thy lane* = not alone.
40. *Gang aft a-gley* = go often wrong.

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## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

3. *Stoure* = dust.
9. *Weet* = wet, rain.
15. *Glinted* = peeped.
21. *Bield* = shelter, protection.
23. *Histie* = dry, barren.

(1800—1832.)

## I.

## SCOTT'S TALISMAN.

### CHAPTER FIRST.

They, too, retired
To the wilderness, but 'twas with arms.
*Paradise Regained.*

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red-cross,[1] who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites,[2] where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities[3] provoked, in ancient days, the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the way, were forgotten, as the traveller recalled the fearful catastrophe, which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim,[4] once well watered, even as the Garden of the Lord, now a parched and blighted waste, condemned to eternal sterility.

Crossing himself, as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in color as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveller shuddered as he remembered, that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean. The whole land around, as in the days of Moses, was "brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon;"[5] the land as well as the lake might be termed dead, as producing nothing having resemblance to vegetation, and even the very air was entirely devoid of its ordinary winged inhabitants, deterred probably by the odor of bitumen and sulphur, which the burning sun

exhaled from the waters of the lake, in steaming clouds, frequently assuming the appearance of waterspouts.[6] Masses of the slimy and sulphurous substance called naphtha,[7] which floated idly on the sluggish and sullen waves, supplied those rolling clouds with new vapors, and afforded awful testimony to the truth of the Mosaïc history.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendor, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider and the accoutrements of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet[8] of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk[9] and the head-piece.[10] His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard, on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backward, and displayed its little pennoncelle,[11] to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat[12] of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms[13] of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep — wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest.[14] In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern Crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they had come to war.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind

with defensive armor made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe, or hammer, called a mace-of-arms, and which hung to the saddlebow; the reins were secured by chain-work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply [15] a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the western warriors who hurried to Palestine, died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame; and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe, where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

It was not, however, to all the race that fortune proposed such tempting rewards; and those obtained by the solitary knight during two years' campaign in Palestine had been only temporal fame, and, as he was taught to believe, spiritual privileges. Meantime, his slender stock of money had melted away, the rather that he did not pursue any of the ordinary modes by which the followers of the Crusade condescended to recruit their diminished resources, at the expense of the people of Palestine; he exacted no gifts from the wretched natives for sparing their possessions when engaged in warfare with the Saracens, and he had not availed himself of any opportunity of enriching himself by the ransom of prisoners of consequence. The small train which had followed him from his native country had been gradually diminished, as the means of maintaining them disappeared, and his only remaining squire was at present on a sick-bed, and unable to attend his master, who travelled, as we have seen, singly and alone. This was

of little consequence to the Crusader, who was accustomed to consider his good sword as his safest escort, and devout thoughts as his best companion.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his mid-day station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced toward the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan [16] floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier.[17] "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe — perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs, and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that

the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached toward the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this elusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddlebow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir,[18] for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of

which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce. He approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the Lingua Franca [19] commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? — Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart toward thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look, or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

## NOTES TO THE TALISMAN.

THE extract given is the first chapter of "The Talisman." It well illustrates Scott's largeness of style, and his powers of graphic description.

The events narrated in "The Talisman" are supposed to have occurred during the Third Crusade. This was undertaken by Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, with the support of Phillip II. of France, and Richard I., surnamed *Cœur de Lion*, of England. It accomplished nothing farther than the establishment of a truce with Saladin, during which the privilege of visiting the holy places of Palestine was accorded to Christians.

"The Talisman" was Scott's first attempt to treat an Eastern theme. In this field he had been preceded by other distinguished English writers. Southey in his "Thalaba," Moore in his "Lalla Rookh," and Byron in several of his romantic tales, had treated Oriental scenes and characters with eminent success. Scott felt a hesitancy, as he tells us, about entering into rivalry with his illustrious contemporaries, especially as he had never had an opportunity to observe the landscape and people that he undertook to describe. The result, however, showed his fears to be groundless, and served only to increase his overshadowing reputation.

1. *Knight of the Red-cross* = Sir Kenneth of Scotland.

2. A name derived from the ancient classical writers. In Lat. *Lacus Asphaltites*.

3. *Accursed cities* = Sodom and Gomorrah. See Gen. xix. 24, 25.

4. This name is taken from Gen. xiv. 10.

5. See Deut. xxix. 23.

6. These features are exaggerated. Birds abound; and no noisome smell nor noxious vapor arises from the lake.

7. *Naptha* contains no sulphur; hence the adjective must be taken as referring only to color.

8. *Barred helmet.* — See Webster.

9. *Hauberk* = a shirt of mail formed of small steel rings interwoven. The "coat of linked mail" referred to above. See Webster.

10. *Head-piece* = helmet.

11. *Pennoncelle* = a small flag or streamer borne at the top of a lance. Called also *pencel*.

12. *Surcoat* = the long and flowing drapery of knights, anterior to the introduction of plate armor.

13. *Arms* = armorial device or coat of arms.

14. *Crest* = the plume of feathers, or other decoration, worn on a helmet.

15. *Panoply* = complete armor. From Gr. *pan*, all, and *hoplon*, implement of war, harness.

16. *Caftan* = a Persian or Turkish vest or garment.

17. *Saracen cavalier* = Sheerkohf, the Lion of the Mountain, from Kurdistan.

18. *Emir* = an Arabian prince. As he informed Sir Kenneth afterwards, ten thousand men were ready to take the field at his word.

19. *Lingua Franca* = a kind of corrupt Italian, with a considerable admixture of French words.

## II.

## BYRON'S PRISONER OF CHILLON.

### I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white,
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd — forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven — who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

### II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,

And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone:
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together — yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound — not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do — and did — my best,
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him — with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun!
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;

To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthrals:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould

Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laugh'd — and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd as the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:

I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmix'd with such — but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray —
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less,
I listen'd, but I could not hear —
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him: — I found him not,
*I* only stirred in this black spot,
*I* only lived — *I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last — the sole — the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.

One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope — but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well — I never knew —
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling — none —
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night — it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness — without a place:
There were no stars — no earth — no time —
No check — no change — no good — no crime —
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X.

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,

And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! ...e while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
Lone — as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was: — my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread,
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child — no sire — no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them — and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled — and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count — I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,

And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell —
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

# NOTES TO THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

(*The numbers refer to lines.*)

THIS poem was written in Switzerland in 1816, after Byron's final departure from his native land. It belongs to the group of poems to which we may give the name of *romantic tales*. There is no resemblance between the hero of the poem and the historic prisoner of Chillon, of whom Byron knew little or nothing at the time he wrote. "When the foregoing poem was composed," he frankly confesses, "I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I should have endeavored to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues." The Bonnivard of history, on whom the poet afterwards wrote a sonnet, was imprisoned for six years — from 1530 to 1536 — for political reasons. He was a man of extensive knowledge, upright aims, and heroic will. No brothers shared his imprisonment. After his liberation he lived in honor in Geneva, for the liberties of which he had suffered. A sight of the dungeon, without an extended acquaintance with the history of the illustrious prisoner of Chillon, was sufficient material for the poet's powerful imagination to work upon. The story of the prisoner of Chillon, as here given, is almost pure fiction.

3. *In a single night*, etc. — Byron has this note: "Ludovico Sforza, and others. The same is asserted of Marie Antoinette's, the wife of Louis XVI., though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the same effect: to such, and not to fear, this change in *hers* was to be attributed."

6. *Rusted* = made weak and sluggish.

10. *Bann'd* = forbidden, interdicted. From A. S. *bannan*, to proclaim. The word appears in its original sense in the phrase *the banns of marriage*.

11. *This* should be *it;* or else line 12 should be omitted. The construction here may be taken as an illustration of Byron's occasional carelessness of style.

13. *That father*, etc. — He is represented as a Protestant.

22. *Seal'd* = confirmed, ratified. O. Fr. *seel*, Lat. *sigillum*, a seal.

28. *Chillon* = a celebrated castle and fortress in Switzerland. It is situated at the east end of Lake Geneva, on an isolated rock, almost entirely surrounded by deep water, and connected with the shore by a wooden bridge. The castle dates from the year 1238.

30. *Dim with a dull*, etc. — The poet has here taken some liberties with

the facts. "The dungeon of Bonnivard," says Murray, in his "Handbook of Switzerland," "is airy and spacious, consisting of two aisles, almost like the crypt of a church. It is lighted by several windows, through which the sun's light passes by reflection from the surface of the lake up to the roof, transmitting partly also the blue color of the waters."

41. *This new day.* — The prisoner, as we learn from stanza 14, had been released after years of imprisonment; and the light of the open sky seemed new to him.

45. *Score* = account or reckoning. From. A. S. *sceran*, to cut. Accounts were once kept by *cutting* notches on a stick.

55. *Fettered in hand.* — Fetters were originally shackles for the *feet*, as manacles were shackles for the *hands*.

57. *Pure elements* = air and light.

63. *Our voices*, etc. — Privations and suffering sometimes materially change the voice. On one occasion, when two Arctic exploring parties were reunited after a protracted separation, "the doctor," says Franklin, "particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful if possible, not aware that his own partook of the same key."

71. *Ought* = was under obligation. Here a past tense, though commonly used in the present.

95. *Had stood* = would have stood.

97. *To pine* depends on *was formed* in line 93.

101. *I forced it on.* — He speaks of his spirit as of a weary, fainting soldier.

102. *Those relics* = his two brothers. Literally, that which is left. Lat. *relinquere*, to leave.

107. *Lake Leman* = Lake of Geneva.

108. *A thousand feet*, etc. — Byron says in a note: "Below the castle, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of eight hundred feet. . . . The château is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white."

112. *Wave* is the subject of *enthralls*. See line 28.

122. *Rock hath rocked.* — We cannot consider this word-play as felicitous. The noun *rock* and the verb *rock* are of different origin.

142. *Had his free*, etc. = if his free breathing had been denied.

148. *Gnash* = break by violent bitings.

152. *Boon* = a favor, deed of grace. From Fr. *bon*, Lat. *bonus*, good.

155. Compare the following lines in Coleridge's "Christabel": —

> "And to be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain."

172. *Yet* = hitherto, thus far.

189. *And grieved for those*, etc. — "There is much delicacy," says Hales, "in this plural. By such a fanciful multiplying of the survivors, the elder brother prevents self-intrusion; himself and his loneliness are, as it were, kept out of sight and forgotten. There is a not unlike sensitiveness in the Scotch phrase, 'them that's awa',' of some single lost one. The grief is softened by vagueness."

230. *Selfish death* = self-inflicted death.

231. *What next befell*, etc. — The following description of the prisoner's deadly stupor is graphic and powerful. It has been much admired.

237. *Wist* = knew; past tense of A. S. *witan*, to know.

252. *It was the carol*, etc. — The sympathies of his nature were awakened again. In a similar manner the spell of the Ancient Mariner was broken by the sight of iris-hued serpents disporting in the water:—

> "A spring of love gushed from my heart,
> And I blessed them unaware."

In Goethe's great work, Faust is recalled from despair by a chime of bells and a choral song. Dashing the cup of poison from his lips, he exclaims: —

> "Sound on, ye hymns of Heaven, so sweet and mild!
> My tears gush forth: the earth takes back her child."

327. *Had made* = would have made.

335. *The blue Rhone.* — This statement is not strictly correct. At its entrance into the lake, the Rhone is of the common color of glacier streams; it does not become blue till it leaves the lake at Geneva.

339. *White-walled, distant town* = Villeneuve.

341. *Little isle.* — In a note to this passage Byron says: "Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view."

## III.

## WORDSWORTH'S LINES.

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE, DURING A TOUR.

JULY 13, 1798.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connec
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows — hardly hedgerows — little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: feelings too

Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened; that serene and blessèd mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides

Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense

The anchor of my purest thoughts; the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after-years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude or fear or pain or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance
If I should be where I no more can hear

Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

## ODE.

### INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heaven is bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday; —
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd boy!

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm;
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows;
He sees it in his joy.
The youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.
Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size!
See where, 'mid work of his own hand, he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife.
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage,
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet doth keep
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, —
Mighty prophet, seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thine Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight —
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy,
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.
And, O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

# NOTES TO TINTERN ABBEY.

(*The numbers refer to lines.*)

TINTERN ABBEY is a famous ecclesiastical ruin on the right bank of the Wye in Monmouthshire. It was founded in 1131. Though the Abbey is mentioned in the title, it is not referred to at all in the poem itself.

The poem was composed in a single day. In the words of Myers, "The lines written above *Tintern Abbey* have become, as it were, the *locus classicus*, or consecrated formulary of the Wordsworthian faith. They say in brief what it is the work of the poet's biographer to say in detail."

1. *Five summers*, etc. — The poet had visited the same spot five years before, during the restless period that followed his graduation at Cambridge.

4. *Once again*, etc. — As we have already learned, Wordsworth's love of nature was intense. Having once seen this beautiful spot, he could not forget it. In the following lines of this paragraph, he dwells with loving tenderness on the various objects of beauty — the lofty cliffs, the secluded landscape, the cottages, orchards, hedgerows, —

> "And wreaths of smoke
> Sent up, in silence, from among the trees."

27. *I have owed to them*, etc. — Wordsworth cared but little for books; nature was his great teacher. Nature filled him with feelings of deep tranquillity and delight, and taught him something of the significance of this "unintelligible world."

65. *There is life and food*, etc. — The beautiful landscape would not fade from his memory. Both its forms and its teachings would continue to abide with him as a blessing.

67. *From what I was*, etc. — On his first visit, he had not yet learned the meaning of nature. Its forms and scenes filled him with a wild delight, as is beautifully described in the following lines, but they brought him no lesson of wisdom.

89. *For I have learned*, etc. — Here we find the soul of Wordsworth's poetry. Nature and humanity are in fundamental harmony. An invisible presence pervades all things, both animate and inanimate. His highest aim is to live in sympathy with that divine presence, and to make it —

"The nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

115. *For thou art*, etc. — His sister Dorothy. Her sympathy with nature was scarcely less than that of the poet himself. See sketch of Wordsworth.

126. *For she can so inform*, etc. — The poet realized in his own character what he here describes. Calmness of soul, loftiness of thought, and —

"Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings," —

these are traits that make Wordsworth's life so beautiful.

138. *And in after-years*, etc. — The poet expects that his sister will pass through the same experience as himself; that her wild ecstasies in the presence of nature will be sobered by reflection and intelligent sympathy with the soul of things.

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## NOTES TO INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

(*The numbers refer to lines.*)

In addition to what has been said in the sketch of Wordsworth, the following account given by him of the poem will form a valuable introduction. He says: "This was composed during my residence at Town-End, Grasmere. Two year at least passed between the writing of the first four stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself, but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have elsewhere said, —

"A simple child
That lightly draws its breath
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

But it was not so much from the source of animal vivacity that my difficulty came, as from a sense of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated in something of the same way to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and

I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times, while going to school, have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of mere processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines "Obstinate Questionings," etc. To that dream-like vividness and splendor which invests objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but having in the poem regarded this as a presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against the conclusion which has given pain to some good and pious persons that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that though the idea is not advanced in Revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favor. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the creed of many nations, and among all persons acquainted with classic literature is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the immortality of the soul, I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet."

6. *Of yore* = the childhood days of the poet. The usual sense is *of old time*.

9. *The things*, etc. — Compare with this Shelley's "A Lament: " —

> "O World! O life! O time!
> On whose last steps I climb,
> Trembling at that where I had stood before, —
> When will return the glory of your prime?
> No more — oh never more!
>
> Out of the day and night
> A joy has taken flight;
> Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
> Move my faint heart with grief, — but with delight
> No more — oh never more."

21. *Tabor* = a small drum.

25. *The cataracts*, etc. — The poet had in mind the numerous cascades of the beautiful Lake District.

28. *Fields of sleep.* — The time is morning, and the quiet of night has not yet been broken by the noises of the day.

37. *Ye blessed creatures* = the objects of nature, animate and inanimate, mentioned in the preceding stanza.

39. *Jubilee* = joyfulness, exultation. From the Hebrew *yobel*, a blast of a trumpet, a shout of joy, through the Lat. and Fr.

41. *Coronal* = wreath or garland as worn at Roman and Grecian banquets.

55. *Pansy* = a species of violet. From Fr. *pensée*, a thought; "thus, it is the flower of thought or remembrance."

57. *Visionary* = vision-like.

59. *Our birth*, etc. — In this stanza the poet explains the source of that glory which invests objects in childhood. He adopts for the time the Platonic doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul, and makes the glory of nature as seen in childhood a reflection of the splendor of our previous state of existence. As we grow older objects are apt to become commonplace. Compare the lines of Hood: —

"I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance;
But now it's little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

An interval of more than two years came between the writing of the fourth and the fifth stanza. The transition seems a little abrupt.

73. *Nature's priest* = one living in close fellowship with nature, discerning its beauty and understanding its secrets.

82. *Homely nurse* = this world; called *homely* in comparison with "that imperial palace," whence her foster-child has come.

Compare the following lines from Pope's "Essay on Man:" —

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er."

86. *Behold the child*, etc. — Wordsworth had in mind a particular child, Hartley Coleridge, but the language is applicable to childhood in general.

87. *Pigmy* = a very diminutive person. From Gr. *pugme*, the distance from the elbow to the knuckles, through the Lat. and Fr. Originally applied to a fabulous race of dwarfs.

89. *Fretted* = vexed, annoyed.

103. *Cons* = to study over, examine into. From A. S., *cunnian*, to test, examine.

104. *Humorous stage* = the stage on which the whims, follies, and caprices of mankind are exhibited.

105. *Persons* = *dramatis personæ*, characters.

111. *Best philosopher*, because of his spontaneous love, joy, trust. See sketch of Wordsworth.

128. *Custom* = the ordinary usage and requirements of practical life.

144. *Fallings from us, vanishings*, etc. — Refer to the shadowy remembrances of a previous life — remembrances that startle us at times with a consciousness of our immortality, and lead our thoughts to higher things than the material world about us. See Wordsworth's note above.

## DE QUINCEY'S APPARITION OF THE BROCKEN.

Ascend with me on this dazzling Whitsunday[1] the Brocken[2] of North Germany. The dawn opened in cloudless beauty; it is a dawn of bridal June; but, as the hours advanced, her youngest sister April, that sometimes cares little for racing across both frontiers of May, frets the bridal lady's sunny temper with sallies of wheeling and careering showers, flying and pursuing, opening and closing, hiding and restoring. On such a morning, and reaching the summits of the forest mountain about sunrise, we shall have one chance the more for seeing the famous Spectre of the Brocken.[3] Who and what is he? He is a solitary apparition, in the sense of loving solitude; else he is not always solitary in his personal manifestations, but on proper occasions, has been known to unmask a strength quite sufficient to alarm those who had been insulting him.

Now, in order to test the nature of this mysterious apparition, we will try two or three experiments upon him. What we fear, and with some reason, is, that as he lived so many ages with foul Pagan sorcerers, and witnessed so many centuries of dark idolatries, his heart may have been corrupted; and that even now his faith may be wavering or impure. We will try.

Make the sign of the cross, and observe whether he repeats it (as on Whitsunday[4] he surely ought to do). Look! he does repeat it; but the driving showers perplex the images, and *that*, perhaps, it is which gives him the air of one who acts reluctantly or evasively. Now again, the sun shines more brightly, and the showers have swept off like squadrons of cavalry to the rear. We will try him again.

Pluck an anemone, one of these many anemones which once was called the sorcerer's flower,[5] and bore a part, perhaps, in this horrid ritual of fear; carry it to that stone which mimics the outline of a heathen altar, and once was called the sorcerer's altar,[5]

then bending your knee, and raising your right hand to God, say,— "Father, which art in heaven, this lovely anemone, that once glorified the worship of fear, has travelled back into thy fold; this altar, which once reeked with bloody rites to Cortho, has long been rebaptized into thy holy service. The darkness is gone; the cruelty is gone which the darkness bred; the moans have passed away which the victims uttered; the cloud has vanished which once sate continually upon their graves, cloud of protestation that ascended forever to thy throne from the tears of the defenceless, and the anger of the just. And lo! I thy servant, with this dark phantom, whom for one hour on this thy festival of Pentecost I make *my* servant, render thee united worship in this thy recovered temple."

Look now! the apparition plucks an anemone, and places it on an altar; he also bends his knees, he also raises his right hand to God. Dumb he is; but sometimes the dumb serve God acceptably. Yet still it occurs to you, that perhaps on this high festival of the Christian Church he may be overruled by supernatural influence into confession of his homage, having so often been made to bow and bend his knee at murderous rites. In a service of religion he may be timid. Let us try him, therefore, with an earthly passion, where he will have no bias either from favor or from fear.

If, then, once in childhood you suffered an affliction that was ineffable,[6] — if once, when powerless to face such an enemy, you were summoned to fight with the tiger that couches within the separations of the grave,— in that case, after the example of Judæa (on the Roman coins),— sitting under her palm-tree to weep, but sitting with her head veiled,— do you also veil your head. Many years are passed away since then; and you were a little ignorant thing at that time, hardly above six years old; or perhaps (if you durst tell all the truth), not quite so much. But your heart was deeper than the Danube; and, as was your love, so was your grief. Many years are gone since that darkness settled on your head; many summers, many winters; yet still its shadows wheel round you at intervals, like these April showers upon this glory of bridal June. Therefore now, on this dovelike morning of Pentecost, do you veil your head like Judæa in memory of that transcendant woe, and in testimony that, indeed, it surpassed all utterance of words. Immediately you see that the apparition of the

Brocken veils *his* head, after the model of Judæa weeping under her palm-tree, as if he also had a human heart, and that *he* also, in childhood, having suffered an affliction which was ineffable, wished by these mute symbols to breathe a sigh towards heaven in memory of that affliction, and by way of record, though many a year after, that it was indeed unutterable by words.

This trial is decisive. You are now satisfied that the apparition is but a reflex of yourself; and, in uttering your secret feelings to *him,* you make this phantom the dark symbolic mirror for reflection to the daylight what else must be hidden forever.

Such a relation does the Dark Interpreter, whom immediately the reader will learn to know as an intruder into my dreams, bear to my own mind. He is originally a mere reflex of my inner nature. But as the apparition of the Brocken sometimes is disturbed by storms or by driving showers, so as to dissemble his real origin, in like manner the Interpreter sometimes swerves out of my orbit, and mixes a little with alien natures. I do not always know him in these cases as my own parhelion![7] What he says, generally, is but that which *I* have said in daylight, and in meditation deep enough to sculpture itself on my heart. But sometimes, as his face alters, his words alter; and they do not always seem such as I have used, or *could* use. No man can account for all things that occur in dreams. Generally, I believe this,— that he is a faithful representative of myself; but he also is at times subject to the action of the good *Phantasus,*[8] who rules in dreams.

Hailstone choruses[9] besides, and storms, enter my dreams. Hailstones and fire that run along the ground, sleet and blinding hurricanes, revelations of glory insufferable pursued by volleying darkness,— these are powers able to disturb any features that originally were but shadow, and so send drifting the anchors of any vessel that rides upon deeps so treacherous as those of dreams. Understand, however, the Interpreter to bear generally the office of a tragic chorus at Athens. The Greek chorus is perhaps not quite understood by critics, any more than the Dark Interpreter by myself. But the leading function of both must be supposed this — not to tell you anything absolutely new,— *that* was done by the actors in the drama; but to recall you to your own lurking thoughts,— hidden for the moment or imperfectly developed,— and to place before you, in immediate connection with groups vanishing too quickly for any effort of meditation on your own part, such commen-

taries, prophetic or looking back, pointing the moral or deciphering the mystery, justifying Providence, or mitigating the fierceness of anguish, as would or might have occurred to your own meditative heart, had only time been allowed for its motions.

The Interpreter is anchored and stationary in my dreams; but great storms and driving mists cause him to fluctuate uncertainly, or even to retire altogether, like his gloomy counterpart, the shy phantom of the Brocken,—and to assume new features or strange features, as in dreams always there is a power not contented with sitting inside my dreams, but at times outside, and in open daylight.

## SAVANNAH-LA-MAR.

God smote Savannah-la-mar,[10] and in one night, by earthquake, removed her, with all her towers standing and population sleeping, from the steadfast foundations of the shore to the coral floors of ocean. And God said,— "Pompeii[11] did I bury and conceal from men through seventeen centuries: this city I will bury, but not conceal. She shall be a monument to men of my mysterious anger, set in azure light through generations to come; for I will enshrine her in a crystal dome of my tropic seas." This city, therefore, like a mighty galleon[12] with all her apparel mounted, streamers flying, and tackling perfect, seems floating along the noiseless depths of ocean; and oftentimes in glassy calms, through the translucid atmosphere of water that now stretches like an air-woven awning above the silent encampment, mariners from every clime look down into her courts and terraces, count her gates, and number the spires of her churches. She is one ample cemetery and *has* been for many a year; but in the mighty calms that brood for weeks over tropic latitudes she fascinates the eye with a *Fata-Morgana*[13] revelation, as of human life still subsisting in submarine asylums sacred from the storms that torment our upper air.

Thither, lurid by the loveliness of cerulean depths, by the peace of human dwellings privileged from molestation, by the gleam of marble altars sleeping in everlasting sanctity, oftentimes in dreams did I and the Dark Interpreter cleave the watery veil that divided us from her streets. We looked into the belfries, where the pendulous bells were waiting in vain for the summons which should awaken their marriage peals; together we touched the mighty organ-keys, that sang no *jubilates*[14] for the ear of Heaven, that sang no requiems for the ear of human sorrow; together we searched the silent nurseries, where the children were all asleep, and *had* been asleep through five generations. "They are waiting for the heavenly dawn," whispered the Interpreter to himself: "and, when *that* comes, the bells and the organs will utter a *jubilate* repeated by the echoes of Paradise." Then, turning to me,

he said,—"This is sad, this is piteous; but less would not have sufficed for the purpose of God. Look here. Put into a Roman clepsydra [15] one hundred drops of water; let these run out as the sands in an hour-glass; every drop measuring the hundredth part of a second, so that each shall represent but the three hundred-and-sixty-thousandth part of an hour. Now, count the drops as they race along; and when the fiftieth of a hundred is passing, behold! forty-nine are not, because already they have perished; and fifty are not, because they are yet to come. You see therefore, how narrow, how incalculably narrow, is the true and actual present. Of that time which we call the present, hardly a hundredth part but belongs either to a past which has fled or to a future which is still on the wing. It has perished, or it is not born. It was, or it is not. Yet even this approximation to the truth is *infinitely* false. For again subdivide that solitary drop, which only was found to represent the present, into a lower series of similar fractions, and the actual present which you arrest measures now but the thirty-sixth-millionth of an hour; and so by infinite declensions the true and very present, in which only we live and enjoy, will vanish into a mote of a mote, distinguishable only by a heavenly vision. Therefore the present, which only man possesses, offers less capacity for his footing than the slenderest film that ever spider twisted from her womb. Therefore, also, even this incalculable shadow from the narrowest pencil of moonlight is more transitory than geometry can measure, or thought of angel can overtake. The time which *is* contracts into a mathematic point; and even that point perishes a thousand times before we can utter its birth. All is finite in the present; and even that finite is infinite in its velocity of flight towards death. But in God there is nothing finite; but in God there is nothing transitory; but in God there *can* be nothing that tends to death. Therefore, it follows, that for God there can be no present. The future is the present of God, and to the future it is that he sacrifices the human present. Therefore it is that he works by earthquake. Therefore it is that he works by grief. O, deep is the ploughing of earthquake! O, deep"—[and his voice swelled like a *sanctus* rising from the choir of a cathedral]—"O, deep is the ploughing of grief! But oftentimes less would not suffice for the agriculture of God. Upon a night of earthquake he builds a thousand years of pleasant habitations for man. Upon the sorrow of an infant he raises oftentimes from human intellects

glorious vintages that could not else have been. Less than these fierce ploughshares would not have stirred the stubborn soil. The one is needed for earth, our planet,— for earth itself as the dwelling-place of man; but the other is needed yet oftener for God's mightiest instrument,— yes" [and he looked solemnly at myself], "is needed for the mysterious children of the earth!"

## NOTES TO DE QUINCEY.

This selection is taken from the "Suspiria de Profundis," which forms a sequel to the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." It is a good example of De Quincey's varied, rich, and musical style. To be fully appreciated, it should be read aloud. For a general introduction, see the sketch of Part I.

1. What is the etymology and significance of *Whitsunday?* See Standard Dictionary.

2. The *Brocken* is the highest summit of the Harz mountains. Its height is about 3,745 feet, crowned at present by an observatory and hotel. It is usually covered with snow from November till June.

3. "This very striking phenomenon," De Quincey says in a note, "has been continually described by writers, both German and English, for the last fifty years. . . . The spectre takes the shape of a human figure, or, if the visitors are more than one, then the spectres multiply; they arrange themselves on the blue ground of the sky, or the dark ground of any clouds that may be in the right quarter, or perhaps they are strongly relieved against a curtain of rock, at a distance of some miles, and always exhibiting gigantic proportions. At first, from the distance and the colossal size, every spectator supposes the appearance to be quite independent of himself. But very soon he is surprised to observe his own actions and gestures mimicked; and wakens to the conviction that the phantom is but a dilated reflection of himself. This Titan amongst the apparitions of earth is exceedingly capricious, vanishing abruptly for reasons best known to himself, and more coy in coming forward than the Lady Echo of Ovid."

4. "It is singular," De Quincey again says in a note, "and perhaps owing to the temperature and weather likely to prevail in that early part of summer, that more appearances of the spectre have been witnessed on Whitsunday than on any other day."

5. "*The sorcerer's flower*" and "*the sorcerer's altar*" "are names," as De Quincey tells us, "still clinging to the anemone of

the Brocken, and to an altar-shaped fragment of granite near one of the summits; and it is not doubted that they both connect themselves, through links of ancient tradition, with the gloomy realities of Paganism, when the whole Harz and the Brocken formed for a very long time the last asylum to a ferocious but perishing idolatry."

6. A reference to his bereavement in childhood. See the preceding sketch, and also the first chapter of "Suspiria de Profundis."

7. *Parhelion* = a mock sun, or reflected image of the sun in the sky. Usually two *parhelia* appear at the same time in the form of attendants upon one sun — a very striking celestial phenomenon, occasioned, it is said, by the presence of ice-crystals in the air.

8. *Phantasus* = a deification of the power of fancy — a divinity of De Quincey's own fabrication.

9. "*Hailstone choruses*," as De Quincey informs us, is a phrase borrowed from Handel's oratorio of "Israel in Egypt," which contains a chorus popularly known by that name. The words are: "And he gave them hailstones for rain; fire, mingled with hail, ran along upon the ground."

10. An imaginary city and catastrophe.

11. *Pompeii* was an ancient city of Italy, lying at the southeast base of Vesuvius. In the year 79 A. D. it was covered with a shower of ashes and pumice from an eruption of the volcano. During the past century it was uncovered — a work that has greatly increased our knowledge of ancient Roman life.

12. *Galleon* = a large Spanish ship of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

13. *Fata Morgana* = an aërial phenomenon, observed in the Strait of Messina and at other points in Italy and Sicily, in which objects are reflected on the surface of the sea or on a kind of aërial screen. An object is often represented by two images, one of which is inverted. So called because the phenomenon was supposed to be the work of the fairy Morgana.

14. *Jubilate* = a hymn of rejoicing or gladness. Thus named from the 100th Psalm, which in the Latin version begins with that word. Latin *jubilare*, to rejoice.

15. *Clepsydra* = a water-clock — an instrument anciently used for measuring time by the flow of water. See Standard Dictionary for an illustration.

# SELECTIONS FROM THE VICTORIAN AGE.

(1832–1906.)

## I.

## MACAULAY'S TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

When Parliament met in the following winter, the Commons proceeded to elect a committee for managing the impeachment. Burke stood at the head; and with him were associated most of the leading members of the Opposition. But when the name of Francis [1] was read a fierce contention arose. It was said that Francis and Hastings were notoriously on bad terms, that they had been at feud during many years, that on one accasion their mutual aversion had impelled them to seek each other's lives, and that it would be improper and indelicate to select a private enemy to be a public accuser. It was urged on the other side with great force, particularly by Mr. Windham,[2] that impartiality, though the first duty of a judge, had never been reckoned among the qualities of an advocate; that in the ordinary administration of criminal justice among the English, the aggrieved party, the very last person who ought to be admitted into the jury-box, is the prosecutor; that what was wanted in a manager was, not that he should be free from bias, but that he should be able, well-informed, energetic, and active. The ability and information of Francis was admitted; and the very animosity with which he was reproached, whether a virtue or a vice, was at least a pledge for his energy and activity. It seems difficult to refute these arguments. But the inveterate hatred borne by Francis to Hastings had excited general disgust. The House decided that Francis should not be a manager. Pitt voted with the majority, Dundas [3] with the minority.

In the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more

attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.[4]

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers,[5] the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms.[6] The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present lead the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed in admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons,[1] in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.[8] There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no

title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*,[9] such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress.[10] The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides.[11] There was Burke, ignorant indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by

every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocate, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps

not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," he said, "hath it with all confidence been ordered, by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to their own House to consider the question. The Chancellor took the side of Hastings. Lord Loughborough, who was now in opposition, supported the demand of the managers. The division showed which way the inclination of the tribunal leaned. A majority of near three to one decided in favor of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was intrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage effect which his father might

have envied, to sink back as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration.

June was now far advanced. The session could not last much longer; and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory. There were twenty charges. On two only of these had even the case for the prosecution been heard; and it was now a year since Hastings had been admitted to bail.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great when the Court began to sit, and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums.[12] From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over. What was behind was not of a nature to entice men of letters from their books in the morning, or to tempt ladies who had left the masquerade at two to be out of bed before eight. There remained examinations and cross-examinations. There remained statements of accounts. There remained the reading of papers, filled with words unintelligible to English ears, with lacs and crores, zemindars and aumils, sunnuds and perwannahs, jaghires and nuzzurs.[13] There remained bickerings, not always carried on with the best taste or with the best temper, between the managers of the inpeachment and the counsel for the defence, particularly between Mr. Burke and Mr. Law.

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, near eight years after Hastings had been brought by the Serjeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords. On the last day of this great procedure the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived. Anxiety about the judgment there could be none; for it had been fully ascertained that there was a great majority for the defendant. Nevertheless many wished to see the pageant, and the hall was as much crowded as on the first day. But those who, having been present on the first day, now bore a part in the proceedings of the last, were few; and most of those few were altered men.

As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had taken place before one generation, and the judgment was pronounced by another. The spectator could not look at the woolsack,[14] or at the red benches of the Peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things, of the instability of power and fame and life,

of the more lamentable instability of friendship. The great seal was borne before Lord Loughborough, who, when the trial commenced, was a fierce opponent of Mr. Pitt's government, and who was now a member of that government, while Thurlow, who presided in the Court when it first sat, estranged from all his old allies, sat scowling among the junior barons. Of about a hundred and sixty nobles who walked in the procession on the first day, sixty had been laid in their family vaults. Still more affecting must have been the sight of the managers' box. What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calamities more bitter than the bitterness of death. The great chiefs were still living, and still in the full vigor of their genius. But their friendship was at an end. It had been violently and publicly dissolved, with tears and stormy reproaches. If those men, once so dear to each other, were now compelled to meet for the purpose of managing the impeachment, they met as strangers whom public business had brought together, and behaved to each other with cold and distant civility. Burke had in his vortex whirled away Windham. Fox had been followed by Sheridan and Grey.

Only twenty-nine Peers voted. Of these only six found Hastings guilty on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On the other charges, the majority in his favor was still greater. On some he was unanimously absolved. He was then called to the bar, was informed from the woolsack that the Lords had acquitted him, and was solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully and retired.

We have said that the decision had been fully expected. It was also generally approved. At the commencement of the trial there had been a strong and indeed unreasonable feeling against Hastings. At the close of the trial there was a feeling equally strong and equally unreasonable in his favor. One cause of the change was, no doubt, what is commonly called the fickleness of the multitude, but what seems to us to be merely the general law of human nature. Both in individuals and in masses violent excitement is always followed by remission, and often by reaction. We are all inclined to depreciate whatever we have overpraised, and, on the other hand, to show undue indulgence where we have shown undue rigor. It was thus in the case of Hastings. The length of his trial, more-

over, made him an object of compassion. It was thought, and not without reason, that, even if he was guilty, he was still an ill-used man, and that an impeachment of eight years was more than a sufficient punishment. It was also felt that, though, in the ordinary course of criminal law, a defendant is not allowed to set off his good actions against his crimes, a great political cause should be tried on different principles, and that a man who had governed an empire during thirteen years might have done some very reprehensible things, and yet might be on the whole deserving of rewards and honors rather than of fine and imprisonment. The press, an instrument neglected by the prosecutors, was used by Hastings and his friends with great effect. Every ship, too, that arrived from Madras or Bengal, brought a cuddy[15] full of his admirers. Every gentleman from India spoke of the late Governor-General as having deserved better, and having been treated worse, than any man living. The effect of this testimony unanimously given by all persons who knew the East was naturally very great. Retired members of the Indian service, civil and military, were settled in all corners of the kingdom. Each of them was, of course, in his own little circle, regarded as an oracle on an Indian question, and they were, with scarcely one exception, the zealous advocates of Hastings. It is to be added, that the numerous addresses to the late Governor-General, which his friends in Bengal obtained from the natives and transmitted to England, made a considerable impression. To these addresses we attach little or no importance. That Hastings was beloved by the people whom he governed is true; but the eulogies of pundits,[16] zemindars,[17] Mahommedan doctors, do not prove it to be true. For an English collector or judge would have found it easy to induce any native who could write to sign a panegyric on the most odious ruler that ever was in India. It was said that at Benares, the very place at which the acts set forth in the first article of impeachment had been committed, the natives had erected a temple to Hastings, and this story excited a strong sensation in England. Burke's observations on the apotheosis were admirable. He saw no reason for astonishment, he said, in the incident which had been represented as so striking. He knew something of the mythology of the Brahmins. He knew that as they worshipped some gods from love, so they worshipped others from fear. He knew that they erected shrines, not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who

preside over small-pox and murder; nor did he at all dispute the claim of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon. This reply has always struck us as one of the finest that was ever made in Parliament. It is a grave and forcible argument, decorated by the most brilliant wit and fancy.

Hastings was, however, safe. But in everything except character, he would have been far better off if, when first impeached, he had at once pleaded guilty, and paid a fine of fifty thousand pounds. He was a ruined man. The legal expenses of his defence had been enormous. The expenses which did not appear in his attorney's bill were perhaps larger still. Great sums had been paid to Major Scott. Great sums had been laid out in bribing newspapers, rewarding pamphleteers, and circulating tracts. Burke, so early as 1790, declared in the House of Commons that twenty thousand pounds had been employed in corrupting the press. It is certain that no controversial weapon, from the gravest reasoning to the coarsest ribaldry, was left unemployed. Logan defended the accused Governor with great ability in prose. For the lovers of verse, the speeches of the managers were burlesqued in Simpkin's letters. It is, we are afraid, indisputable that Hastings stooped so low as to court the aid of that malignant and filthy baboon John Williams, who called himself Anthony Pasquin. It was necessary to subsidize such allies largely. The private hoards of Mrs. Hastings had disappeared. It is said that the banker to whom they had been entrusted had failed. Still if Hastings had practised strict economy, he would, after all his losses, have had a moderate competence; but in the management of his private affairs he was imprudent. The dearest wish of his heart had always been to regain Daylesford.[18] At length, in the very year in which his trial commenced, the wish was accomplished; and the domain, alienated more than seventy years before, returned to the descendant of its old lords. But the manor house was a ruin; and the grounds round it had, during many years, been utterly neglected. Hastings proceeded to build, to plant, to form a sheet of water, to excavate a grotto; and before he was dismissed from the bar of the House of Lords, he had expended more than forty thousand pounds in adorning his seat.

## NOTES TO MACAULAY.

The preceding selection is taken from Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings, which first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review,* October, 1841. The essay, as a whole, is an elaborate study of the life of Hastings, particularly of his administration as governor-general of India. The selection is a typical specimen of Macaulay's style. The description of the hall of William Rufus, in which the impeachment trial was held, is a brilliant and characteristic piece of writing.

An acquaintance with the following facts will prepare the way for a better appreciation of the selection. Hastings had been governor-general of India for twelve years. During this lengthy term of office, he had been guilty of various acts of extortion and cruelty. He exacted vast sums of money from Cheyte Sing, the rajah of Benares, and deprived the princesses or begums of Oude of their domains and treasures. But his administration had its beneficent features. He acted with vigor and success against the enemies of England, and organized an excellent system of civil administration. Justice was dispensed, and peace maintained.

When he left India in the spring of 1785, English supremacy was firmly established. Accordingly, on his arrival in England, he was cordially welcomed by George III. and the Court, and the East India Company recognized his services with a unanimous vote of thanks.

But the Whig opposition in Parliament, magnifying his injustice and tyranny, carried a motion in the House of Commons for his impeachment before the bar of the Lords. The trial began Feb. 13, 1788, and ended with the defendant's acquittal April 23, 1795. The remaining twenty-four years of Hastings' life were spent at Daylesford, his ancestral estates in Worcestershire, in the pursuit of literature and occupations of a country gentleman. He died Aug. 22, 1818, at the advanced age of eighty-six years.

1. This was Sir Philip Francis (1740–1818), who had been a rival of Hastings for supremacy in India. He is supposed to have been the author of the famous "Letters of Junius."

2. William Windham (1750–1810) was a prominent orator and statesman, who served as secretary of war in Pitt's cabinet, 1794–1801.

3. Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville (1742–1811) was a Scottish statesman, who filled various high offices under the English government.

4. See the introductory note above.

5. John Somers (1652–1716), a prominent Whig statesman, was impeached by the Commons for helping to negotiate an unpopular treaty. The charges were dismissed by the House of Lords.

6. *Garter King-at-Arms* = the chief of the English office of heralds.

7. Sarah Kemble Siddons (1755–1831) was the leading tragic actress of England in her day.

8. This was Marius, the proconsul of Africa. He was prosecuted, 99 A. D., by Tacitus, the celebrated Roman historian.

9. *Mens æqua in arduis* = a mind calm under difficulties.

10. For a brief notice of these several orators, see the introduction to the "Age of Johnson" on a preceding page.

11. Hyperides was an Athenian orator, who prosecuted Demosthenes in the fourth century B. C.

12. *Begums* = Mohammedan princesses.

13. Any one interested in this Anglo-Indian diction will find these words defined in the Standard Dictionary.

14. *Woolsack* = the cushion stuffed with wool, which served as seat for the Lord Chancellor when presiding in the House of Peers.

15. *Cuddy* = a small cabin — a nautical word.

16. *Pundit* = a learned Brahman. From Sanscrit *pandita*, learned.

17. *Zemindar* = a native landlord of India required to pay a certain landtax to the English government.

18. See the introductory note above.

## THE LOST LEADER.[1]

### I.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
  Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
  Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley, were with us,— they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,—
  He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

### II.

We shall march prospering,— not thro' his presence;
  Songs may inspirit us,— not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,— while he boasts his quiescence,
  Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
  There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,

Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him — strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

## HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.[2]

### I.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

### II.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

### III.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffield, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

### IV.

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

V.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,— ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"— for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

VIII.

"How they'll greet us!"— and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

## EVELYN HOPE.[3]

I.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
  Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
  She plucked that piece of geranium-flower
Beginning to die, too, in the glass;
  Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
  Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

II.

Sixteen years old when she died!
  Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
  Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
  And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
  And the sweet white brow is all of her.

III.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew —
And, just because I was thrice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

IV.

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

V.

But the time will come,— at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red —
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

VI.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me:

And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

VII.

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while.
My heart seemed full as it could be?
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,— I will give you this leaf to keep:
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

## HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.[4]

I.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

II.

And after April, when May follows,
And the white throat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew drops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower —
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

## MY LAST DUCHESS.[5]

FERRARA.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or, "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart — how shall I say? — too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, — good, but thanked
Somehow — I know not how — as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill

In speech — which I have not — to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"— and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,—
E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir.[6] Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

## HERVÉ RIEL.[7]

### I.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,— woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance,[8]
With the English fleet in view.

### II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place

"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,—
Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter — where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV.

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V.

Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these —

A captain? A lieutenant? A mate — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.[9]

VI.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you malouins?[10] Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rock and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the Fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,—
Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,— here's my head!' cries Hervé Riel.

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace;
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past.
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come,—too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got,— nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

## NOTES TO BROWNING.

### THE LOST LEADER.

1. "The Lost Leader" referred to was Wordsworth, who in his later years gave up the liberal sentiments of his early manhood. The poem sets forth the resentful feelings of the Liberals who regarded themselves as deserted in their contest for humanity and freedom. In reply to an inquiry Browning wrote: "There is no sort of objection to one more assurance or rather confession, on my part, that I *did* in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerable personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model; one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account; had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet, whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore."

### HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

2. This splendid lyric is a piece of pure fiction. In a letter to an American inquirer Browning wrote: "There is no sort of historical foundation for the poem about 'Good News from Ghent.' I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel, off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse 'York' then in my stable at home." This poem, as well as "The Lost Leader," was first published in 1845.

The distance supposed to have been covered by "Roland" was something more than one hundred and twenty-five miles. The imaginary route may be traced on a good map of the Netherlands.

EVELYN HOPE.

3. The meaning of this delightful poem becomes fairly clear when we remember two of the fundamental principles of Browning's poetry. The first is that the deep, divine passion of love is a guarantee of immortality. The second is, as pointed out in the preceding sketch, that "all we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist." The pure deep love felt for Evelyn Hope is a pledge of continued existence —

"Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;"

and the dream of happiness with her, which failed of realization here will, therefore, find its fruition in the future world.

"For God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love."

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

4. This little poem was first published in 1845. It is interesting chiefly as illustrating Browning's love for nature, and his power in describing its familiar objects. As will be seen, it is quite clear throughout.

MY LAST DUCHESS.

5. A fine specimen of Browning's dramatic monologue. An explanation of this poem will be found in the preceding sketch. The artists mentioned are imaginary characters.

6. Having reached the top of the staircase, the count's agent, who is the social inferior of the duke, hesitates a moment. With polished courtesy the duke says, "Nay, we'll go together down."

In the dramatic monologue it is not outward incident or the development of a plot that constitutes the main interest. These are entirely secondary, and are generally left to be inferred. The principal interest is found in a psychologic situation or in the delineation of character. It is the inner life — the secret working of the soul — that is brought to light. In this poem the interest lies in the self-revelation of the proud, cultured, unsympathetic duke, in the portrayal of the radiant amiability of the duchess, and in

the tragic results of his unfeeling repression of her spontaneous and unselfish joy.

HERVÉ RIEL.

7. This poem was first published in the *Cornhill Magazine,* March, 1871. The poet was paid $500 for it, which sum he contributed to the Paris Relief Fund. This fund was used to send food to Paris after that city had been besieged by the Germans.

The incidents actually occurred as related in the poem, except that the holiday granted to the hero to see his wife, "the Belle Aurore," continued, not for one day, but for the rest of his life.

The battle of La Hogue was fought on May 19, 1692, near the Isle of Wight. Le Croisic is a small fishing village near the mouth of the Loire. St. Malo and La Hogue are on the coast of Normandy.

8. The Rance is a small river which empties into the English Channel at St. Malo.

9. *Croisickese* = a native of the village of Le Croisic.

10. *Malouins* = natives of St. Malo.

## III.

## HAPPY.

All work, even cotton-spinning, is noble;[1] work is alone noble: be it here said and asserted once more. And in like manner, too, all dignity is painful; a life of ease is not for any man, nor for any god. The life of all gods figures itself to us as a Sublime Sadness,[2] — earnestness of Infinite Battle against Infinite Labor. Our highest religion is named the "Worship of Sorrow." For the Son of man there is no noble crown, well worn or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns! These things, in spoken words, or still better, in felt instincts alive in every heart, were once well known.

Does not the whole wretchedness, the whole *Atheism* as I call it, of man's ways, in these generations, shadow itself for us in that unspeakable life-philosophy of his: The pretension to be what he calls "happy"? Every pitifulest whipster that walks within a skin has his head filled with the notion that he is, shall be, or by all human and divine laws ought to be "happy." His wishes, the pitifulest whipster's, are to be fulfilled for him; his days, the pitifulest whipster's, are to flow on in ever-gentle currents of enjoyment, impossible even for the gods. The prophets preach to us, Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt love pleasant things, and find them. The people clamor, Why have we not found pleasant things?

We construct our theory of Human Duties, not on any Greatest-Nobleness Principle, never so mistaken; no, but on a Greatest-Happiness Principle.[3] "The word Soul with us, as in some Slavonic dialects, seems to be synonymous with Stomach."[4] We plead and speak, in our Parliaments and elsewhere, not as from the Soul, but from the Stomach; wherefore indeed our pleadings are so slow to profit. We plead not for God's Justice; we are not ashamed to stand clamoring and pleading for our own "interests," our own rents and trade-profits; we say, They are the "interests" of so many; there is such an intense desire in us for them! We demand Free-Trade, with much just vociferation and benevo-

lence, that the poorer classes, who are terribly ill off at present, may have cheaper New Orleans bacon. Men ask on Free-Trade Platforms, How can the indomitable spirit of Englishmen be kept up without plenty of bacon? We shall become a ruined Nation! — Surely, my friends, plenty of bacon is good and indispensable: but, I doubt, you will never get even bacon by aiming only at that. You are men, not animals of prey, well-used or ill-used! Your Greatest-Happiness Principle seems to me fast becoming a rather unhappy one. What if we should cease babbling about "happiness," and leave *it* resting on its own basis, as it used to do!

A gifted Byron[5] rises in his wrath; and feeling too surely that he for his part is not "happy," declares the same in very violent language, as a piece of news that may be interesting. It evidently has surprised him much. One dislikes to see a man and poet reduced to proclaim on the streets such tidings: but on the whole, as matters go, that is not the most dislikable. Byron speaks the *truth* in this matter. Byron's large audience indicates how true it is felt to be.

"Happy," my brother? First of all, what difference is it whether thou art happy or not! To-day becomes Yesterday so fast, all To-morrows become Yesterdays; and then there is no question whatever of the "happiness," but quite another question. Nay, thou hast such a sacred pity left at least for thyself, thy very pains, once gone over into Yesterday, become joys to thee. Besides, thou knowest not what heavenly blessedness and indispensable sanative virtue was in them; thou shalt only know it after many days, when thou art wiser! A benevolent old Surgeon sat once in our company with a Patient fallen sick by gourmandizing, whom he had just, too briefly in the Patient's judgment, been examining. The foolish patient still at intervals continued to break in on our discourse, which rather promised to take a philosophic turn: "But I have lost my appetite," said he, objurgatively, with a tone of irritated pathos; "I have no appetite; I can't eat!" "My dear fellow," answered the Doctor in mildest tone, "it isn't of the slightest consequence"; and continued his philosophical discoursings with us!

Or does the reader not know the history of that Scottish iron Misanthrope?[6] The inmates of some town-mansion, in those Northern parts, were thrown into the fearfulest alarm by indubitable symptoms of a ghost inhabiting the next house, or perhaps even

the partition-wall! Ever at a certain hour, with preternatural gnarring, growling and screeching, which attended as running bass, there began, in a horrid, semi-articulate, unearthly voice, this song: "Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *mees*erable! Clack-clack-clack, gnar-r-r, whuz-z: Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *mees*erable!" Rest, rest, perturbed spirit; or indeed, as the good old Doctor said: My dear fellow, it isn't of the slightest consequence! But no; the perturbed spirit could not rest; and to the neighbors, fretted, affrighted, or at least insufferably bored by him, it *was* of such consequence that they had to go and examine in his haunted chamber. In his haunted chamber, they find that the perturbed spirit is an unfortunate — Imitator of Byron? No, is an unfortunate rusty meat-jack, gnarring and creaking with rust and work; and this, in Scottish dialect, is *its* Byronian musical life-philosophy, sung according to ability!

Truly, I think the man who goes about pothering and uproaring for his "happiness,"— pothering, and were it ballot-boxing, poem-making, or in what way soever fussing and exerting himself,— he is not the man that will help us to "get our knaves and dastards arrested"! No, he rather is on the way to increase the number,— by at least one unit and his tail! Observe, too, that this is all a modern affair:[7] belongs not to the old heroic times, but to these dastard new times. "Happiness our being's end and aim," all that very paltry speculation is at bottom, if we will count well, not yet too centuries old in the world.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was happiness enough to get his work done. Not "I can't eat!" but "I can't work!" that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man. That he can not work; that he can not get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over; and the night cometh, wherein no man can work.[8] The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness,— it is all abolished; vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been:[9] "not of the slightest consequence" whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart; as the unmusical meat-jack with hard labor and rust! But our work,— behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished: our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it

remains; — for endless Times and Eternities, remains; and that is now the sole question with us forevermore! Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper-crowns, tinsel-gilt, is gone; and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities,[10] is come! What hast thou done, and how? Happiness, unhappiness: all that was but the *wages* thou hadst; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten: and now thy work, where is thy work? Swift, out with it; let us see thy work!

Of a truth, if man were not a poor hungry dastard, and even much of a blockhead withal, he would cease criticising his victuals to such extent; and criticise himself rather, what he does with his victuals!

## NOTES TO CARLYLE.

"Happy" is a chapter in "Past and Present." For a general introduction to this work and a criticism of Carlyle's style, see the preceding sketch. This selection is interesting in itself, and it also illustrates well the author's style, opinions, and humor.

1. This is a favorite sentiment of Carlyle's — a part of his gospel. In "Sartor Resartus" he asks, "What is the use of health, or of life, if not to do some work therewith?" Elsewhere in "Past and Present" he says: "All true work is Religion: and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor."

2. This use of capitals to emphasize important words is one of Carlyle's tricks of style. Other instances will be noticed in this selection.

3. Carlyle was an uncompromising opponent of the ethical philosophy that makes happiness the supreme end of life. He held that man should have higher aims than happiness. "There is in man," he says in "Sartor Resartus," "a *Higher* than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness. Was it not to preach forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? . . . Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

4. Carlyle was fond of quoting himself. This sentence is taken substantially from his "Schiller."

5. While recognizing the intellectual power of Byron, Carlyle had little sympathy with the moral shortcomings of the noble bard. In his essay on Burns, he says, "Satan is Byron's grave exemplar, the hero of his poetry, and the model apparently of his conduct."

6. What follows may be taken as a fine example of Carlyle's grim humor.

7. The principal representatives of the ethical theory that "happiness is our being's end and aim" were Jeremy Bentham and John Stuart Mill; the former was born in 1748, the latter was contemporary with Carlyle.

8. This is a quotation from John 9:4.

9. Note the repetition of the same idea in different words for the sake of emphasis. In any other writer this would probably be called tautology. Carlyle frequently uses this form of repetition.

10. "Silences," "veracities," "eternities"— usually spelled with a capital letter,— were favorite forms of expression with Carlyle.

11. These last sentences exemplify a notable characteristic of Carlyle's style — the impression of direct personal address. When writing he seems to have imagined his audience before him, and he declaims, gesticulates, and at times fairly shouts his message. This fact imparts a peculiar stirring quality to his writing.

## SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

Break, break, break
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

### THE BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
  And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
  And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
  And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
  The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

## DORA.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,

And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, 'I'll make them man and wife.'
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, 'My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years.' But William answer'd short;
'I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
'You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again.'
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: 'My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,

Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law.'
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
'It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!'
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him:
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.
Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
'I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.'
And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat

To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: 'Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?'
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, 'This is William's child!'
'And did I not,' said Allan, 'did I not
Forbid you, Dora?' Dora said again:
'Do with me as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!'
And Allan said, 'I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well — for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more.'
So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora' feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, 'My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more.'
Then answer'd Mary, 'This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back:

But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us.'
So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch: they peep'd, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him: and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in: but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:
'O Father! — if you let me call you so —
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me —
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
"God bless him!" he said, "and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro'!" Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd — unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before.
So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs: —
'I have been to blame — to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him — but I loved him — my dear son.
May God forgive me! — I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children.'

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

## ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,

A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

## MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more — but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told

In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word.
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth:
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd

Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,
'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost.'
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
'My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,

Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne — were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved

Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst — if indeed I go —
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

## NOTES TO TENNYSON.

The foregoing selections represent Tennyson's exquisite skill in lyric verse, romantic story, and classical and mediæval themes. Apart from the mastery of the thought and emotion, which is of course the principal object, they will repay the most minute analytic and verbal study. The poems all lie within the range of ordinary life. There is in the handling of each subject a classic self-restraint, which has excluded every superfluous word and extraneous idea. Tennyson was a consummate artist. Though his language is clear, with a noteworthy predominance of the Saxon element, there is a studied and infallible aloofness from the commonplace. His observation of nature is exceedingly minute and artistic; he wove into his verse the accurate observations he had made on the spot and preserved in his note-books. He had the insight of genius which enabled him to select the most felicitous word, and in many cases to give to an idea its supreme and final expression. In this power he is equaled by Shakespeare alone. He was master of poetic technique; and to give charm to his verse, he employed all the resources of alliteration, rhyme, assonance, euphony, and adaptation of sound to sense. Every poem exhibits patient and toilsome care.

### BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

This little poem, which bears the weight of a great sorrow, is a lament for Arthur Hallam, in memory of whom the great elegy of "In Memoriam" was written a few years later. The scene of the poem is Clevedon in Somersetshire, where young Hallam lies buried. The Clevedon church, which contains the tomb of Hallam, stands on a hill overlooking the wide expanse of water where the Severn flows into Bristol Channel, and which seems to be accurately described in the poem. A further description of the locality may be read in "In Memoriam," XIX.

The little poem in question is an interesting study in versifica-

tion. It exemplifies the *time element* of verse — a matter by no means generally understood. "The time element of a poetic foot is important, as it explains the seeming irregularities often met with in verse. An extra syllable may be added to a foot or subtracted from it when the *time* of the foot or verse is not changed. By rapid utterance two syllables are often equal to one, and in this way an anapest is frequently used with the *time* value of an iambus. In like manner a pause may sometimes take the place of an unaccented syllable. Both cases are fully illustrated in Tennyson's well-known lyric —

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!"[1]

THE BUGLE SONG.

For this beautiful song the world is indebted to Ireland. Tennyson spent some weeks there in 1848, and visited its principal points of natural beauty and historic interest. "The echoes of the bugle at Killarney, on that loveliest of lakes," as we learn from Tennyson's "Memoir," "inspired the song introduced into the second edition of 'The Princess,' beginning —

"'The splendor falls on castle walls.'

"Through that song Killarney will be recalled to the memory of many who have seen yet half forgotten it. When they read those stanzas, and yet more when they hear them fittingly sung, they will see again, as in a dream, the reach of its violet colored waters where they reflect the 'Purple Mountain,' the 'Elfland' of its Black Valley, Croom-a-doof, the silver river that winds and flashes through wood and rock, connecting the mystic 'Upper Lake,' and the beetling rock of the Eagle's Nest, with the two larger and sunnier but not lovelier lakes."

In no other single poem has Tennyson more fully exhausted all the resources of poetic art. Its rhymes, alliterations, assonances, vowel music, and its wedding of sound to sense should be carefully considered. The sudden turn of thought in the last stanza, by which the outward splendor is associated with a mighty spiritual truth, should be fully grasped. Unlike the echoes of the bugle, which gradually die away in the distance,—

[1] Painter, "Guide to Literary Criticism," p. 111.

"*Our* echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever."

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

This poem, a lyric in blank verse, is again a work of deep feeling and consummate art. "The passion of the past," Tennyson explained, "the abiding in the transient, was expressed in 'Tears, Idle Tears,' which was written in the yellowing autumn-tide at Tintern Abbey, full for me of its bygone memories. Few know that it is a blank verse lyric."

DORA.

As pointed out in the sketch of Tennyson, this simple English idyl appeared in the volume of 1842. Its general plan was borrowed from Miss Mitford's novel "Dora Creswell." The language is in perfect keeping with the characters. "'Dora,' being the tale of a nobly simple country girl," Tennyson said, "had to be told in the simplest possible poetical language, and therefore was one of the poems that gave most trouble." Wordsworth paid this poem a fine tribute. "Mr. Tennyson," he wrote to the poet, "I have been endeavoring all my life to write a pastoral like your 'Dora,' and have not succeeded." The conclusion may be compared with that of George Eliot's "Silas Marner," in which again the love for a little child overmasters an obstinate selfishness.

ULYSSES.

(*The numbers refer to lines.*)

This poem was published in 1842. It is notable for the classic severity of its style and the virile vigor of its tone. In this latter respect it is the opposite of "The Lotos-Eaters." "'Ulysses,'" Tennyson said, as reported by his son, "was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and gave my feeling about the need of going forward, and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in 'In Memoriam.'" The hero has been taken as an embodiment of the restless modern spirit of investigation, progress, and conquest.

The idea of the poem is borrowed from Dante's "Inferno," Canto XXVI., where we read: "Neither fondness for my son, nor piety for my old father, nor the due love that should have made Penelope glad, could overcome within me the ardor that I had to gain experience of the world, and of the vices of men, and of their valor. But I put forth on the deep, open sea, with one vessel only, and with that little company by which I had not been deserted." (Norton's translation.)

1. The "idle king" is Ulysses, who ruled over the rocky island of Ithaca off the western coast of Greece. He was one of the heroes of the Trojan war, in which he distinguished himself for his sagacity and eloquence. On his homeward voyage, he encountered many dangers, which form the subject of Homer's "Odyssey."

3. *Mete and dole* = measure and dispense. Cf. Matt. vii:2: "With what measure ye *mete,* it shall be measured unto you." The language expresses contempt for the petty duties of his sovereignty.

4. *Unequal laws* = imperfect laws, unfairly adapted to different classes, or springing from arbitrary royal caprice.

5. *Know not me.* Ulysses had been absent twenty years; and during that period a new generation had grown up, to whom he was a stranger.

7. *Life to the lees* = life to the dregs. He means that he will fathom all the knowledge and experience possible to man. Cf. "Macbeth," Act II., Scene 3.

10. *Hyades* = a group of seven stars in the head of Taurus, the rising and setting of which were believed by the Greeks to be attended with heavy rain-fall.

11. *Become a name* = have achieved lasting distinction.

16. *With my peers* = with foemen worthy of my steel. Cf. Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Canto V., 10:

> "Sir Roderick marked — and in his eyes
> Respect was mingled with surprise,
> And the stern joy which warrior's feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

17. The plain *rang* with the din of battle. *Windy* is an epithet borrowed from Homer's "Iliad."

18. All that he had experienced had entered into his character.

19. All his experience, instead of satisfying his spirit, awakened a longing for the still untraveled regions, whose limits forever receded as he moved forward.

23. An old proverb says, "It is better to wear out than to rust out."

27. The ancient Greek had a gloomy view of the state of the dead. Hence every hour of life was so much rescued from "that eternal silence"; and something more than that, it brought new knowledge and experience.

29. With his insatiable thirst for knowledge, Ulysses regarded it base to spare and coddle himself for the two or three years, or suns, that might remain to him.

39. *Central in sphere* = wholly occupied with.

40. *Decent, etc.* = observing due propriety in showing kind attentions to his mother, the faithful Penelope.

53. The gods, according to Homer, took part in the battles before Troy.

59. *Smite the sounding furrows* = strike the oars into the hollows of the beating waves.

60. *Baths, etc.* = The Greeks believed that the stars sank into the ocean. The expression is equivalent to the unknown west.

62. *Gulfs* = whirlpools.

63. The Happy Islands, or Islands of the Blest, were supposed to be situated in the western ocean. It was to these islands that the favorites of the gods were supposed to be translated.

64. *Achilles* = The Grecian hero who slew Hector.

66 *That strength* = that strong body of men.

68. *One equal temper, etc.* = heroic hearts of calm determined purpose.

## MORTE D'ARTHUR.

(*The numbers refer to lines.*)

This poem was published in the volume of 1842. It was the first work done by Tennyson in connection with the Arthurian legends. Supplied with an introduction and conclusion, it is "The Passing of Arthur" in "The Idyls of the King."

King Arthur was a Celtic hero, who fought against the early Saxon invaders. What his real character was, it is now impossible

to discover. He has been idealized into a model king, more perfect, indeed, than any sovereign known to history. The memory of the Celtic hero is preserved in a number of mediæval books, but Tennyson drew his materials chiefly from Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte D'Arthur," which was published by Caxton in 1485, and which the poet has often followed very closely.

"How much of history," Tennyson said in a note preserved by his son, "we have in the story of Arthur is doubtful. Let not my readers press too hardly on details whether for history or for allegory. Some think that King Arthur may be taken to typify conscience. He is anyhow meant to be a man who spent himself in the cause of honor, duty, and self-sacrifice, who felt and aspired with his noble knights, though with a clearer and stronger conscience than any of them, 'reverencing his conscience as his king.'"

The events immediately preceding the death of Arthur are briefly as follows: The guilty love of Queen Guinevere and Lancelot had been discovered by Arthur's nephew Modred. The queen had secretly fled to the nunnery of Amesbury. During Arthur's absence in the north, whither he had gone to make war upon Lancelot, Modred had raised a revolt and had himself crowned king. Returning southward, the king visited the queen at Amesbury. He pursued the rebel to the extreme southwest, where in a final terrible battle he slew Modred with his own hand. But the king himself received a fatal wound in the encounter. The poem begins immediately after this fatal combat.

3. *Table* = the Knights of the Round Table — an order established by King Arthur.

4. *Lyonnesse* = a district contiguous to Cornwall, supposed to be covered now by the sea.

21. *Camelot* = the city in which Arthur held his court. It is now identified with the village of Queen Camel in Somersetshire, where traditions of Arthur still linger.

23. *Merlin* = the great enchanter of the Arthurian legends. In the idyl "Merlin and Vivien" he is described as —

> "The most famous man of all those times,
> Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
> Had built the king his havens, ships, and halls,
> Was also bard, and knew the starry heavens."

27. *Excalibur* = cut-steel. The sword had been given to Arthur by the Lady of the Lake. It possessed a resistless magic power which amply justified its name.

31. *White samite* = a rich silk texture interwoven with threads of silver or gold.

37. *Mere* = lake.

63. *Many-knotted* = having many joints.

65. Note the slow, labored movement of this line — an echo of the sense.

70. It has been said that this and the following line contain "two of the finest onomatopœic effects in our language." The sound of the water among the reeds and against the rocks could not be more exquisitely imitated in words.

80. *Lief* = beloved. It has the same root as *love*. Cf. German *lieb*, dear.

86. *Chased* = ornamented with carvings or engravings; a shortened form of *enchased*.

122. *Laid widowed* = lying bereft.

140. *Moving isles of winter* = floating icebergs.

197. *Black-stoled* = clothed in loose black robes reaching to the feet.

215. *Greaves* = armor for the lower part of the legs. *Cuisses* = armor for thighs. Cf. French *cuisse*, thigh.

224. The king had just been called "a star of tournament"; and with this figure in mind, the poet compares his charging through the lists to the shooting of a meteor.

233. *The holy Elders* = the three Magi, or wise men of the East, who, following the guidance of the star, brought offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the Babe of Bethlehem.

236. *Which was an image, etc.* In Malory we read: "Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of the roundness of the world, for by the Round Table is the world signified by right."

263. *Crowned with summer sea* = surrounded by placid waters like a coronet.

277. This is a reference to the old belief that the swan before its death sends forth a sweet song.

# INDEX


**Addison, Joseph**, genial humor of, **121**; range of topics, **121**; a social reformer, **121**; education, **122**; attempts at poetry, **122**; prepares for public service, **122**; on the Continent, **123**; fruits of travel, **123**; a fine hymn, **123**; "The Campaign," **124**; state service, **124**; *The Tatler*, **125**; *The Spectator*, **125**; "Cato," **126**; marriage, **127**; secretary of state, **127**; Thackeray's estimate, **127**; Sir Roger de Coverley papers, with notes, **518–532**.

**Age of Johnson**, a time of transition, **141**; social advancement, **141**; democratic tendencies, **142**; growing intelligence, **142**; improved moral tone, **143**; altruistic movements, **143**; political eminence of England, **143**; brilliant oratory, **144**.

**Age of Scott**, favorable to literature, **187**; growth of democratic spirit, **187**; literary bloom, **188**; progressive and conservative tendencies, **188**; intellectual advancement, **189**.

**Akenside, Mark**, poet, **139**.

**"Alexander's Feast,"** Dryden's, **509–513**; notes to, **516**, **517**.

**Alfred the Great**, **14**; translations, **15**.

**Alison, Sir Archibald**, historian, **246**.

**"Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," 20.**

**Anglo-Saxon Invasion of Britain**, 8; language, **9**; poetry, **10**; various poems, **13**.

**Anglo-Saxons**, character of, **8**.

**"Apparition of the Brocken,"** De Quincey's, **628–631**; notes to, **635**.

**Arnold, Edwin**, poet, **245**.

**Arnold, Matthew, 245**; early poems, **267**; rank as a poet, **268**; tone of sadness, **268**; function of criticism, **269**; secret of his popularity, **2 9**.

**Arnold, Thomas**, historian, **246**.

**Ascham, Roger, 33**.

**Augustan Age**, time of Queen Anne, **99**.

**Austen, Jane**, novelist, **184**.

**Bacon, Francis**, rank of, **56**; parentage, **56**; precocity, **56**; university life, **57**; travels, **57**; law-student, **57**; in politics, **58**; as orator, **58**; disappointments, **59**; ingratitude, **59**; essays, **59**; rapid advancement, **60**; fall, **60**; his philosophy, **60**; "Instauratio Magna," **61**; greatness, **62**; selections from the essays, with notes, **386–400**.

**Baillie, Joanna**, poet and dramatist, **184**.

**Ballads**, old English, **37**; "Chevy Chase," **38**; of Robin Hood, **38**.

**Barbauld, Anna Letitia**, poet, **184**.

**"Battle of Brunanburh, The," 317–320**; notes to, **320**, **321**.

**Baxter, Richard, 75**.

**Beattie, James**, a poet, quoted, **149**.

**Beaumont**, quoted on Shakespeare, **66**.

**Beaumont and Fletcher, 34**.

**Bede**, the father of English prose, **13**; his "Ecclesiastical History," **14**.

**Ben Jonson, 45**; quoted on Bacon, **58**; on Shakespeare, **66**.

**"Beowulf," 12**.

**Boswell, James**, biographer, **140**.

**Boyle, Robert**, scientist, **95**.

**"Break, break, break,"** Tennyson's, **671**; notes to, **686**.

**Bronte, Charlotte**, novelist, **256**; her sad life, **257**; critique of, **257**.

**Browne, Sir Thomas, 75**.

**Browning, Elizabeth Barrett,** 245; rank of, 264; indomitable energy, 264; volumes of 1844, 265; "Sonnets from the Portuguese," 266; "Aurora Leigh," 266; characteristics, 267.

**Browning, Robert,** originality of, 283; parentage, 283; period of unrest, 283; "Pauline," 284; "Paracelsus," 284; "Sordello," 285; "Bells and Pomegranates," 285; "My Last Duchess," 286; fundamental ideas, 287; marriage, 287; "Men and Women," 287; "Dramatis Personae," 288; "The Ring and the Book," 288; fondness for Greek, 289; peculiarity of method, 289; closing years, 289; a great teacher, 290; selections from, with notes, 649–664.

**"Bugle Song, The,"** Tennyson's, 671; notes to, 687.

**Bulwer, Edward, Lord Lytton,** novelist, 243.

**Bunyan, John,** 81; "The Pilgrim's Progress," 81.

**Burke, Edmund,** orator and statesman, 144.

**Burnet, Gilbert,** Bishop of Salisbury, 95; quoted on Waller, 83.

**Burns, Robert,** poetic genius of, 171; tragic life, 171; youthful years, 171; in love, 172; "Mary Morison," 173; a great ambition, 173; downward course, 173; efforts to reform, 174; poetic activity, 175; first volume, 175; in Edinburgh, 176; independence, 176; exciseman and farmer, 177; solace in poetry, 177; "Highland Mary," 178; the sublime of life, 178; sympathy with France, 179; closing days, 179; death, 180; devoutness, 180; sensibility, 181; "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "To a Mouse," "To a Mountain Daisy," with notes, 576–589.

**Butler, Joseph,** theologian, 95.

**Butler, Samuel,** and his "Hudibras," 107.

**Byron, Lord,** personal element in poetry, 212; poetic characteristics, 212; parentage, 212; early romance, 213; at the university, 213; "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," 213; "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," 214; poetical romances, 214; life in London, 215; marriage and separation, 215; voluntary exile, 216; new era of authorship, 216; "Prisoner of Chillon," 217; various other works, 217; critique of, 218; the Greek revolution, 219; sense of failure, 220; "The Prisoner of Chillon," with notes, 598–611.

**Caedmon,** 11; his paraphrase of Scripture, 11.

**Campbell, Thomas,** poet, 191.

**Carew, Thomas,** quoted, 83.

**Carlyle, Thomas,** quoted on De Quincey, 237; faith in heredity, 292; at the university, 292; dislike of teaching, 293; doubt and unbelief, 293; "The Everlasting Yea," 293; literary career, 293; marriage, 294; great essays, 295; "Sartor Resartus," 295; change of popular sentiment, 296; style, 296; "French Revolution," 297; courses of lectures, 297; "Past and Present," 298; "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," 298; "Frederick the Great," 299; university rector, 299; deepening gloom, 300; love of truth, 300; his message, 301; selection from, with notes, 665–670.

**Caxton, William,** printer, 33.

**Celts,** in Britain, 7.

**Charles I.,** policy, 77; royalist party, 78.

**Chaucer, Geoffrey,** his pre-eminence, 25; early life, 26; various offices, 26; in misfortune, 27; pen portrait of, 28; character and attainments, 28; love of nature, 29; literary equipment, 29; "Canterbury Tales," 30; "The Prologue," 30; "The Prologue," with notes, 322–361.

**Civil War in England,** 80.

**Clough, Arthur Hugh,** poet, 244.

**Clubs in London,** 102.

**Coleridge, Samuel Taylor,** 197; "The Ancient Mariner," 197; a fascinating talker, 198; aims and work, 199.

**Collier, Jeremy,** 95.
**Collins, William,** poet, 139.
**Collins, Wilkie,** novelist, 243.
**Congreve, William,** 96.
**Constitutional government,** period of, 100.
**"Cotter's Saturday Night,"** Burns, 576–582; notes to, 586–588.
**Cowley, Abraham,** 83; Pope on, 84.
**Cowper, William,** poet, 140.
**Crabbe, George,** poet, 140.
**Craik, Dinah Maria,** novelist, 244.
**Cromwell,** as Lord Protector, 80.
**Cudworth, Ralph,** 95.

**Daniel, Samuel,** poet, 33.
**Darwin, Charles,** naturalist, 246.
**Defoe, Daniel,** founder of the novel, 105; his "Robinson Crusoe," 105.
**Dekker, Thomas,** dramatist, 34..
**DeQuincey, Thomas,** characteristics of, 234; parentage, 234; at school, 234; entry into the world, 235; at the university, 235; a victim of opium, 236; at Grasmere, 236; life in Lake District, 236; "Confessions of an Opium Eater," 236; relations with Carlyle, 237; "Murder as a Fine Art," 237; suffering and struggle, 238; qualities of style, 238; range of subjects, 239; literature of knowledge and power, 239; frequent digressions, 239; intellectual life, 240; closing scene, 240; "Apparition of the Brocken," and "Savannah-la-Mar," with notes, 628–636.
**"Deserted Village, The,"** Goldsmith's, 562–572; notes to, 573–575.
**Dickens, Charles,** works of, 244; parentage, 262; "David Copperfield," 263; "Pickwick," 263; critique of, 264.
**Disraeli, Benjamin,** Earl of Beaconsfield, novelist and statesman, 243.
**Dobson, Henry Austen,** poet, 245.
**"Dora,"** Tennyson's, 672–677; notes to, 688.
**Drama,** origin of, 43; miracle plays, 43; moralities, 43; first comedy and tragedy, 43; decline of, in Puritan period, 81.
**Drayton, Michael,** poet, 33.
**Dryden, John,** rank in literature, 111; absence of high aims, 111; early years, 111; education, 112; writing for the stage, 112; heroic style, 113; intellectual traits, 113; "Absalom and Achitophel," 114; *Religio Laici*, 115; "Art of Poetry," 115; conversion to Catholicism, 116; "Hind and Panther," 116; "Mac Flecknoe," 117; translations, 117; admiration of Chaucer, 118; "Alexander's Feast," 118; his prose, 118; poetic shortcomings, 119; mode of writing, 119; "Song for St. Cecilia's Day" and "Alexander's Feast," with notes, 506–517.

**Edgeworth, Maria,** novelist, 184.
**Education,** advancement in, during Victorian Age, 250.
**Eliot, George,** essayist and novelist, 257; distinguished friends, 258; "Scenes from Clerical Life," 258; "Adam Bede," 259; other works, 259; nobleness of aim, 260.
**Elizabethan Age,** 40; lyrics, 42.
**England,** social condition in 13th and 14th centuries, 19; literary expansion in this period, 20.
**English,** sources of modern, 25.
**Environment,** influence of, in literature, 2.
**Epoch,** influence of, in literature, 2.
**"Essay on Criticism,"** Pope's, 533–550; notes to, 551–555.
**Essay writing,** 253.
**"Evelyn Hope,"** Browning's, 652–654; notes to, 663.
**Evelyn, John,** diarist, 104.
**Evolution,** influence of theory of, 250.

**"Faery Queene,"** First Book of, 362–378; notes to, 379–385.
**Fantastic Poets,** 82; Carew quoted, 83; happy trifles, 83; Cowley and Waller, 83.
**Farquhar, George,** 96.
**Fiction,** prominence of to-day, 254.
**Fielding, Henry,** and his novels, 106.

**First Creative Period,** preceding barrenness, **35**; intellectual awakening, **35**; inventions and discoveries, **36**; the Reformation, **36**.

**First Critical Period,** a violent reaction, **97**; reign of the flesh, **97**; French influence, **98**; natural science, **99**; a time of transition, **99**; Augustan Age, **99**; constitutional government, **100**; state of society, **100**.

**Freeman, Edwin Augustus,** quoted on "A. S. Chronicle," **20**; historian, **246**.

**French influence in First Critical Period, 98.**

**Froude, James A.,** historian and essayist, **246**.

**Gibbon, Edward,** historian, **147**.

**Gleeman,** Anglo-Saxon, **9**.

**Goldsmith, Oliver,** genius and folly of, **161**; gift for blundering, **161**; childhood, **162**; the village school, **162**; at college, **163**; desultory life, **163**; failures, **163**; law and medicine, **164**; on the Continent, **164**; return to England, **165**; literary success, **165**; improvidence, **166**; "Vicar of Wakefield," **166**; "The Traveller," **166**; "The Good-natured Man," **167**; hack work, **167**; "The Deserted Village," **168**; "She Stoops to Conquer," **168**; Thackeray's estimate, **169**; "The Deserted Village," with notes, **562–575**.

**"Gorboduc,"** the first tragedy, **44**.

**Gosse, Edmund,** quoted on Burke, **145**.

**Gower, John,** and his writings, **24**.

**Gray, Thomas,** poet, **139**.

**Green, John Richard,** quoted on Puritanism, **81**; historian, **246**.

**Greene, Robert,** dramatist, **34**.

**Grote, George,** historian, **246**.

**Hallam, Henry,** historian, **190**; quoted on Gower, **25**.

**Hamilton, Sir William,** Scotch metaphysician, **247**.

**"Happy,"** Carlyle's, **665–668**; notes to, **669–670**.

**Hazlitt, William,** essayist, **183, 189**.

**Hemans, Felicia Dorothea,** poet and dramatist, **184**.

**Herbert, George,** poet, **75**.

**Herrick, Robert,** poet, **75**; quoted, **83**.

**"Herve Riel,"** Browning's, **656–661**; notes to, **664**.

**Historical Writing at present, 254.**

**Hobbes, Thomas,** philosopher, **95**.

**"Home-Thoughts from Abroad,"** Browning's, **654**; notes to, **663**.

**Hood, Thomas,** poet and humorist, **184**.

**Hooker, Richard,** theologian, **33**.

**"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix,"** Browning's, **650–652**; notes to, **662**.

**"Hudibras,"** Butler's, a satire on the Puritans, **107**.

**Hume, David,** historian, **145**.

**Hunt, Leigh,** novelist, **183, 190**.

**Huxley, Thomas Henry,** biologist, **247**.

**Hyde, Edward,** Earl of Clarendon, **75**.

**"Il Penseroso,"** Milton's, **493–497**; notes to, **502–505**.

**"Intimations of Immortality,"** Wordsworth's Ode, **617–622**; notes to, **624–627**.

**Inventions,** in Victorian Age, **249**.

**Jeffrey, Francis,** critic, **189**.

**Johnson, Samuel,** our intimate knowledge of, **151**; in conversation, **152**; early years, **152**; at the university, **152**; marriage, **153**; days of trial, **153**; reports of Parliament, **154**; his satire "London," **154**; biography of Savage, **154**; "Dictionary," **155**; "Vanity of Human Wishes," **155**; "Irene," **156**; *The Rambler*, **156**; "Rasselas," **157**; pension, **157**; in the club, **158**; "Journey to the Hebrides," **158**; "Lives of the Poets," **159**; closing scenes, **159**; "Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield" and "The Journey of Life," with notes, **556–561**.

**"Journey of Life, The,"** Johnson's, **557–560**; notes to, **561**.

**Keats, John,** poet, **192.**
**Keble, John,** poet, **185.**
**Kingsley, Charles,** poet and novelist, **243.**

**"L'Allegro,"** Milton's, **489–492;** notes to, **498–502.**
**Lamb, Charles,** essayist, **183, 189.**
**Landor, Walter Savage,** poet, **185.**
**Lang, Andrew,** poet and prose writer, **245.**
**Langland,** and "Piers the Plowman," **23.**
**Lecky, W. E. H.,** historian, **246.**
**"Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield,"** Johnson's, **556–557;** notes to, **560.**
**Literature,** defined, **1;** national, **1;** English, **1;** moulding influences, **1;** race, epoch, and environment in, **2;** personal element in, **3;** in restricted sense, **3;** importance of, **4;** Puritanism and literature, **80;** present diffusive character, **253.**
**Locke, John, 104.**
**Lockhart, John Gibson,** critic and biographer, **183, 190.**
**Longfellow, Henry W.,** quoted on Chaucer, **26;** on Tennyson, **314.**
**"Lost Leader, The,"** Browning's, **649, 650;** notes to, **662.**
**Lyly, John, 33.**
**Lyrical poems in Middle English Period, 21.**
**Lytton, Lord** ("Owen Meredith"), poet and novelist, **244.**

**Macaulay, Thomas Babington,** popularity of, **275;** childish precocity, **275;** at the university, **276;** "Essay on Milton," **276;** in Parliament, **276;** an insatiable reader, **277;** work in India, **277;** a tour in Italy, **278;** his essays, **278;** style, **279;** partisan attitude, **280;** "Lays of Ancient Rome," **280;** method as historian, **280;** "History of England," **281;** closing years, **281;** sterling worth of, **282;** quoted on Milton, **86;** quoted on Addison, **121;** quoted on Johnson, **155;** "Trial of Warren Hastings," with notes, **637–648.**
**Macpherson, James,** author of "Poems of Ossian," **148.**
**Marlowe, Christopher,** dramatist, **33.**
**Marryat, Frederick,** novelist, **243.**
**Marsh,** quoted, on "Piers the Plowman," **24.**
**Massinger, Philip,** dramatist, **34.**
**"Merchant of Venice,"** Shakespeare's, **401–469;** notes to, **470–488.**
**Methodism,** rise of, **102.**
**Mill, John Stuart,** philosopher, **247.**
**Miller, Hugh,** geologist, **247.**
**Milman, Henry Hart,** historian, **246.**
**Milton, John,** solitary grandeur of, **85;** early years, **85;** period of study, **85;** some famous poems of, **86;** "Lycidas," **87;** on the Continent, **87;** premonitions of greatness, **88;** his private school, **88;** "Tractate on Education," **90;** "Tenure of Kings," **91;** political controversy, **91;** blindness, **91;** solitude and dejection, **96;** "Paradise Lost," **92;** other poems, **93;** character of, **93;** "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso," with notes, **489–505.**
**Miracle Plays, 43.**
**Mitford, William,** historian, **190.**
**Moore, Thomas,** poet, **194;** "Irish Melodies," **195;** "Lalla Rookh," **195.**
**Moralities, The, 43.**
**More, Hannah,** poet and novelist, **184.**
**More, Sir Thomas, 39;** his "Utopia," **39.**
**Morris, William,** poet, **244.**
**"Morte D'Arthur,"** Tennyson's, **679–685;** notes to, **690–692.**
**Myers, F. W. H.,** quoted on Wordsworth, **229.**
**"My Last Duchess,"** Browning's, **655–656;** notes to, **663.**

**Natural Science in England, 99.**
**Newton, Sir Isaac, 95.**
**Norman Conquest, 19.**
**Normans, The, 18;** coalesce with the Anglo-Saxons, **19.**

**"Ormulum," 23.**

**Pepys, Samuel,** diarist, **104.**
**Percy, Bishop,** author of "Reliques of English Poetry," **148.**
**Periodicals established, 102.**
**Pope, Alexander,** quoted, **101;** pre-eminence of, **129;** childhood, **129;** reading, **129;** poetic apprenticeship, **130;** "Essay on Criticism," **131;** literary friends, **132;** "The Rape of the Lock," **132;** translation of the "Iliad," **133;** satire on Addison, **133;** at Twickenham, **134;** filial piety, **135;** "The Dunciad," **135;** "Essay on Man," **135;** last illness, **136;** personal appearance, **136;** traits of character, **137;** estimate of genius, **137;** "Essay on Criticism," with notes, **533–555.**
**Porter, Jane,** novelist, **184.**
**Press,** influence of, **251.**
**"Prisoner of Chillon,"** Byron's, **598–608;** notes to, **609–611.**
**Progress,** in Victorian Age, **249.**
**"Prologue, The,"** of Chaucer, **322–344;** notes to, **345–361.**
**Puritan Period, 77;** importance of, **77;** civil and religious conflict, **77;** royalist party, **78;** Puritan party, **79;** defenders of liberty, **79;** Cromwell, **80.**
**Puritanism and literature, 80.**

**Quarles, Francis, 75;** quoted, **83.**

**Race,** influence of, in literature, **2.**
**Raleigh, Sir Walter, 41;** his "History of the World," **41.**
**"Ralph Royster Doyster,"** the first comedy, **43.**
**Reade, Charles,** novelist, **243.**
**Realism,** nature of, **254, 255.**
**Religion and Literature, 22.**
**Reformation, The, 36;** relation to literature, **37.**
**Restoration, The,** evil influence, **97;** and natural science, **99.**
**Richardson, Samuel,** and his novels, **106.**
**Robertson, William,** historian, **146.**
**Robin Hood, 38;** Walter Scott's estimate of, **38.**
**"Robinson Crusoe," 105.**
**Rogers, Samuel,** poet, **185.**
**Roman Conquest of Britain, 7.**
**Romanticism, The New, 255.**
**Romantic Movement, 147.**
**Rossetti, Dante Gabriel,** poet, **245.**
**Ruskin, John,** works of, **247;** resemblance to Carlyle, **270;** parentage, **270;** art critic, **271;** "The Seven Lamps," **271;** "Sesame and Lilies," **271;** estimate of his work, **272.**

**Sackville, Thomas,** poet, **33.**
**"Savannah-la-Mar,"** De Quincey's, **632–634;** notes to, **636.**
**Scientific investigation,** in Victorian Age, **250.**
**Scott, Sir Walter,** literary rank of, **202;** ancestry, **202;** childhood, **203;** romantic tastes, **203;** as a lawyer, **203;** "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," **204;** "The Last Minstrel," **204;** poetic characteristics, **205;** lyric faculty, **205;** method of work, **206;** baronial residence, **206;** bad business ventures, **206;** heroic courage, **207;** "Waverley," **207;** the historical novel, **208;** scope of his power, **208;** sweep of style, **208;** magic wand broken, **209;** the closing scene, **209;** "The Talisman," with notes, **590–597.**
**Shakespeare, William,** few details of, **63;** Saxon-Norman descent, **63;** education, **63;** marriage, **64;** in London, **64;** his ability recognized, **65;** business sagacity, **65;** social life of, **65;** aspirations, **66;** retirement to Stratford, **66;** inner life, **67;** range of intellects, **67;** rare sanity of, **68;** development of his genius, **68;** personality hidden, **69;** mastery of dramatic art, **69;** borrowed materials, **70;** types of character, **70;** style, **71;** poetic gems, **71;** influence, **72;** "The Merchant of Venice," with notes, **401–488.**
**Shelley, Percy Bysshe,** poet, **196;** as reformer, **196.**

**Shenstone, William,** poet, **140.**
**Sheridan, Richard Brinsley,** orator and dramatist, **139.**
**Sidney, Sir Philip, 40;** "Defense of Poesie," **40.**
**"Sir Roger de Coverley"** papers, **518–528;** notes to, **529–532.**
**Smith, Adam,** political economist, **140.**
**Social progress,** in Victorian Age, 252.
**"Song for St. Cecilia's Day,"** Dryden's, **506–508;** notes to, **514–515.**
**Southey, Robert,** poet, **193;** prose writings, **194.**
**Spencer, Herbert,** evolutionist philosopher, **247.**
**Spenser, Edmund, 47;** his position, **47;** biographic details, **47;** at Cambridge, **47;** "The Shepherd's Calendar," **48;** in Ireland, **48;** visited by Raleigh, **49;** disappointment at court, **49;** "Faery Queene," **50, 51;** marriage, **50;** death of, **51;** character, **51;** Spenserian stanza, **52;** as poet, **54;** first book of "Faery Queene," with notes, **362–385.**
**Steele, Sir Richard, 96, 102.**
**Stevenson, Robert Louis,** novelist, **243.**
**Surrey and Wyat, 39.**
**Swift, Jonathan, 103.**
**Swinburne, Algernon Charles,** poet, **245.**

**"Talisman, The,"** Scott's, **590–595;** notes to, **596, 597.**
**Taylor, Jeremy, 75.**
**"Tears, Idle Tears,"** Tennyson's, **672;** notes to, **688.**
**Temple, Sir William, 96.**
**Tennyson, Alfred,** pre-eminence of, **303;** consecration to his art, **303;** youthful period, **303;** opening of literary career, **304;** the volume of 1832, **305;** blessedness of love, **306;** silence and study, **306;** visits to London, **307;** volume of 1842, **307;** secret of its charm, **308;** "The Princess," **309;** conservative sympathies, **310;** "In Memoriam," **310;** modern thought, **311;** love of nature, **311;** "Maud and Other Poems," **311;** "Idyls of the King," **312;** "Enoch Arden," **312;** the closing scene, **313;** enduring fame, **313;** selections from, with notes, **671–692.**
**Tillotson, John,** Archbishop of Canterbury, **95.**
**"Tintern Abbey,"** Wordsworth's, **612–616;** notes to, **623, 624.**
**Thackeray, William Makepeace,** works of, **244;** parallel with Dickens, **260;** a prince of realists, **261;** poetic skill, **261;** estimate of Addison, **127;** estimate of Goldsmith, **169.**
**Theatres, The Early, 44.**
**Thirlwall, Connop,** historian, **246.**
**Thompson, James,** the poet of the seasons, **108.**
**"To a Mountain Daisy,"** Burns, **584–585;** notes to, **589.**
**"To a Mouse,"** Burns, **582, 583;** notes to, **588.**
**"Tom Jones,"** Fielding's great novel, **106.**
**"Trial of Warren Hastings,"** Macaulay's, **637–646;** notes to, **647, 648.**
**Trollope, Anthony,** novelist, **243.**

**"Ulysses,"** Tennyson's, **677;** notes to, **688.**
**"Utopia,"** of Sir Thomas More, **39.**

**"Vicar of Wakefield, The," 166.**
**Victorian Age, The, 249;** human progress in, **249;** an age of invention, **249;** scientific investigation, **250;** evolution, **250;** a practical age, **250;** educational advancement, **250;** periodical press, **251;** international relations, **251;** political progress, **251;** social progress, **252;** historical writing in, **254;** realism, **254;** new romanticism, **255;** poetry in, **255.**

**Waller, Edmund, 83;** Bishop Burnet on, **83.**
**Walpole, Horace,** novelist, **140;** his "Castle of Otranto," **148.**
**Walton, Isaac, 82;** "Complete Angler," **82.**

**Warton, Thomas,** 140; "History of English Poetry," 148.
**Watson, William,** poet, 245.
**Webster, John,** dramatist, 34.
**Wilson, John** ("Christopher North"), essayist, 183, 190.
**Witchcraft,** Belief in, 101.
**Woman in literature,** 190.
**Wordsworth, William,** a parallel with Byron, 222; childhood, 222; influence of nature, 223; period of indecision, 223; revolutionary sympathies, 224; first volume, 224; ridicule and satire, 225; in Germany, 225; poetical canons, 226; critique of, 226; life in Lake District, 227; "The Happy Warrior," 227; his philosophy of life, 228; "Ode on Immortality," 229; at Rydal Mount, 230; confidence in his genius, 230; recognition at home, 231; natural gifts and observation, 231; view of nature, 232; "Tintern Abbey," and "Intimations of Immortality," with notes, 612-627.
**Wyat, Sir Thomas,** 39.
**Wycherly, William,** 96.
**Wycliffe,** 22.

**Young, Edward,** 108; his "Night Thoughts," 109.

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